THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 193, No. 42. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

APRIL 16, 1921

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Beginning **FERN SEED**—By Henry Milner Rideout

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

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F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

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Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, and at Decatur, Illinois

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., APRIL 16, 1921 | $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 42

FERN SEED

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

AFTERNOON sun played hob on the quays of Alexandria, making the air boil and dance along stonework, above dock water, among masts and funnels. A crowd waiting under the sun found it hot. Leonard Corsant, after some years in the Far East, cared little for this heat of Egypt. He had known worse, but now he felt impatient to go aboard, get out into a good sea breeze once more, and continue his journey. He was going home to America.

Through her window in the little sentry-box office a girl passed him his papers and smiled. She was dark, pretty, and much more his friend than the occasion demanded.

"Again, sir! Ah, we always lose you!" she mourned in excellent French.

Leonard returned her smile as he took her pen. He had a good-humored face—sunburned, careless, with a hawk nose of rather determined cut, and easy bright-blue eyes. Lifting his hat, he bared a crop head of close fair curls. He was no ladies' man to speak of—they did not bother him often; and while he read her printed slip he thought this one must be of the kind that reveal tenderness when a ship casts off or a train rolls out. They were not in his line of life.

"Yes, thank you—but see here, mademoiselle," he objected, "I can't sign."

There was plague in Alexandria. The officers of public health were anxious. Their paper, which the girl had given him, said in French: "I declare upon my honor as a gentleman that I have no soiled linen in my baggages."

She looked at him coyly through the grating.

"Oh, it is a form, sir."

"Yes, but I can't sign your form," said Leonard. "I have some in my baggages—a shirt and so on. Pardon, but this holy document raises a point of honor."

The girl laughed, snatched it from his hand, snatched the pen also, and wrote.

"There! I have signed," she cried. "On my head be all the perjury!"

Leonard seldom forgot a face, and hers was too pretty to be forgotten. He had never seen her before, yet the name she wrote, blotted and held up gayly for approval was correct—"L. Corsant."

The signature might almost have been his own, and beneath it she had drawn a paraph that no one could have guessed—a flourish which as a little boy he had copied from his father's writing. A pothook run through a bull's head, his father called it—a family joke, meaningless. He stared at this copy, then at her.

"How on earth did you know?"

She laughed again.

"Oh, monsieur, how should I forget? You are not in the vein of compliment this afternoon. But me, I will say you look much better and more brown. Now go, please. I am busy. You pretend I forget you, when you always block the way standing on your punctilio."

The dark young minx waved him farewell and rolled her eyes with a look of the sort called ravishing. Leonard passed on. The queue of sweating Europeans behind him—Holy Land tourists, who wore mosquito veils draped voluptuously round ferocious helmets—began in fact to grumble, push and use unholy, outlandish words.

"Well, at last!" he thought, following his porters up the Rubattino gangway. "There's an Egyptian mystery for you—black magic. It's come too late, of course."

He soon forgot this riddle. A very fat Italian woman, dressed magnificently, helped him to forget by waving her farewells to someone on board and falling between quay and ship. Blue-gowned Arabs calmly hauled her out with ropes—one yelling mass of rage and terror, crowned with muddy cascades from what had been her Paris bonnet. The poor lady became a source of artless glee. Crew and longshoremen cast off merrily. Veiled pilgrims from the Holy Land were still enjoying the memory of her misfortune,

Man and Beast Waded Together Along the Shallows, Their Figures in Sharp Relief Against Rippling Sunshine

and chuckling, long after Pharos and Pharallon had sunk in the horizon.

Leonard found the voyage a disappointment. After the hot, dreamy azure of the Red Sea, Mediterranean water seemed dark, bleak and chilly. Across this old route of the Roman grain ships came biting winds, like those loosed on the Trojan fleet—his former schoolbook enemies, Eurus, Notus, Africus all together—more fresh air than he had bargained for. Aquilo or something worse blew from the Adriatic mouth, when all hands took to the smoking room and shivered. Below in the doctor's cabin he enjoyed the company of a third-class passenger, an old Nestorian monk, whom he treated to Gragnano and Flor de Dindigul, and who treated him to many hours of profitable talk.

Naples drew near from the sea one morning early as a cold amphitheater of whited villas. Its welcome took the form of a printed order, distributed with care by men in uniform, commanding every stranger to report himself daily for ten days.

"I haven't any plague," said Corsant. "Be hanged if they keep me down here to freeze!"

His friend the monk smiled.

"Your blood has grown thin in the tropics. Not so thin as mine. *Hélas, beaux jours perdus!* Go then, my boy, in God's name—but do not leave them your next address!"

Leonard took this good counsel, carried the old man off for forty-eight hours of happy mooning through Pompeii, shook hands, parted and climbed into a north-bound train. He was now quite alone in the world, with time to waste and nothing to do. During some years of hard work he had cherished the dream of another Italian holiday, but now that it had come true he found the thing less free and glorious than what his fancy had painted. Moving from one set of obscure lodgings to another—to make his money go as far as possible—he learned that bed was the only warm place, for him, in Italy. But then fleas loved this haven also. Thanks to a Chinese boy in Hong-Kong, Leonard's only greatcoat was traveling round by sea to London. He made light of such trifles, and persevered; yet even his long walks by day, pilgrimages on foot to the most lovely sights, became little by little overcast and saddened. He had too much of his own company, was always cold.

One evening in Santa Maria Novella he sat as long as he could with a dark, hushed, humped little crowd, looking out from mysterious gloom to where the altar floated in a haze of candlelight and of young voices singing. The contrast moved him, touched him within like an allegory of our poor humankind. He would have stayed there, but the mortal chill of the church had crept into his bones and drove him away. As he went quietly out through the vast empty rear of the darkness, a man, a shadow leaning on a pillar, turned to look at him. Leonard caught only a passing impression that the movement was quick and stiff.

"Well? To bed with the fleas again?" he asked himself outdoors. "No, by gum! This is bad!"

His body shook, his teeth chattered. Slapping himself like a teamster, he crossed the piazza by starlight and hurried down a narrow street to find some refuge, *osteria, trattoria*, wine shop or eating den—whatever might first appear. For some time he found nothing. The way was empty, dark, a rift among medieval shadows. When at last a pair of windows gave light ahead, their panes all steamy with warmth inside, he turned toward them, opened the door between and entered.

It was a dingy little old restaurant, a narrow room which in those days before the war ran through catercornered from Sword Street to Sun Street. A dingy little old waiter leaned against the wall as though put there and abandoned like a worn-out umbrella. If alive, he was the only living creature there. Leonard had chosen a table nearest the source of heat—a cavern mouth that breathed out greasy kitchen odors—and had settled himself on a bench before the old solitary moved or so much as blinked.

"Good evening," said Leonard. "Something hot, if you please."

The waiter slowly detached his back from the wall and came forward mumbling excuses.

"The cook has gone home in rage, sir. A maledicted cook, who made asseverations ——" Then as he became aware that his guest sat shuddering his aged eyes grew bright, shrewd, kindly. He stopped his apology to cry one compassionate word—"*Freddo!*"

With that he darted into the kitchen, made a great clatter, and quickly burst again from the darkness, running with a tumbler, a black bottle and a copper kettle that steamed.

"Prompt and intelligent cuss," quoth Leonard. In more polite phrases he begged the man to get another tumbler and share his toddy.

"Oh, sir, you are too kind," was the reply. "I could not think of doing so."

The poor old chap was both surprised and frightened. Leonard had an easy way with him, however, and soon the pair were hobnobbing over Gorgonzola *verde* and a good round loaf of bread. Chills vanished; likewise formality. The talk passed from weather and hard times to politics, then to warfare and memories; for this dried little ancient with his nutcracker face and beady eyes had tramped as a boy soldier of Garibaldi's, and plainly a good one. With all the shop to themselves, they took their ease, found each other excellent company and held a humble revel.

"You like that story, sir?"

"I do, I do!" cried Corsant, leaning back and wiping his eyes. "But it hurts to laugh so."

"Then, sir, I will tell you a yet more comical. At Orte were three sisters——"

Just then the Sword Street door quietly opened. A man came in. The laughing veteran sprang up, drew away and, as though by a trick on the stage, faded, shriveling back into a sad old waiter.

He who caused this transformation paid it no heed, but stepped down into the room and looked about scornfully. He was a lusty, blond young man, handsome after a fashion which, thought Leonard, was too professionally male. His English clothes fitted him too well, tighter than need be, and set off a muscular body powerful enough for an athlete's, but not loose enough.

"Good evening to you," he said in English.

Leonard returned the wish.

The stranger paused by Leonard's table. He was smiling, but his eyes remained too pale and cold.

"We always meet in odd places, don't we?" He spoke affably. His bass voice came from the throat and seemed to roughen it. "I shouldn't quite think you'd care for this though. There are plenty of good beer halls."

Corsant, when ruffled, had a sleepy way of looking at you. When angry—as a friend of his expressed it—his face died. Now he looked no more than sleepy.

"It does well enough, thanks," he said. "I can't recall any other places where we had the pleasure."

"Oh, just as you like!" The stranger laughed. Then having turned to see that the servant was beyond earshot, he laughed again and bent across the table. "I do not scrape friendship. But we're off duty, eh? One good turn deserves another, and I thought you might like to know that they are after you."

Leonard had forgotten all the plagues of Egypt and all quarantine documents. Now he remembered. This warning seemed freely enough given, and probably true; still he did not like the giver or the accompanying sneer of condescension.

"Oh! Much obliged," said he. "Let 'em come."

The light-colored eyes flashed down at him balefully.

"Good! We are even! I leave you to—your friend."

Removing his hat stiffly, the man swung round, marched rather than walked past the waiter—whom he ignored as from a height—and so went out by the other door into the darkness of Sun Street.

"Who was he, Gino?"

The waiter thawed, became human again, and flung off a most inimitable farewell with his hands.

"Ah, that brute! Ah, that white-eyed vassal! I never saw him before, sir."

"Nor I," said Leonard.

He was not so sure. That stiff wheel and turn of the back all in a piece reminded him how someone had watched him go out of church.

"For all his garments and his altitude," said Gino, grinning, "he behaved as one in a hurry. No repose. Why fluster so grandly? Why should one hurry, sir? The man cannot consume the time; no, the time consumes the man."

Corsant agreed.

"You speak like Horatius Flaccus. Have we any more hot water? If so—the evening is young—come, sit down and let us finish that yarn of the three sisters."

"Ready! I Like You Better for Showing Spunk. But You're Going to Unwrap Me the Whole Rig, Whether We Take to Our Hands and I Beat It Out of You, or Whether We Just Sit Here All Night"

II

BEING a young man who took things as they happened and, like John Silver, kept company very easy, Leonard soon forgot these adventures in travel. Nothing came of them except a long illness after his chill. He spent some weeks abed in France—dreary weeks, exceeding lonesome—and reached England later as a pale, thin convalescent, hollow about the eyes and tottery on the legs.

To get well he made straight for the country. More than once in childhood his father had told him if ever he should visit England he must go search out a little old village near the sea.

"Our people came from there or close by," his father had said. "We'll have to see the Devil's Nose together and pass through it for luck, my boy. We need to freshen ours. A couple of centuries gone, I dare say, since one of us did it. Some day we'll go there on pilgrimage."

These dark sayings took a child's fancy at the moment, lay in the same storeroom with other memories, bits of old tales, fairy books, things imagined or facts mysterious because half understood, and so to the young man had sometimes a trace of their faded color and fragrance. Leonard had made of his father a legendary hero, powerful, gentle, with dark blue twinkling eyes—a form surrounded by the bright mist of early adoration. They had never gone on any pilgrimage. But as a grown man, without living kindred, he had once or twice vaguely meant to do some day what his father proposed, if only as a pagan rite, the pleasing of a shade. Always before in England he had been kept too busy.

"A sick man," he thought, "has no right to bother his friends. So now's a good time. The little old place, whatever it's like—the duller the better—will do for 'loungin' round and sufferin'." The inn is

called Merles, I see. Wire for a room and ask to be met. We'll go down, as father said, for luck."

He went, therefore, alone. The month was May, the journey an afternoon dream of green fields gliding past, lovely to a sick man's eyes, and to his mind one drowsy comfort that promised the return of health. Toward evening, at a tiny station under a hawthorn hedge, he stepped from his compartment into a brisk yet mild air smelling of green grass and the sea, and a light that spread as from vast distances unconfined yet softly tempered and brooding.

An old man peered at his face, nodded without a word and, taking his kitbag, led him behind the hedge, where stood a shaggy moorlandish pony in a cart. Leonard climbed slowly to a seat, the old man hopped up nimbly, the pony jumped and started off, trotting with wild and fitful ardor.

Uphill, downhill, by roads or lanes, always deep-sunken between hedge banks, they jogged, rattling. Now and again, sidelong through the gate of a field or forward from some height, Corsant caught brief glimpses of the landscape; rolling hills all patchworked in great squares, rich green, pale green, bright red, and where young wheat had but started, faint rose and green as changeable as taffeta. But chiefly the way wound along in secret, hidden by wildflower banks and hedges, a dusky tunnel under the trees.

In one of its darkest hollows the driver halted his pony.

He said nothing, but sat and waited. Corsant did the same. A minute or two passed thus.

On their right hand the tangle of thorns and beech was broken. Two stone pillars with chains hanging between them stood in a gap, through which Leonard saw garden borders, shrubs, and deeper within, half hidden, the windows of a dark stone house. The place seemed empty and neglected. Red valerian ran wild there.

"Well?" said he at last.

Turning, he caught the driver's eye for the first time, and only for an instant. There was an odd look in it, something like respect, sympathy even, mixed with shrewd understanding.

"Why, sir," replied the old man, "the chains are locked, sir."

"Oh, is this the inn?"

A quick sidelong glance that began to be a stare was the driver's answer. Then he corrected himself, and sat as before, watching the pony's ears.

"You wish to go to the inn first then, sir?"

"Yes, of course."

"Beg pardon, sir." The man gathered his reins and drove on. "I misunderstood, sir."

They jogged in silence down a hill and up another, turned left at a crossroads, turned right where many lanes met, and so went twisting through a green labyrinth where twilight fell. At last, about lamp-lighting time, they descended a short curving street lined with thatched cottages, in the lower end of which their pony halted without command. Here the driver hopped out, unloaded Corsant's bag and guided him through the gate of a small garden to a lighted doorway. Inside the house a stout old woman carrying a lamp greeted him kindly.

"Good evening, sir."

Her voice was pleasant, her ruddy face all a broad smile of welcome. While she added some speech about dinner and bed, an aged white bull terrier coasted round her skirts, approached in purblind fashion and sniffed the stranger's legs. Afterward, at table, she stood beaming covertly on him as he ate.

"I'm sorry my husband made that blunder, sir," she said. "It was a pity to take you out of your way, but he thought you might wish to"—she stopped, then changing and picking her words carefully, concluded—"might care to look about you a bit."

Being drowsy and tired, Corsant answered at random.

"Oh, it's all right, Mrs. Merle." He stifled a yawn. "An excellent dinner. I foresee this house of yours is the place for a man to get well in."

"I hope so indeed, for you, sir," she replied heartily. "I do indeed, I assure you."

They were very friendly persons, he thought. Going upstairs early, he found his groom of the pony was now groom of the chamber, for by pleasant candle and hearth light, old Merle, with a brass warming pan, stood caressing the sheets in a vast Pickwickian bed. This ancient seemed as wiry and nimble, but silent, indoors as out. To a mild question if the room needed so much stoking, he listened firmly, replied in brief: "The night air is poison, sir"; and so took his leave with respectful wishes.

"'The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,'" thought Leonard, but he waited till the old man went downstairs before hauling the fire apart and opening his windows. For a while he lay watching the stars through a frame of dark leaves and vines; then to the hushing voice of the sea behind some hill and the squeak of a churn-owl weaving nocturnal spells round and round the house he fell asleep, greatly contented and at home.

The weeks that followed made his content all the deeper. When rain lashed the windows and the elms tossed and hidden seas rumbled in the distance he lounged by the little parlor fire, reading, smoking, dozing like the fat boy of Dingley Dell, while the old white bull terrier snored on the hearth, a coffin of a clock ticked solemnly, blinking its brazen eye at him, and a bullfinch in the kitchen piped a few notes, forlornly sweet, during the pauses of the wind. He was the one guest there, alone like a single passenger at sea. Mrs. Merle and her husband he seldom encountered, for they not only took care that no one else disturbed him but kept themselves remarkably out of the way. In fine weather—it soon turned fine—he went outdoors so early and returned so late that of the village people he saw, as it happened, little or nothing but a face here and there at a window. His first walks led him toward the sea, along high cliffs, to lie sheltered by the dark spines and gold of gorse, and from a green precipice edge to look down on sparkling water, headlands that slanted away each to its parson-and-clerk pair of outermost crags, and far-curved surf, white streaks that seemed motionless in the distance. Mild air soothed and healed, the sun tanned him like an Indian.

Not Long Afterward, Through the Glass, Leonard Saw Them Rise and Go, the Tall Man Following Her

A fortnight of this life saw him well. He began to scour the country, taking walks that grew longer and longer, setting out at sunrise, returning at dusk with a stride that never tired any more, a giant appetite for Mrs. Merle's gooseberries and clotted cream.

One noonday, being far afield, both hungry and thirsty, he entered a quiet little town which sweltered at the bottom of a valley. Its thoroughfare was empty and hot. From glaring cobblestones he stepped into the darkness of an old coaching inn, the White Hart. Here a dismal waiter brought him cold veal pie, strong beer, sweating cheese and angrily green gherkins.

"Haven't you any—lighter trifle?" asked Leonard.

The man struggled with his grief a while.

"I'll ascertain, sir," he replied without hope. "It's not likely, but cook might have made trifle."

"Good Lord, no!" said Corsant in haste. "These will do very well."

In that close heat they were formidable. He made the best of it, however, and attacked them with care. The room was cool though moldy. He ate alone, but through a glazed partition could look into the aged coffee room, where two persons sat talking. One was a tall, black-haired man with a bass voice; the other, hidden by his broad shoulders, a girl.

"No, miss, that colt was a chestnut. You're thinking of the brown filly. No, another trace altogether. At Newbury, in the eighties, before you were born——"

"Why, George, what are you saying?" came the girl's voice. "It's not often one catches you in the wrong."

"Not on that point, thank you, miss," replied the bass, quietly stubborn. "Now go back as far as Ormonde's year——"

The girl interrupted again. Leonard caught only a few of their words, but knew that they were discussing horses, and gathered that the girl upheld her end of the argument. Some wild country tomboy, he thought; a type which he had seen before, and disliked; loafing in a dingy bar, smoking with men, talking slang, airing her worldliness.

Presently the man laughed at something and leaned back. Over his shoulder the girl's face appeared, smiling. It was not at all the face of a tomboy; mischievous indeed and young, but even in that shadowy den alight with intelligence. Her eyes, large and black, were looking straight in through the dusty window pane.

"Why! There——"

She sprang up from her chair and stood for an instant leaning forward, her face wonderfully brightened, her lips—Corsant had time to mark what a clear red they were—parted in surprise. Next moment she had sat down, hidden again behind her companion.

"That was extraordinary! For half a second, you know, I thought——"

The rest Corsant did not hear. But the man, who had neither turned nor moved, presently replied to her:

"No, he won't be here for another week, miss. I'll try to have everything ready as you'd like it."

"It is now, George. You're quite splendid," said the girl's voice. "I was and am delighted."

Not long afterward, through the glass, Leonard saw them rise and go, the tall man following her with unstudied though evident respect. She herself was fairly tall. Both were slender, and in their easy, outdoor way of moving they seemed vaguely alike. When they had vanished a clack of hoofs and rattle of wheels on cobbles passed down the street and left it sleeping. Leonard continued to stun his appetite with a cold, leaden, pasty and discolored cheese.

"Wonder who she thought I was?" He mused at the dingy window panes, as if behind them her brightness lingered. "Shouldn't mind being the right chap."

That afternoon he walked some fifteen miles more, homeward roundabout. He went slowly, for the green sunken lanes held much heat and little stir of air; but their hedgerow banks imprisoned the sight only to enrich it. Wild flowers—campion, violets, snitchwort, herb Robert—filled the grass and lined both sides of the road higher than a man's head. On a hilltop he paused to catch the draft of soft sea breeze and hear a pair of skylarks.

"She was mighty pretty," he thought; and, becoming aware that he thought so, was surprised at his own irrelevance. "What? Running in my head, is she? What for?"

He went on downhill. These walks began to be tiresome.

In the Pickwickian bedroom at Mrs. Merle's that evening he found his wash had come home again. Once before the wrapping had been written on—"For Lieutenant Corsant." Now the inscription ran, "For Captain Corsant," and under the twine someone had stuck a nosegay of wallflowers. "Going up in the world," thought Leonard. "If promotion keeps on they'll have me the 'very pattern of a modern major gineral.'"

He put the wallflowers in a glass of water.

"Mighty pretty," said he. "As good in profile as she was full front."

III

CURVED gables of tawny-gray thatch across the street, tree tops behind them where rooks fluttered and cawed, shut off all view of the river. To see it, the nearest

(Continued on Page 35)

THE NEW BUSINESS ERA

By JOHN MOODY

DECORATIONS BY J. EASLEY

THERE are many reasons for believing that the commercial and business world is now entering a new era; that the long upward trend in commodity prices, which set in before the close of the last century, has now definitely come to an end; and that from now on we shall witness a broad downward trend in prices and interest rates. After the Napoleonic Wars England experienced approximately thirty years of declining prices; after the Civil War the United States experienced approximately fourteen years. It seems possible that history is about to repeat itself, and that the present period is not only the culmination of a generation of inflation and rising costs, but the actual turning point in the other direction.

And it further seems probable that the period we are now entering will, in its broad outlines, be one of real prosperity and not depression. Paradoxical as it sounds, it is a fact that real prosperity can exist in a period of declining prices and costs; that a community prospers more when costs are low than when costs are high. The great nations of the world have become rich during periods of falling prices, not poor. The thirty years following the Battle of Waterloo was the period during which England became the great, wealthy nation of the world; the period after our own Civil War was the time when the foundations of our own industrial power were laid. Periods of speculation and inflation have ever been accompanied by retrogression, not progression.

The present period of deflation and business reaction took the commercial world by surprise. Notwithstanding the numerous warnings and danger signals of the latter days of 1919 and the early days of 1920, few looked below the surface in the world of finance and industry, and the great majority of producers and business men persistently clung to the plausible and comfortable theory that, until the world shortage of consumable goods caused by the diversion of productive forces to war work could be corrected, there could not possibly occur an extended period of deflation or business reaction. The inexorable law of demand and supply would surely hold prices up, or push them higher, until supplies had been enlarged to meet the insistent demand of the times. And it was held that the only way through which prices could finally be forced down would be through an increase in production to a point where the demand would be more than satisfied. This increase, it was held, could not possibly be brought about in less than two or three years' time, in view of the inefficiency of labor, the strain on capital and credit, and the shortage in the supply of human needs in all parts of the world.

Three Elements of Prosperity

NOTWITHSTANDING these plausible and apparently sound arguments, the deflation came on just the same; and it came on for the same reason that the believers in continued inflation used in their arguments—the inexorable law of demand and supply brought it all about. The one great mistake made by the students, economists, bankers and business men who took the continued-inflation view was that they overlooked the fact that everything is relative in economic law as in everything else. Supply and demand are relative things. A year ago this country was suffering from underproduction; to-day it is suffering from overproduction. This, notwithstanding the fact that the volume of production has not increased at all—in fact, has fallen off seriously. But demand, which was insistent a year ago, has shrunk to very small proportions.

So, without having been obliged to go through that long period of urgent effort for the increase of production—which it was asserted would require two to five years—we find ourselves, in less than one short year, in the throes of a period of overproduction.

Most current comment in relation to the present situation is curiously superficial. Men constantly mistake causes for consequences and vice versa, in business and financial circles, and in attempting to diagnose present conditions the majority of business doctors cling closely to the habit of examining the surface of things and ignoring the fundamentals. Thus we hear that deflation was brought about by artificial acts of the bankers, by Wall Street excesses, by the delay in making peace with Germany, by our failure to join the League of Nations, by the stubbornness of the farmers, by the arrogance of labor, by the agitation of the newspapers in attempting to discourage demand, while one economic writer has asserted that "the Republican Party brought deflation about in order to get the credit of the recovery in business which will naturally follow in time."

And the comments have been curiously uniform in the view that deflation is an unmixed evil for the country. It does not appear to have occurred to many that it is really a blessing; that the occurrences of the last year have turned the trend from a path which was leading directly to destruction into a path of safety and health.

Like all human phenomena, true explanations of the causes of abnormal situations are generally very simple. It is so in this case. Prosperity in any modern, civilized community is due to the presence of three elements in sufficient supply—raw or crude materials, labor and capital. Without these no nation or people can really progress; with them prosperity is always present in some degree, and is limited only as the supply of these elements is limited.

In the United States we always have the raw or crude materials. Usually we have sufficient labor and sufficient capital. But up to 1920 our capital supply had for many years been becoming less and less plentiful; our labor supply was constantly becoming more and more restricted. The point was reached early in 1920 when the shortage of labor became so acute that the production and distribution of consumable goods were hindered, then delayed and finally blocked. There were more jobs than men, and daily this situation became more acute. And at the same time the supply of capital was decreasing daily. The inflation period had gone so far and the costs of living and producing so high that an absolute deadlock was reached. The cost of living had been rising nearly twice as fast as the rise in purchasing power, and an impossible situation had been reached. Something had to slow up or stop, and this something was consumption. People stopped consuming in an abnormal way from one end of the land to the other. Consumption was cut down to the irreducible minimum. This elimination of the volume of consumption was more marked and more far-reaching than in ordinary periods of reaction and deflation, simply because the preceding inflation had been marked by a country-wide speculative movement; a profiteering habit had crept into the lives of people everywhere. We were all profiteering to a greater or less extent. The manufacturer was stocking up with raw materials and making long-term contracts at high prices on the theory that prices would be still higher in the future; the jobber was buying beyond his ordinary needs for the same reason; so was the retailer; while the consumer bought more than he currently needed wherever he had the money or credit to finance his purchases. We all bought more sugar, more coffee, more shoes, more clothes, more land, more of everything than would have been the case in normal times. Business firms and manufacturers signed long-term leases at fabulous rentals in the fear that later they would have to pay still more; thousands of concerns enlarged or planned enlargements of plants; impossible wages and salaries were paid and little hesitancy was indulged in regarding the very high costs of securing credit or borrowing money. It was urged that with advancing prices and persistent demand a business man could well afford to pay 10 per cent for money, where in normal times 5 per cent would have been a burden.

The True Cause of Deflation

THUS when everybody in the consuming world stopped buying, stopped profiteering, the falling off in demand was far more acute than would have been the case in ordinary times. The business of profiteering disappeared like mist before the morning sun. Even normal demand was largely absent, because the average consumer had on hand or had contracted for far more than his normal supplies.

Such is the whole simple explanation of what has happened to this country and to the civilized world during the past year. The period of inflation—a long world-wide tendency—became so acute and far-reaching by early 1920 that the cost of consumable goods had far outrun the purchasing power of consumers, and the tendency had to stop. We had run out of our supply of two of the three factors which modern civilization must have in order to carry on its activities. Capital and labor were no longer in supply, and without these our unlimited raw materials were of no more value to us for the time being than are the raw materials of Russia at the present time.

But not only has much comment regarding the present situation and the recent change in the financial and business trend been singularly lacking in anything but superficial analysis, but comments regarding the outlook and the future trend of business and finance in this country persist in taking only a superficial or limited view. Reaction from present conditions is freely predicted; revival of business is forecast in many quarters; hopeful views

are taken of the future. But most of such comment does not appear to go below the surface, any more than comment on the past year looks for the fundamental causes. We are told that the cost of labor is coming down; that capital will soon become more available; that liquidation of inventories will in time right the situation. All these are self-evident truths, but do they lead us very far? After the present liquidation is completed shall we be back to prewar conditions? Will commodity prices resume their upward trend with continued strain on capital, thus bringing about another period of inflation and speculation? Or shall we return to ordinary peacetimes, where speculative movements are sporadic and temporary and where the markets, over reasonable periods of time, tend to balance themselves, and the law of demand and supply operates in what we recognize as a normal way?

It seems to the writer that the only worth-while study of the future is a type of analysis which will give us some reasonable idea of what the fundamental trends of finance and industry are likely to be—in the large—for the years to come. Only by this method can we look with any confidence into the future. If we cannot know something as to the probable trend of the cost of living, of the cost of capital and of the broad path which civilized countries are likely to follow during the next decade or two, then the average man can only view the future with misgiving and doubt. If we accept it as a foregone conclusion that after a temporary lapse, such as that of the present, the world is going to enter another period of inflation, of advancing costs and interest rates, of world speculation, then we are simply piling up factors in our minds which in time will make for a worse breaking down of civilization than most of us have been able to imagine.

It is therefore well worth while that we should study the fundamental situation in order to satisfy ourselves that we are entering a trend in financial and commercial affairs which leads not to danger but to safety.

The writer believes that we are entering such a period of safety, and that we are now at the turning point. He believes that a long trend of declining costs and declining commodity prices is ahead of us; that interest rates will tend toward ease for many years to come; that speculative orgies, such as we have recently witnessed, are extremely unlikely to recur for a long time to come; and that the production of wealth, with genuine progress and prosperity, can be clearly visualized at the present time. In other words, the fundamental outlook for the United States, and in the long run for the rest of the world also, is an outlook of hope and confidence, not of discouragement and despair.

Effects, Not Causes

THE reasons for this confident and hopeful view are not far to seek. Recurring again to the fundamental fact that the three elements of prosperity are sufficient raw materials, capital and labor, let us glance back twenty years or more at the commercial and financial world. For nearly twenty years prior to the opening of the World War all civilized countries were traveling steadily toward the condition which has recently culminated—acute shortage of capital and labor. Commodity prices and interest rates rose almost without interruption during that period. Each year it cost the typical family more and more to live; each year the demands for capital and credit became more insistent the world over. In this country the rapid development of our natural resources, the far-reaching growth of the modern idea of corporate production, the growth of the speculative motive in the life of the average man, the rapid development and expansion of the modern system of producing wealth by credit instruments—all these factors were laying the foundation of inflated values, and as natural consequences the efficiency of wealth production was not keeping pace with consumable demand; the country's credit instruments were undergoing a more urgent strain. The country was growing in population and wealth, but genuine wealth creation was giving place more and more to the business of capitalizing assets and equities, and seeking a more or less fictitious prosperity. So commodity prices continuously tended upward; interest rates became accepted as normal at far higher levels than in earlier days.

This tendency was evident in Europe as well as in this country. Though the same factors toward the capitalization of wealth had their part, the cost of maintaining great armaments, ever increasing in size and expense, had its marked effect on conditions in Europe, and efficiency in wealth production there felt the effects of these special factors to even a greater extent than in this country.

Men are fond of stating as causes of the abnormal condition of the world prior to 1914 the fact of the unrest of labor, the growth of socialism, the spread of radical movements in all parts of the world. But these were consequences, not causes; they were manifestations of unrest which was caused by the growing difficulty of men to live in the face of the increasing cost of living and the increased cost of capital.

The advent of the World War vastly accelerated this fundamental tendency in economic conditions which had been going on for so long. Had the war never occurred it is possible that these tendencies might have continued for another decade—barring social upheavals in Europe or this country which might easily have developed, of course—and it might have well been 1930 before the tendency would have culminated. But the war turned the world upside down. Notwithstanding the unhealthy state of civilization as a whole in 1913, the war brought forth energies and resources from the entire world which most of us never dreamed of. It was freely predicted in the fall of 1914 that the war could not possibly go on more than a year for the reason that the financial structure of the whole world would collapse under it. And yet it went on more than four years, and its frightful cost in money and credit was many times the highest estimates made at the beginning. And since the close of the war expenses incurred as its result have continued in most countries to rise further, until they have now reached totals which tax the imagination.

Thus it is probable that the presence of the war has resulted in bringing the civilized world now to the point in its financial and economic aspect which it would surely have reached some day, but which might otherwise have been pushed beyond the life of many men now living.

It took England thirty years or more to liquidate the results of the Napoleonic Wars. During this period of liquidation, when debts were being paid, when inflation was being eliminated, wealth was increasing in England and in the British Empire. This was the period during which England was becoming the great world power she has recently been. This was the period during which efficiency of production was being developed, modern methods of production were being devised. Steam power on sea and land was cutting down costs of living and making wealth production more possible. It was a period of declining commodity prices and improvement in the standard of living.

The Immediate Business Outlook

A SIMILAR period is ahead of this country—such is the writer's view. Brushing aside for the moment the cross currents, the more temporary problems and perplexities of the next year or two, we may clearly view a period ahead of us, stretching far into the future, where inflation movements of great size will be absent, where speculative bubbles will be less attractive, but where real wealth production and prosperity will be more generally prevalent, and where commodity prices and interest rates will tend downward rather than upward.

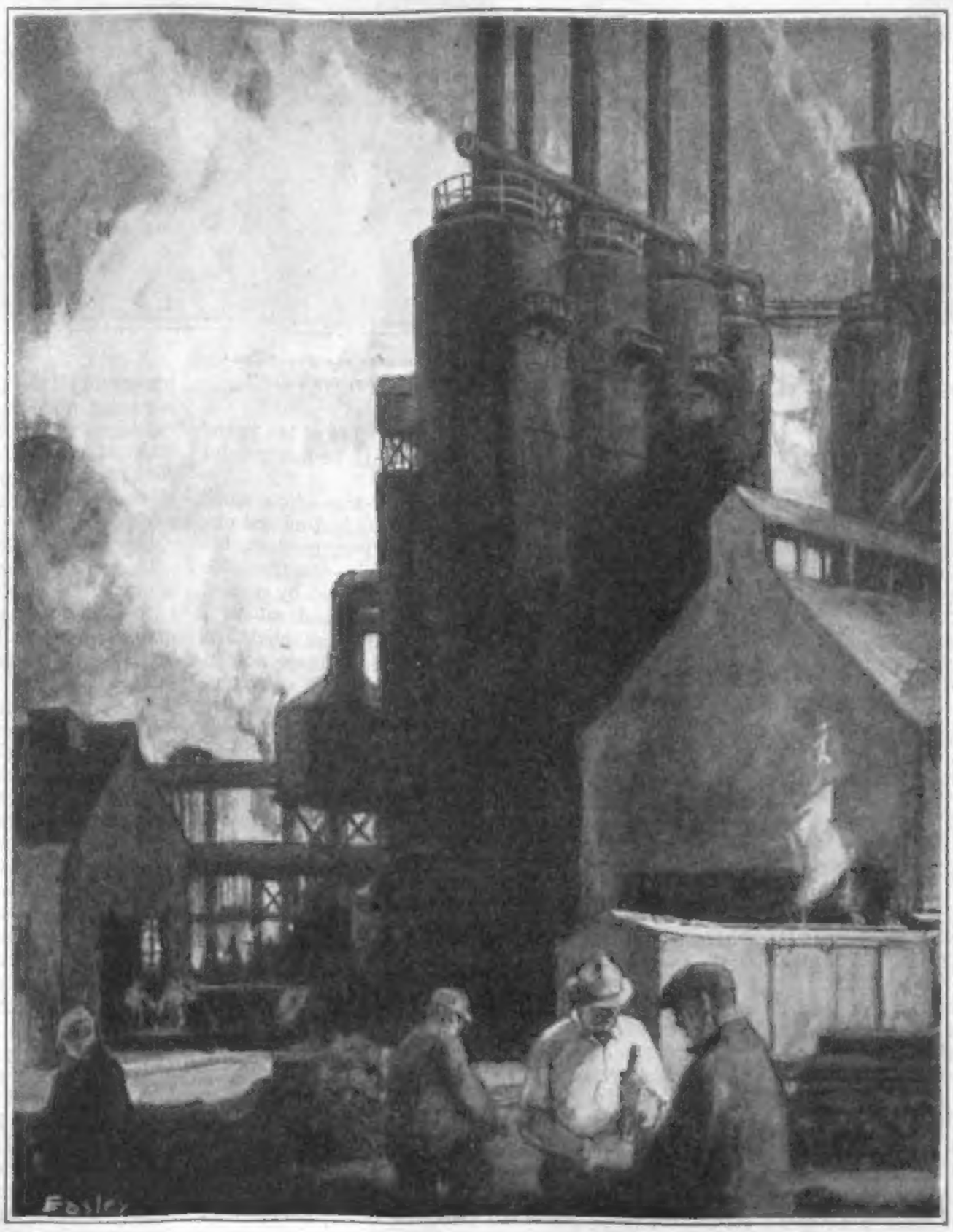
This statement should be accepted, of course, as a broad outline only. It does not follow that we are to enter immediately into a period of full prosperity; that commodity prices will, without temporary interruptions or recoveries, tend steadily downward; that interest rates the world over will immediately relax, or that no temporary or seasonal strains on capital will be seen. On the contrary, unsettlement will be plentiful enough during the next stormy year or two or three, in both this country and Europe. But barring the possibility of a more complete collapse of European finance than most of us expect, or the development of phenomena not now in sight, the broad fundamental trend should be as outlined.

The reasons for this view are many. In the first instance the entire civilized world is in a position to-day where liquidation and deflation seem as inevitable as economic law. The world can be likened to a great business house which, after years of expansion and overextension, finally finds itself heavily in debt, enormously overextended, stocked up with goods which cannot readily be sold at stable prices—a condition which is dangerously near bankruptcy. Frozen assets of such a business house may be of very great value, but until such assets are converted into liquid wealth again they cannot save the situation. The only program in such a case is liquidation; otherwise the whole structure falls to the ground. A house in this position has only one duty to perform, only one road to travel. It cannot expand, develop or boom itself along new avenues; it cannot mark up its prices and regain its prestige and power in this way. It cannot develop markets when no markets exist; it cannot secure new capital in volume so long as its own financial condition is extended or unsound. Its only immediate program is liquidation.

Thus it is with the business and financial world to-day—in both this country and Europe. We have entered an era of liquidation, and no new era similar to the old can develop until liquidation has traveled far toward completion. This was the process that occurred on a much smaller scale in the far less complex and far cruder and smaller economic period that ensued in England after the Napoleonic Wars a century ago, and this is the process which, it appears, is ahead of the world to-day.

If this is not true, if history is not going to repeat itself, and if the liquidation of the war and of the inflation trend which accompanied it is not going to persist through a long period, then of what use or significance is any attempt to glimpse into the immediate future?

(Continued on Page 38)



AN ESCAPE TO GENEVA

By Sir Philip Gibbs

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

SEVERAL people walking in Kensington Gardens on their way to Knightsbridge turned to look at the figure of a tall, thin, clean-shaven man who passed them with a slow, steady stride. Perhaps it was the way in which he wore his silk hat, pushed back a little from the forehead so that his gray hair was visible on each side of his thin temples, which helped them to recognize him more easily. That angle of his hat had been used by his caricaturists in Punch and other papers as a distinctive feature, and they emphasized also the sharp line of his cheek bone and his rather hawk-like nose.

"That's Venning," said a young man, jogging the arm of a girl who walked with him.

They were brother and sister, by the look of them, and stood stock-still to gaze at the passer-by.

"Do you mean the peace man?" asked the girl with a glance of startled admiration.

"That's the fellow. The Right Honourable Matthew Venning, K.C., M.P. I thought he was in Geneva—by the papers—drawing up the scheme for a court of international justice, and all that sort of humbug."

"Not humbug, Dick!"

The brother and sister continued their walk, arguing, perhaps, about the possibilities of world peace and the chance of saving civilization, which seemed in a bad way outside the quiet sanctuary of Kensington Gardens, where the last of the autumn leaves were falling.

Matthew Venning was conscious of this recognition by some of those he passed. Such a tribute to fame no longer pleased him or touched the vanity which is in the soul of most men. It had become familiar and stale to him, though once a few years ago he had thrilled a little when people nudged each other and said "That's Venning!" He was only annoyed now when an ill-dressed fellow slouched into the pathway from behind a tree, raised a black boxlike thing and snapshotted him deliberately before touching his hat and saying "Thanks, sir" with a respectful smile.

"Curse the fellow!" said Venning to himself, though he allowed no shade of annoyance to pass into his eyes.

He had learned to mask his thoughts in public—in private, too—by sheer habit.

Once or twice lately he had caught sight of himself in a mirror and had been rather shocked by the hard, ascetic look of his own face. It was like the portrait of an idealist by a sentimental artist.

"Lord," he had said before that mirror of his, "am I getting dehumanized? Am I becoming nothing but a pose of the blameless public man—a sort of glorified Grey?"

Dehumanized—officialized—that was a horrible thought to a man who even now, in moments of introspection, believed that life held something more for him than work for abstract justice, speeches on the League of Nations, reports

"I Think I Should Die if I Went Back to the Same Conditions. That's an Awful Thing to Say, Isn't It?"

international relations. A little human, personal joy ould put more color into those lean cheeks of his, into his ul. Why not, for a man of forty-two, in the prime of life, at the summit of his career, healthy in spite of ten years' hard labor for his country's sake and—to be honest—for his own?

Three years ago, when he was thirty-nine—how much better that sounded than forty-two!—he had missed one chance of a little human joy, in these very gardens, beneath that tree which he was now passing—the tree with the great crack down its trunk girded round by a steel hoop—near the wooden bench where he had sat with Margaret Harington—Margaret Clandon, as she then was. He stood still and seemed to see her there now in her white summer frock, so fresh, so youthful, so adventurous. He had noticed the extra touch of color in her cheeks, and the brightness of her eyes, as though they had caught the glint out of the sunlight of that day. He had chaffed her, saying "You look enormously beautiful to-day! You are a public danger in Kensington Gardens!" and her answer to that had spoiled his daydream and all the reason of his walk from Curzon Street, and his escape from heaps of papers of urgent importance.

"I feel beautiful," she said. "I feel that everyone must be looking at me because of my happiness. I'm going to marry Kenelm Harington."

His habit of wearing a mask was useful to him then. His self-discipline was strong enough to keep his voice steady.

"Rather rash, isn't it?" he said. "The war's not over yet, and the air force is a pretty dangerous service."

He remembered her answer, her look of adventure.

"That's why we're going to marry at once. Whatever happens, we'll have our innings—a week or two of all there is in life. Nothing will matter afterwards."

That was the spirit of most war marriages, the determination of youth to seize life, to grasp at all that life might give before death demanded sacrifice. Nothing seemed to matter afterwards—at that time. Yet for those who had an afterwards things mattered.

Venning thought of that as he stepped over a low railing and walked across the grass for a short cut to the path going past the old red-brick palace. Many of those war marriages, begun with such courage, reckless of all risks, had not worked out well for women who welcomed backshell-shocked soldiers, blind husbands, men who were different when they came back; nor for young men who found the girls they had married in haste did not fulfill their first ideals. Yet in spite of those tragedies, youth, he thought, had been wise to take the risk. For a little while, anyhow, they had drunk their cup of joy. He had abstained from it, and felt colder and older for lack of it. Fame was no substitute, nor even the knowledge that in his work for fame he had not been ignoble or wholly selfish.

In the blue dusk of Kensington Gardens, in this autumn mist, in this sanctuary of old London, within sound of the motor omnibuses and all the tumult of London life, lovers were walking hand in hand or close together, oblivious of all others, careless of the world's misery after war, because of private satisfaction and the flame in their own hearts. These city clerks and their girls, the little Kensington ladies who had given rendezvous to nice boys from big houses round the park, were not worrying because the governments of Europe were jibbing at a court of international justice, while paying lip service to its principles. They were not worrying because civilization would go down if the old hatreds of Europe—and the old men—prevailed. Venning—the Right Honourable Matthew Venning, K.C., M.P.—envied them their state of mind and their luck of life.

Then he thought again of Margaret Harington, who had taken the risk so gayly. The boy was all right—a bright, brilliant fellow, charming in manner, without a penny beyond his pay, which was good enough then as a major in the air force. He was all right until he did a nose dive over the lines near Arras towards the end of things in '18 and was brought home in plaster of Paris after weeks in hospital. Then he recovered enough to walk about with sticks, and afterwards without sticks. Luck seemed to be with them; but from what he had heard lately the fellow had had a setback.

"Kenelm is nervy—all wrong somehow," Margaret had written. "Come and see us. We're desperately poor, but that doesn't matter so long as Kenelm gets back his health. I'm frightfully worried about that."

So he was going to see them for the first time since their marriage three years ago. It was Margaret he wanted to see. He wondered how much or how little she had changed since that day in Kensington Gardens when he had been greedy for her and for all the joy she could give him, before she told him why she felt beautiful.

Venning knocked at the door of a house in Holland Street, Kensington—a little white house with a shining

brass knocker. It had been the love nest of this young couple in a world of fire and death

The maid who answered his knock took him into a long, low room, and he saw Margaret again. It was not quite the same Margaret. The look of adventure had left her large brown eyes. There was a look rather of endurance in them, he thought. Some intensity of experience had thinned her face a little, faded down her bright color, given her womanhood instead of girlhood.

"It's splendid of you to come!" she said.

"I should have come before," he answered, "but this League of Nations business ——"

"Oh, I know you're the same idealist—working for the good of humanity and all that!"

She spoke the words sincerely, though she laughed, too; but Venning shrugged his shoulders and made a gesture of impatience with that side of his life.

"Sometimes work for the good of humanity seems nothing but the excuse of hypocrites."

He was astonished by the change in this girl. She was more beautiful than he had known her. Why had he missed the only success worth having? Why had he been thirty-nine instead of twenty-six? How life mocked at men!

"Don't get up, Ken, if your back's hurting you."

It was when Margaret spoke those words that Venning saw Kenelm Harington in the room.

He was lying on the sofa by the window, or rather when Venning came in he had put one leg on the floor and raised himself on a pile of cushions.

"It isn't my back," he said. "It's my damned head."

His voice was sharp and irritable, and Venning saw Margaret's face flush with distress because of her husband's discourtesy. He did not give any kind of greeting to his visitor, but held out a cold, limp hand when Venning went over to the sofa and said, "How d'you do, Harington?"

His answer was not cheerful.

"I can't say I feel merry and bright. Margaret thinks it's nothing but nerves—moral cowardice and all that. Don't you, Peg?"

Venning looked at the man whom he had known as a boy—Harrow's center forward ten years after Venning himself had played for the last time. He was nearly thirty now, but still had a boyish look, with a mop of black hair and ruddy cheeks. His boyishness, however, was only superficial, and Venning's watchful eyes saw that Kenelm Harington had the look of many men who had passed unscathed, as people said, through the war; deep-sunk eyes in which ugly remembrance lingered, and a tightness about the lips, showing nervous resistance to the point of strain.

Margaret answered his remark with a deep sigh, followed by a laugh which did not seem quite easy.

"Nothing of the coward about you, Ken! The Germans didn't think so, Arras way. All the same, I think you're suffering from nerves. If you'd make an act of faith and say 'I'm as right as a trivet!' I believe you'd be well and strong again."

Kenelm Harington punched a pillow by his side, and all his face flushed with sudden anger.

"For a girl of common sense you sometimes talk the most abject rot, Peg! I got a bang on the spine, as you well know, and if that's not physical I don't know what the devil is."

Margaret was silent. This rough-tongued talk brought tears to her eyes, as Venning guessed rather than saw by the furtive lifting of her hands. She moved across the room to set something on the tea table, and Kenelm addressed himself to Venning:

"I suppose you're trying to convert the world to the League of Nations. Rather futile work, isn't it?"

"Depends on what you mean by 'futile,' old man," said Venning cheerfully, though for Margaret's sake, and his own, he would have liked to hit this man who spoke so sharply to his wife—especially before visitors, when she could not answer back.

"I should have thought you'd seen enough of war to welcome any plan for securing the peace of nations."

"It's not to be done by the machinery of governments," said Harington. "Anyhow, the world is made up of congenital idiots who call homicidal mania by heroic names. How are you going to cure that by a court of international justice?"

"You couldn't," answered Venning calmly. "But I don't believe in the homicidal-mania theory. My view is that the mass of people want peace, so that they can get on with their jobs, till their bit of earth, marry and bring up babes. War is only a survival of barbarism, maintained for their own interest by people of power who put spell words on the crowd."

"That's all bunkum," said Harington savagely. "Men like killing each other. I liked killing Germans. It was the most thrilling kind of sport. Why do men like you play the hypocrite?"

"Ken," said Margaret very quietly, "if you can't talk in a civil way I shall ask Mr. Venning to go. I can stand your bad manners alone—at some cost to myself—but I shan't stand them before my friends. Do you understand?"

There was a moment's silence. Venning felt very uncomfortable, profoundly sorry for the girl. So their marriage had come to this!

That romantic adventure which had made Margaret feel so beautiful that she wondered all the world did not see had become a drab thing of bickering and ill temper, a tug of war!

Kenelm Harington crumpled up morally. Venning saw a sort of pleading look in his eyes like that of a beaten dog. As Margaret passed him on her way to the door he tried to take her hand, but could not reach it.

"Sorry, old girl," he said. "I'm a nasty-tempered swine. Can't think what's happened to me!"

His wife tightened her lips. The color had quite left her face.

"You've been sorry before," she told him; and in those words Venning understood a long-drawn misery of quarrels and repentance, temper and tears. After three years of marriage this wife's patience was at breaking point.

She went out of the room on some pretext about the tea. Kenelm Harington looked at Venning with shame in his eyes.

"You see how it is," he said in a low voice. "I'm just torturing her to death. Slow murder! This injured spine of mine plays the devil with me mentally and morally. I get into the vilest of tempers, say things for which I could cut my tongue out as soon as they have left my lips. And all the time her pluck and her patience have been wonderful, so that I could lick the dust under her feet."

"Have you been to the right doctors," asked Venning, "about that spine?"

Kenelm Harington shuffled off the sofa, grasped the rail of a chair for a moment, and then walked across the room to the mantelshelf with more vitality than Venning had suspected in him.

"The Lord knows how many doctors!" he answered, standing there and looking amazingly well because of the ruddy color of his skin and his athletic figure, now that he was straightened up. "I've been X-rayed, massaged—every old thing; suffered the agonies of hell, and all to no purpose. It's waste of time, and for that reason waste of money. How can I write short stories or plays when I'm sitting in electric baths or hanging about hospitals?"

"Had any luck lately with your writing?" asked Venning.

He had remembered that before the war this fellow had been a writing man, the author of a very good comedy which had run several months at the Duke of York's.

"Not a spot of luck! The war has killed my power of concentration. I begin things and can't end 'em. Bits of the war-flying stunts, bombing raids and all that muck get between me and my imagination—put me clean off. It's rough on Margaret. I can't buy her pretty frocks any longer."

"That doesn't matter much," said Venning. "She looks pretty in anything."

A light of pleasure came into Harington's eyes at those words. He seemed to like that praise of his wife.

"She's a wonder!" he replied in a low voice; and he had a look of adoration when Margaret came in again, followed by the maid with the tea things. It was

(Continued on Page 65)

"It's Eight Years Since I've Been to France," She Said. "I'm Longing to Breathe the Air of Paris Again"

THE GOLDEN IDOL

By Christine Jope Slade

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MRS. GEORGE SHADBOLT rose twitteringly. "I only came to give you the letter, dear. Of course your father recognized the writing. He was violent with the lid of the marmalade jar. You know how he is."

"I know, mother; father said 'Why couldn't she have married Cass instead of that blasted pauper?' Well, I wish I had! I only wish I had!"

"I'll stay to lunch, and then perhaps we'll go to the pictures, Cora. I expect you've been indoors too much."

"I haven't been out, except to do the ordering, since we came over to you last Sunday week, and there isn't anything for lunch. Sandy hasn't left me a bob."

"Disgraceful!"

"He hadn't one to leave—and Charles Cass asking one to the Savoy to lunch to-morrow. It's a scream, isn't it?"

"He's only been back from Africa three days. He didn't know your address, I suppose that's why he wrote home."

"I've—I've written to him—once or twice."

"From here?"

"From Selfridge's once and once from Kate's club. Do you think I'd have him know I was living in a thirty-pound-a-year flat in Battersea?"

Mrs. George Shadbolt sat down on the shabby sofa and coped heavily with an unheeding daughter.

"You wrote to him! When one marries one leaves everything behind one."

"Is that why there is nothing left to look forward to?" She was unconscious of epigram, deep in her misery. "You know what I was in the old days—nothing good enough, and you encouraged me!"

"We'd the money then."

"Sandy knew the people in the old days. He could have done the deals, but he lacked push. All the men he used to know he's lost sight of. He lunches at Lyons'. You see people but you don't meet people at Lyons'. I didn't want Charles Cass to know, so I wrote and told him what a success Sandy was making—about our little house on the Abbotsbrook estate at Bourne End, our car and what fun life was. If Sandy hadn't lacked push it would have been true. I enjoyed writing it—it didn't seem untrue at Selfridge's and Kate's club. What the devil did it matter? He wasn't coming home for years and years."

"But he is home!"

"Yes!"

"And he's bound to get to know."

"No!"

She could look queerly tigerish, yellow-brown eyes half closed, tawny yellow-brown hair in untidy wisps about her heart-shaped face.

"You won't go to the Savoy?"

"Of course not, mother! I've nothing fit to go in but my wedding nighty, and I'm thinking of making that into a blouse."

"Sandy's a good boy."

"He's asleep. Try to coax or push him and he's a lump—a great lump!

"He's too retiring and delicate-minded for business. You've got to push, push."

"There's Nothing Illusive About You, Cora. You Demand Certain Concrete and Material Things of Life—and You Obtain Them"

"Your father thinks that Cass is a millionaire." She paused. "He used to adore you in the old Putney days. Perhaps he'd help Sandy."

"Can you see Sandy being helped? Sandy thinks I'm tiring of him for his lack of enterprise. You'd think that would wake him up, but with Sandy that makes him worse, more diffident, more retiring. He's queer, too sensitive, but if something would wake him—something!"

"Then you won't go?"

"I tell you, I can't."

"I wonder how long Cass will be in England. Of course, he's out of our set now, staying at the Savoy and all."

"And the last time he was in London Sandy was richer—had more prospects than he."

The elder woman nodded her head.

"You've made your bed, Cora."

"I know."

"You were silly to write to him like that."

"Perhaps."

"If he found out ——"

"I'd die sooner than he should! Oh, you don't understand what it would mean to have Charles Cass know after the way I talked to him about my future, my ambitions, my career, my personality, Sandy—everything!"

Her mother sighed.

"Clear away the breakfast things, for goodness' sake, child, and we'll go to Lyons' or Flemings' or somewhere for lunch and then to the pictures. They've got Charles Ray at the Marble Arch."

"But can you, mother? You know ——"

"Yes, I can. We've been asked out to supper twice this week and the char's been away with the flu, so I've not had to pay her."

"I came at once."

"Not—father?"

"No, Charles Cass."

Mother and daughter stared at each other across another uncleared breakfast table.

"I couldn't get round last night or I would have. The Meales came in for a hand at whist. Your father likes it. I stripped the bed to air, popped the things in the scullery and came right along. Yesterday afternoon Charles Cass called. He'd been to Bourne End and couldn't trace you. You know he always was masterful. Well, he's worse. How to put him off I didn't know. I said you were in Scotland, and he smiled and said you must be back, because the postmark of your letter refusing his luncheon invitation was London. You remember we posted it on our way to the pictures. He wanted to come and see you here."

Again the sudden transitory gleam of the tigress. She was on her feet, one hand to the crumpled bosom of her blouse, the other pushing against the breakfast table.

"He shan't! He shan't! And gloat over what I've tumbled into—he shan't!"

"I had a job to keep the address from him, I can tell you, Cora—he's one of those compelling men. He missed your father by about ten minutes, I tell you, when I heard your father's key in the lock it gave me a turn. There was Cass asking what make your car was and if you were keen on punting—and I suppose you know Sandy borrowed five shillings from dad. He wrote."

"Yes, yes, I know."

"Lies come home to roost. How we shall see it through I don't know. I asked Mrs. Meale to lend me her silver-fox fur for you.

"Her godson sent it from Sweden. It's worth a lot—fifty or sixty pounds."

She was tawny, yellowish face now, yellowish eyes, the whole of her glowering and glaring in sudden terror.

"You didn't give Charles Cass this address? You didn't?"

"No, but I promised to go to lunch with you at the Savoy to-morrow. Cora, I had to or tell him the truth! What Sandy ——"

"Sandy be hanged! What shall we look like? Rag bags! Couple of old rag bags!"

A table overlooking the river. Old Mrs. Shadbolt enjoying her food, furtively enjoying the other lunchers, trying not to listen to the lies, the lies, the lies—trying not to identify herself with them or the strange, excited, golden daughter opposite, whose hair was wonderful with a liquid brightener, whose eyes flashed imprisoned sunshine like the wine.

"I can't stand town in the summer. What do I do down there? Lie under the trees in a punt and read. Sometimes we use the launch to get up to Murray's quickly. Yes, Sandy belongs. It's rather fun. Oh, they're not really tangoing—you needn't be afraid. There's a cunning three-step."

His discarded sombrero had suited him—he was foreign looking, a distinguished foreigner, square set, impelling; deep-set, watchful eyes.

"So it's fun being Sandy Washburn's wife?"

"Huge fun!"

"Shall I own something rather mean? I used to hope in the old days you'd ride for a fall, Cora. That's burned out now. You were so sure, so proud, so arrogant. You expected everything as your divine right. How you talked! Career—ambition, riches! I had nothing. You let me feel that. You might have been a king's mistress." His voice had dropped. "Men are children. Queer how the little boy dreaming of getting even with the schoolmaster persists in us, diverted to other channels. Your first letter to me that first year I was out there was like a slap in the face."

"I—I don't remember."

She clutched the head of the gray fox. She was unconsciously savage with it. Her fingers dug and pulled at the soft fur. Her mother watched her in an agony of apprehension. It was Jane Meale's, and it cost forty or fifty pounds.

"You wrote of all your fittings—your little furnished flat in Dover Street, the little car Sandy had bought you, your Pekingese, your French maid."

"I didn't mean to ——"

"I know. But up to then I had dreamed of coming home rich and famous—finding you and Sandy buried in some suburb, you slaving away without a maid—and helping you. Your letter showed me that you were justified in your belief in yourself and your belief in Sandy. That was all seven years ago. I got over that. I got back my sense of proportion. You always had the ambitions and inclinations of a princess, Cora. I don't blame you."

She looked down at the Thames, at the trams, at the world in general. A deep, unreasoning, seething anger against Sandy possessed her. Why couldn't he hew and fight his way like Charles Cass? He was soppy! There was something she couldn't get at in him—something vital that closed at her goading like a sea anemone at a touch. A woman would be proud of Charles Cass. Sandy reverenced women. Cass understood them. She preferred understanding

"I have so many acquaintances, but few friends. This meeting has been good, Mrs. Shadbolt. You were awfully decent to me in the old Putney days. By the way, why aren't you and your husband on the phone, Cora? I looked you up the first day."

"I was, but it got on my nerves. The beastly thing went all day. I had it taken away."

"But Washburn?"

"Don't you mention telephones to Sandy! He's been trying to get on for six months."

He spoke to the mother.

"Cora hasn't altered. She's matured—that's all. You must be proud of her, Mrs. Shadbolt. I suppose her success has been her capacity for ignoring nonessentials. She sees an objective and goes for it."

Gauping up at him, Mrs. Shadbolt tried to follow him. She was impressed by him as all women were.

"I must meet Sandy again," said Charles Cass thoughtfully.

That lunch had been for her a subtle elixir, the breeder of profound subsequent unrest. It found physical outlet in untiring energy. She spring-cleaned the horrid little Battersea flat; she repainted the dark and dingy little bathroom; she renovated her miserable wardrobe; she took long walks beside the river and in the park, and the queer stimulation quickened and deepened until it burned her up. The light of it was in her queer yellow eyes, the glow of it lay in her artificially brightened hair.

Then one morning her mother sent on a dinner invitation from Cass. She told her husband, sitting over the rashers of salt, imported bacon.

"Wasn't that the chap you turned down?"

"Yes, for you."

"We can't go."

"We've got to go!"

"You're mad, Cora! You've no dress. I've no dress shirt or evening shoes."

"If we don't he'll come here! He'll find us out! Do you suppose I want Charles Cass to see this?"

"I know I'm a failure."

"So do I! But I told him you were a success! You've got to see me through, Sandy! I won't be humiliated before that man! It's what he longs to see! I won't give him the satisfaction! You shan't make me!"

She was tremendous in her overpowering egotism and vanity. She seemed to fill the tiny, dingy room—an angry, outraged goddess in a packing case. It was ludicrous, yet oddly impressive.

"Now what's all this blither?"

He was white, pinched, oddly boyish. He had cut himself shaving with tepid water and a blunt razor. The wad of cotton wool with which he had stanched the blood was angry crimson against his sudden pallor.

"I was filthy to Charles Cass—always preaching to him, always holding you up. He went away and became a millionaire. I wrote to him."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I didn't think he'd come back. I never thought he'd look us up. When I saw him ——"

"Saw him?"

"Yes, I've been to lunch with him once and tea twice—once at the Carlton and once at the Ritz."

"That's why you've been different!"

She cried out in her surprise, "Have I been different?"

He towered over her, one hand upraised. For just a minute she cowered. There was more curiosity than fear in her vivid eyes.

"It's been a splendid escape."

"He wants you."

"I don't exist for him. Oh, Sandy, let's make use of him! I want you to succeed! I want you to succeed!"

"The old cry!"

"I told him we had a car—a flat in town—a summer house at Bourne End. Let me tell you what I told him. Oh, Sandy, don't let me down before him! Don't humble me! Don't humble me!"

Eyes narrowed, he stared at her. She became suddenly aware that he had loved her, but she did not know that the shriveling and disintegrating of it was taking place before her eyes.

"Sandy, I want things," her voice was husky.

"What things?"

"Dresses, jewels, position, a dinky house—all the things I wrote and told Charles Cass you had given me."

(Continued on Page 46)

She Flew Back to the Rust-and-Gold Dress. Her Eyes Were Wide With Admiration and Curiosity. "Oh, Sandy Darling, How Did You Do It?"

TOM SHOWS

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

AWAY back in 1851 a serial appeared in the struggling magazine then known as the National Era. The narrative was a lengthy one and ran through several numbers. When it was finished the woman who wrote it was rewarded with the princely sum of three hundred dollars! The name of the authoress was Harriet Beecher Stowe. The story was called Uncle Tom's Cabin.

After the tale had run its limited course in the columns of this obscure publication someone suggested that it merited a wider circulation in book form. Most of the leading publishers were approached to that end, but none could be found willing to take the risk. Finally, however, a modest printer of Boston agreed to sponsor the undertaking, provided Mrs. Stowe herself would agree to bear one-half the initial expense. This, from lack of financial resources, she was unable to do. But after much persuasion and prayerful consideration the bookman decided to shoulder the burden alone, agreeing to pay its creator a flat royalty of 10 per cent on the sales.

The first copy off the press was purchased by the authoress herself. The publisher charged her sixty-two cents for it. Evidently there were no free copies presented to plutocratic authors in those good old days.

Four months after that book made its initial bow to the reading public they sent Mrs. Stowe a check for ten thousand dollars on account of royalties already accrued. Within the year that followed, one hundred and twenty editions were printed and sold. Its popularity and fame spread to all countries and climes, because Uncle Tom's Cabin has been translated into more tongues than any other book ever written in the English language.

The Stage Thriller of Other Days

ONLY the other day I inquired of an attendant in a local bookstore if there was still a demand for this stirring tale of antebellum days. I was informed that a new edition had made its appearance during the Christmas season and that it had found a ready sale at one dollar a copy.

Apart from its literary merits the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin was the most potent propaganda ever put forth in behalf of any cause. When it was published the North and South were commencing to draw apart. The slave was the bone of contention.

In this story of slavery days Mrs. Stowe drew a drastic picture of prevailing conditions. Opinions were divided regarding the accuracy of the portrayal, but right or wrong, the narrative of a people in bondage aroused universal sympathy in the territory north of Mason and Dixon's Line, and in the end the shackles of serfdom were broken.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, for its author—just as you would have it—there were no movie magnates in those days, careering madly up and down the country, scattering millions right and left into the laps of bewildered literary lights. But we have always had the representatives of the spoken drama with us, and someone took his trusty pen in hand and dramatized Mrs. Stowe's story. He had no idea of what he was starting.

Then it commenced to make its appearance in the leading theaters of the country. The play duplicated the success already achieved by the book, and for the many years that followed, managers of the very best houses regarded it as a sterling and sure-fire attraction. There are few of the great names linked with the history of the American drama of that period who have not at one time or another figured as one of those present in the stage characterization of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

In the patois of the profession, all the parts were what actors are pleased to call fat. Every character at some time or another during the progress of the play occupies the spotlight. For comedy there were the ludicrous situations in which Marks, the pettifogging little lawyer, finds himself. And who is there in the whole wide world who does not remember the irresponsible Topsy, a little negress always maintaining that she just growed, so rendering the days and nights of the puritanical Miss Ophelia a burden beyond contemplation?

Every Honest-to-Goodness Tom Show Nowadays Gives a Street Parade and Carries a Band

Then, of course, as foils to these characters were the stately St. Clare, a Southern aristocrat of the old dispensation, and the angelic Little Eva, scattering beatitudes broadcast, while she drank in the words of wisdom falling from the lips of the saintly old negro, Uncle Tom, himself. Added to these was the slave girl, Eliza Harris, who, with her baby in her arms, fled from her brutal master and forded the swollen Ohio River just at the season when the ice was breaking up. In her desperation she was forced to make wild leaps from one floating block to another. And be it noted that Eliza was always just two jumps ahead of the bloodhounds which the villainous Haley and his minions had put on her trail.

Then last but not least was the swarthy, swashbuckling, blatant, tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking Simon Legree himself, abhorred by everyone, including those with whom he did business—Simon with his big bull whip, his spurs and jack boots, slouch hatted and walrus mustached, who swore strange oaths and defied the laws of God and man. Oh, yes, it was a drama full of incident and color!

But as the years went by this forceful play reached the end of its tether so far as the sophisticated audiences of the big cities were concerned. Then it drifted from its high estate, first to the provinces, and still later to those isolated and sparsely settled rural communities known to the profession by the expressive if uncultured appellation of tall-grass tanks.

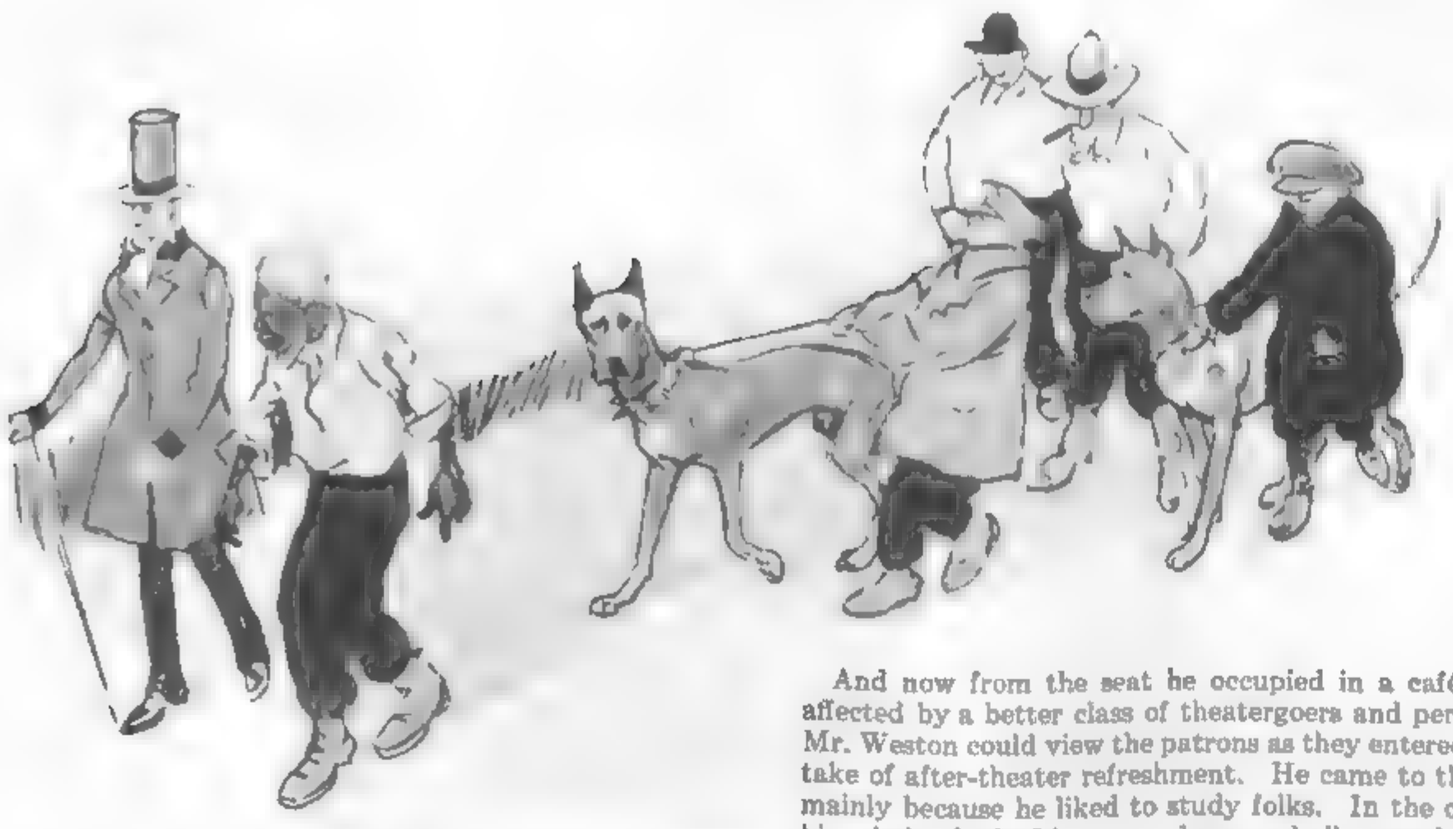
Even its nomenclature changed. The original prefix was abandoned and, except on the advertising paper, in its abbreviated form it is now called a Tom show.

Still, you must not think that its glory has waned by any means, because it is still going strong, as they say, and enterprising showmen have added and embellished the ideas of the original producer more to meet what they promise to be the needs of a drama calculated to keep step with the trend of the times.

The Traditional Street Parade

EVERY honest-to-goodness Tom show nowadays gives a street parade and carries a band. That organization is not complete without a trombone virtuoso who can drag all the secrets of sound from the soul of that seductive instrument. There also must be a silver-cornet player who can fill the atmosphere as full as it will hold of shrill melody. These artists and their comrades are always led by a gorgeous drum major—mastodonic, marvelous and compelling as he swings down the main stem blazing a glorious trail for the street spectacle.

It is not an uncommon thing to be privileged to view the parade of a Tom show enlivening some little Western hamlet in the summertime. You can see all the characters passing in review. You will note Marks, the lawyer, in his battered plug hat, his seedy black clothes, and with his voluminous umbrella tucked under his arm, bestriding a diminutive donkey. The recalcitrant Legree will probably be driving a mule hitched to an old ramshackle cart. Little Eva, Topsy, Miss Ophelia and Eliza may be seated in an open barouche, if one can be had.



Behind them all will probably trudge the exquisite St. Clare, Uncle Tom, and the balance of the outfit, while trailing the procession will come the bloodhounds, each dog being equipped with a big spiked collar and a chain strong enough to anchor a battleship, and at the other end of that chain will stride proudly some village urchin, who has been backed into a faded red coat for the occasion. The number of dogs depends altogether on the enterprise or resources of the management. It should be explained, however, that these canines never bear the slightest resemblance to genuine bloodhounds. From time immemorial, big overgrown Great Danes have been regarded as the simon-pure bloodhound when supplying the atmosphere for a Tom show. Big wicked-looking dogs are as necessary to the exploitation of this brand of entertainment as an elephant is to the circus.

The following narrative will perhaps serve to give the reader an idea of a certain peculiar people who still believe that this old-fashioned drama has an evergreen and potent appeal.

The Battle of the Midgets

WHEN we come to consider accomplishment in its most comprehensive sense the ability to pick winners is perhaps the most valuable asset that any man can possess. Dig as deep as you like into the story of success, and it all gets back to the same formula. This is the basic principle of nearly every branch of endeavor and it is the hall mark of the conqueror, whether it be applied to the sport of kings or the more conservative channels through which men acquire wealth or distinction.

Mr. Billy Weston was a staunch and sterling adherent of this theory. Moreover, he prided himself on the fact that he had mastered that which most men regard as the supreme mystery.

"All you got to do is to land on a live one," he would say, "an' the rest is as easy as eatin' quail on toast."

When Mr. Weston so proclaimed this somewhat sweeping manifesto he referred more particularly to that most hazardous of all activities, coming under the heading of the producing end of the drama.

"My long suit," he would explain, "is knowin' just exactly what they want, an' givin' it to 'em. All's the matter with the theayter is that the public don't get it half the time. Them big guys goes to work an' spends a million dollars on a production without ever studyin' the poor simp which shillabers up to the box office with the price in his mit. If it wasn't that they was luckier than a hundred-to-one sellin' plater junin' home in front of a field of stake horses, they'd 'a' been wiped off the slate long ago. But they keep gettin' by and nobody knows th' answer. If you think I have it concealed anywheres about my person you can search me!"

When it came down to actual accomplishment, however, Mr. Weston had never got beyond the stage known to the initiated as one-night stands in the sticks. His very longest suit was guiding the destinies of an organization dedicated to that sterling drama of antebellum days known as Uncle Tom's Cabin. But even in this humble way Mr. Weston prided himself on the fact that every season found him making additions and embellishing a vehicle which age had not dimmed and which has always been regarded as a sure-fire attraction in the provinces.

At the time this story opens he was resting in Chicago after a fairly successful summer. He intended taking the road again just as soon as the elements made it possible, because you must know that a Tom show differs from other branches of theatric endeavor in that the time-honored street parade plays no unimportant part in its exploitation. It's got to have weather.

And now from the seat he occupied in a café mostly affected by a better class of theatergoers and performers, Mr. Weston could view the patrons as they entered to partake of after-theater refreshment. He came to this place mainly because he liked to study folks. In the course of his mission he had been up, down and all around, and the big school of experience had bestowed upon him a knowledge of the people connected with the world of make-believe passing all understanding. Mr. Weston watched the gathering throng with the blasé air of one who was thoroughly sophisticated.

But when a diminutive little man accompanying a tiny woman arrived and was shown to a table near his end of the room Mr. Weston braced up and evinced something more than casual interest.

"Huh," he grunted to himself. "Midgets, eh? Kid show folks playin' the big time! They must of got into the wrong pew by mistake."

But the little people had hardly been seated when the swinging doors again opened and another tiny man made his appearance. The newest comer took a seat at a table immediately adjacent to the one occupied by the earlier arrivals, and when he ordered a bottle of wine almost as large as himself and proceeded to pour out generous libations Mr. Weston's sensibilities were jarred clean away.

"Well," he muttered, "wouldn't a play like that wake the baby? The little guy must of stumbled over a bank roll an' wants to weed it out before he gets caught with the goods."

Words, however, could not express his amazement when he noticed that a waiter was serving another bottle of champagne to the little couple who were first to arrive.

"You can't beat that if you was to travel from here to Timbuktu," voiced Mr. Weston in a confidential half whisper to a tall young man who had just pre-empted a seat at his table. "I ast you, can you beat it?"

"I ain't a-goin' to try," returned the other, as one to whom singular phenomena do not appeal. "Supposin' them freaks was to take a bath in it, what diff'rence would it make? It ain't nothin' to write home about."

"If you belonged," shot back Mr. Weston with no little warmth—"if you only belonged, you'd label it as somethin' unusual!"

"Belonged to what?" queried the slim young stranger.

"If you was a trouper," explained Mr. Weston, "if you was wise to the show game, you'd think it was nothin' short of extraordinary."

"Oh," retorted the other—"oh, that's it, is it? Took me for a towner, did you? Thought I was president of the First National Bank. Or perhaps you figured I was out here in Evanston takin' a divinity course? If I was to tell you that I know every water tank an' woodpile between Maine an' California, an' from Montreal to Mexico, it might set your mind easy."

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Weston with interest, "the joke's on me! What show're you with?"

"Been troupin' ever since I was eleven years old. Tent shows, mostly. Everythin' from carnival caravans to the big one. Just now I'm beatin' the bass drum an' soundin' the loud timbrel for ——"

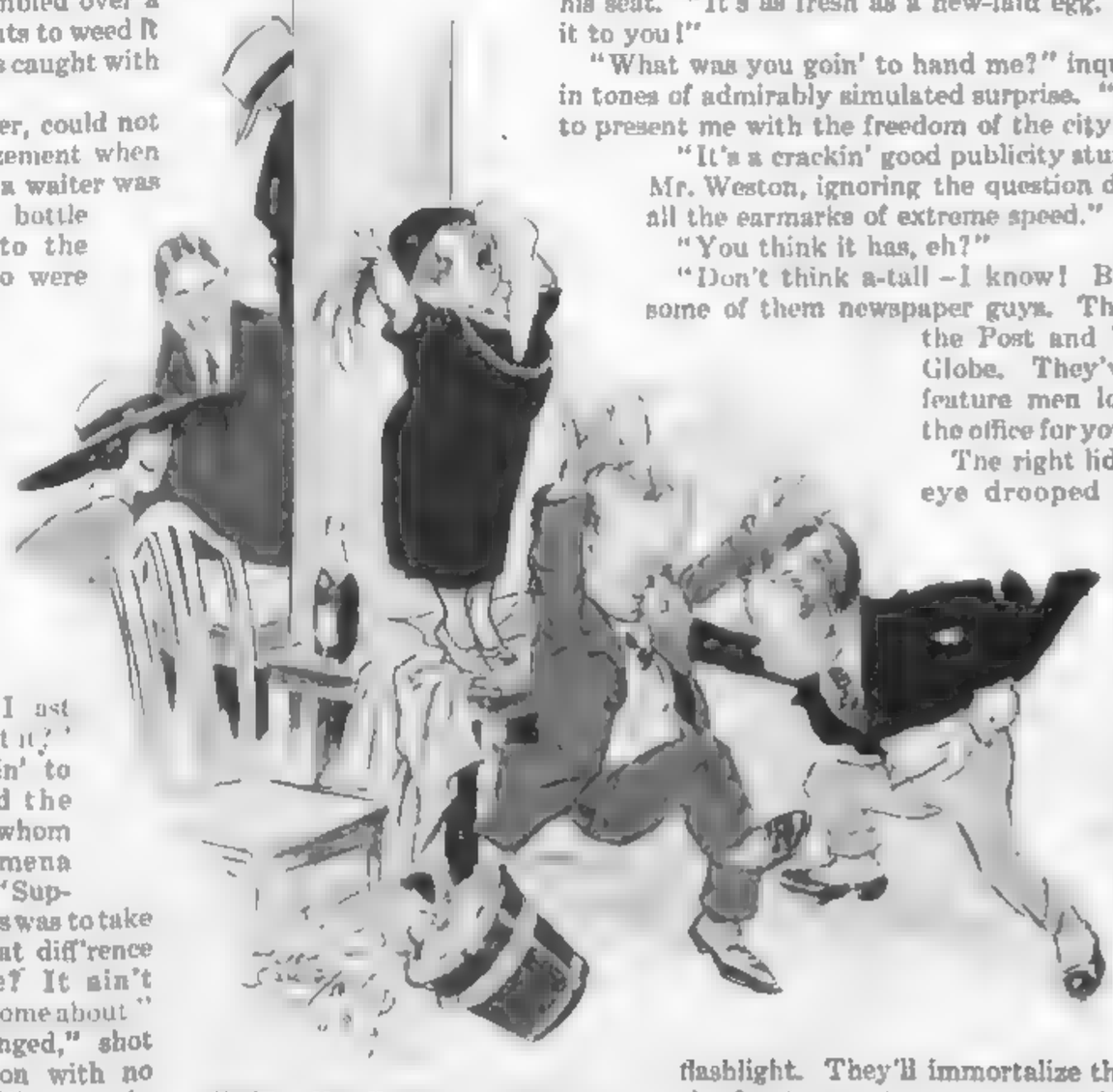
But the rest of this autobiography was lost, because Mr. Weston suddenly stretched across the table and grasped the other's arm.

"Holy Saint Dog!" he interrupted. "Them midgets is goin' to have a mix-up! Look!"

He pointed to the tables at which the little people were sitting. Their piping voices were raised in acrimonious discussion and finally the little lady's escort shrilled out something that sounded like a challenge, wriggled off his seat and started across the floor. He was met halfway by the other small man, who threw the contents of the wine glass he held in his hand full in the other's face. Then with a howl of rage the belligerent one sprang at the aggressor's throat.

In a second the whole café was in an uproar. Men and women crowded about, fairly shrieking with laughter at this unusual spectacle. The little lady had climbed on her chair and from there to the table, screaming in shrill staccato, while the diminutive combatants clinched in what appeared to be a deathlike grip. Pandemonium reigned!

In common with the other patrons of the café Mr. Weston rose from his seat and moved forward a few paces, the better to view the altercation.



He Was Met Halfway by the Other Small Man, Who Threw the Contents of the Wine Glass He Held in His Hand Full in the Other's Face

A Masterpiece of Publicity

"AIN'T that the limit!" he ejaculated. "Them little guys went to war over the woman. I've seen funny things in my time, but that tops 'em all!"

He turned, expecting he was addressing the tall young man, but the latter was nowhere to be found. Presently, however, he saw him emerging from the telephone booth.

From between his teeth Mr. Weston emitted a long low whistle.

"So that's it, eh? That's the how of it! They pull a new one every day. It's good stuff, though."

It was all an open book to him now. He returned to his table and settled back in his chair.

"I've got to hand it to you," he began in tones surcharged with admiration when the tall young man resumed his seat. "It's as fresh as a new-laid egg. I got to hand it to you!"

"What was you goin' to hand me?" inquired the other in tones of admirably simulated surprise. "Was you goin' to present me with the freedom of the city?"

"It's a crackin' good publicity stunt," continued Mr. Weston, ignoring the question direct. "It has all the earmarks of extreme speed."

"You think it has, eh?"

"Don't think a-tall—I know! But here comes some of them newspaper guys. There's Carey of the Post and Watson of the Globe. They've turned the feature men loose! Ain't it the office for you to get busy?"

The right lid of the other's eye drooped slowly as he looked across the table at his companion.

"The game ain't played that way a-tall," he vouchsafed patronizingly. "This story don't need no assistance. Them guys are eatin' it up now. Whoopee! There's the flashlight. They'll immortalize the gory field on the front page to-morrow morning. Say, ain't that Major Banks a wonder? Look at him tryin' to break away from the big policeman so's he can get back and renew the conflict with General Atom. An' Dotty Dimple on the table, with her skirts pulled up to her knees, boohoohin' to beat the band an' hollerin' murder. What could I do supposin' I was to butt in now? A real honest-to-goodness press story writes itself. It don't have to be personally conducted."

"No, of course not," confirmed Mr. Weston, now thoroughly impressed. "But you certainly are gifted, young man—you certainly put a good one over."

(Continued on Page 51)

PEACHY WALKS THE WEARY

"I'm Hungry!" She Wailed. "Can You Beat That? I Thought I'd Sleep It Off. You Do Sometimes, But Never When You Want To"

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY PAY

AT FIVE minutes to ten Peachy began to swim up to the surface from a deep well of sleep. She kicked her toes down toward the foot of the bed and stretched two slender arms above her head. Then she dived under the blankets with a woof! and emerged again, her bobbed hair—permanently waved—splashing out on the pillow like golden spindrift tinged by a red sunset.

Against this colorful background Peachy's face was a pale-pink oval with faint violet shadows under the eyes. Her morning grin at the world was by nature cheerful, but this morning all at once it slumped into an expression of uneasiness. Her eyes became mournfully disgusted.

"I'm hungry!" she wailed. "Can you beat that? I thought I'd sleep it off. You do sometimes, but never when you want to. What a world!"

She lay back on the pillow and thought of grapefruit and eggs Rochambeau and potatoes in cream garnished with baby sausages, and crisp *brioches* and silver pots of coffee. And from breakfast her thoughts went on to luncheon—royal onion soup with a golden pollen of grated cheese, a romantic fish with hollandaise, a handsome *filet mignon*, smoking, juicy, tender ——

Swish! The well-known sound of a letter being pushed under her door. She sat up in bed eagerly and regarded the yellow oblong at the edge of the near-Bokhara rug. But she dropped back on her pillow immediately with a moan. Too well she knew the shape and color of the envelope that always contained the original classic beginning: "We are obliged to draw your attention to the rule of the house that rent is due and payable on the first of the month."

But presently she put a foot out into the inhospitable world and found a pair of yellow brocaded satin slippers somewhat the worse for wear. On these she slipslopped across to the bureau, opened a top drawer, and burrowing amidst a tangle of veils, gloves, organdie collars, unreceipted bills, sticks of gum, two torn "sides" that represented a part she had had in a show that had lived for a whole week practically on Broadway, and four sample jars of face cream, she came upon a candy box. This she opened without much hope, for she knew what it did not contain. However, as she had expected, there were four chocolates, nibbled at in some more lavish day and cast back with disapproval. She ate them pensively, regarding meanwhile the wooden back of a framed photograph that had been turned to the wall, in a way of speaking.

It lay face down upon the dressing table, and the lace-trimmed cloth underneath it was wrinkled, as if the photograph had been slapped down there with some temper. She now pushed it with a disdainful finger tip.

"You can just lie there," she addressed it, "until I am good and ready to pick you up. Putting on airs over me! Dictating!"

She lifted a delicious chin, looked at herself, sidewise, haughtily in the mirror. Then her expression changed with lightning swiftness to one of dismay, of incredulous horror. Hastily looping back a curtain and letting in the north light that is like truth spoken for one's own good by a relative, she dropped upon a chair and bending her head scrutinized the top of it intensely. There was one hair that stood up like a threatening ghost, white, horrible!

Peachy propped her elbows on the dressing table and stared at her reflected self with fright in her eyes. Twenty-six! Twenty-six on Broadway is equal to forty on Fifth Avenue. And she had got nowhere yet. Eight years on the stage! The chorus, bits in shows that always died in Atlantic City or New Haven, stock in Rochester, Duluth, Kansas City, and leads—ah, leads, to be sure—in Number-Two companies!

Peachy looked at herself pityingly under the north light that caused her features to cast blue shadows depressingly downward.

"Old and raddled, blear-eyed wabbling wreck! Positively repulsive! No wonder you never get anywhere! You're always pretending it's because you're too good, too finicky. It's really because you're a fright—positive fright, Peachy! And as for talent, prob'ly you haven't any. Prob'ly you're just like those other dubs of girls who're always walking the weary, wearing out chairs in the agencies. In about a year you'll be a joke. Somebody'll come along and offer you thirty a week playing stock bits in South Bend, and you'll have to take him up or starve."

Tears gathered in Peachy's eyes at this grim picture. Undoubtedly it was the zero hour. She stared into the mirror, and as she stared a curious thing happened. In place of her own doleful countenance she saw mistily a shaven lawn, an artful little house set in shrubbery, a swagger blue roadster in front of it, a picturesque maid opening the door to a young matron in orchid organdie who had just motored to the five-fifteen train to meet the master of the artful little house. Most plainly of all, she saw this person—his tall athletic figure, his long-legged stride, his gay and masterful way of taking the arm of the orchid organdie as they went up the steps together, and his altogether likableness. In a few moments he would come out again in white flannels. The young matron would come too—laughing, looking not a day more than twenty under an organdie hat, fresh, contented, well fed, and they would step into the blue roadster and whirl off to tennis or a swim or a country club before dinner.

"Oh, Bobby, you are a dear!" The exclamation was wrung from her. Her fingers went out of their own accord and turned over the photograph, set it upright. "I wonder if I could be happy married to you? Forest Hills! They wouldn't like my hair; I'd have to let it grow out. Forest Hills—a long way from Broadway! I wonder ——"

Peachy's face became quite different from the one she usually presented to Broadway—softer, wistfulness instead of defiant gayety, a question instead of assurance, real youth instead of the kind that is put on with the finger tips. But Peachy's face never stayed long the same. It soon clouded and stiffened.

"All the same, Bobby, you needn't have gone up in the air because I went to lunch with Max Guerin! You never seem to understand how awful it is to spend your own money on your own food, especially when you're saving up for the second installment on your squirrel coat. There are some things about the artistic temperament you will never understand. And besides, he is casting a new show. But these things you didn't take into account. You jumped right in and picked a quarrel with me, completely spoiling my tea—the first bite I'd had to eat all day. And now I'm so hungry I could eat tripe. I wish you had to live it for just one day, Bobby Malcolm!"

Peachy shook the candy box, made a systematic search of the bureau drawers—once in that way she had found a dollar bill she did not know she had—and felt in each compartment of her purse. The result was exactly what she had expected—one dime and a good-luck piece in the form of an English sixpence.

To be sure, there was the life raft. But one of her fixed superstitions forbade her to spend the life raft, at least to spend it on herself. To spend it on a friend in dire straits—that was another thing. But if you spent it on yourself bad luck was sure to follow. However, you could take it out and look at it, and she now did so.

She smoothed it out meditatively, a ten-dollar bill, once new but now worn in creases and pricked with holes where it had been pinned to various articles of lingerie. Good old life raft, swung to the side of the dauntless little craft that for eight years had sailed adventurous seas! Once or twice you've been lowered—once to pick up an exhausted swimmer about to go under, once to take off the captain and bring her into port from a disastrous cruise in the melancholy Tank-Town Seas. But to-day—oh, no, not for mere hunger will you be cut loose to-day! Somebody, surely somebody, will come across with a meal for Peachy.

"A little thing like that," thought Peachy—"just one little square!"

She stood up, touched the floor fifteen times with her finger tips, inhaled ten deep breaths, lifted her chin and chanted:

"Poise, efficiency, peace! I have 'em all! Pep! It's going to be a good day. Let's go!"

Two seconds later, above the sound of water rushing into the tub, rose Peachy's mezzo-soprano:

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile—smile—sm——"

The word was never finished, for in the middle of it Peachy started violently and then dashed into her bedroom. The telephone on the little table at the head of the bed was whirring like mad. A smile, exultant, tender, happy, wreathed Peachy's face. With the receiver all ready to come off the hook, she paused and admonished herself.

"Go easy now, you poor fish! You're hungry, but you've got your pride, remember!"

She lifted the receiver to her ear and murmured in her cool sweet telephone voice, "Yes?"

"That you, Miss Merriman? Say, this is Bamberg."

So it wasn't Bobby! Her face fell, but it lightened with interest as she recognized the fat, blurred voice of the best-known motion-picture-star agent in town.

"Say, Margot, listen here! You know Remsen Richardson? . . . Yeh, him."

Peachy clutched in ecstasy at the receiver. Remsen Richardson! Who did not know him? Romantic alike

on screen or stage, successful enough to splash success over anyone he looked at.

"Yes, yes! What about him?"

"He's huntin' for a girl to play opposite him in a new picture. Moseby—that's his secretary, y'know—thinks you're exactly the type. Saw you up here the other day. Now you meet Moseby here at my office at four this afternoon and he'll take you round to see Richardson. Get me? Yeh, four sharp. And look your niftiest, Margot—see?"

Talk about Aladdin's magic lamp! Why, it isn't in it with the telephone!

Two blur-r-rs and a click and the grayest day turns rose-colored. Two more blur-r-rs and another click and tall towers of hope fall into ashes.

Peachy whirled away from the telephone. She knocked the book on pep from the table, and it lay there, for she did not need it now. She dived into her bath and came out gleaming and rosy. The zero hour was far beneath her, and she was going up and up. With her fertile imagination she saw herself, before she had come out from under the shower, a new heroine of the silver sheet, watched for by a million fans, with a salary that would put her in the bird-of-paradise, strawberries-in-December class.

Caroling so blithely that a hand knocked on the wall and an indignant voice wanted to know why she didn't wait till daylight, Peachy began pulling things out of her wardrobe trunk. Blouses, stockings, hats of which she had grown weary, suits she had forgotten to have pressed, gloves that should have gone to the cleaners, filled the air like a cyclone.

"Not a darn thing to wear! Look at that hat—the end of a misspent life! And Remsen Richardson always so perfectly dressed! Got to have a new hat—positively got to have a new hat. How—how—how can I get a new hat? Lunch too. Got to have lunch. Always get a pinched look when my stomach is empty."

Seated in front of her dressing table, with fingers flying in and out of various tiny pots of the stuff of which youth is made on Broadway, wielding pincers and scissors, nail file and buffer, brushing, burnishing, patting, massaging, it ran in and out of her mind like a tormenting refrain—"Got to have lunch—got to have a new hat—how—how—how —"

She ran over in her mind various acquaintances, but she rejected them all. She was by nature and sagacity and stinging hard experience a lone-hander. She sailed her own bark and asked for no convoy. Which was why she always thought "how?" and never "who?"

When she finally turned away from her mirror she was a product of a technic that was perfection: A girlish black suit with subtle lines bought at a sale at Madame Francis', a black velvet tam, a round white collar under the silver fox, a very deflated little mesh bag swinging from her arm. She looked twenty—wide, clear, serene eyes, fresh pink cheeks, a lithe buoyancy in her whole body.

She swung into Broadway, a gallant little bark unfurling sail to the breeze of the daily renewed adventure. The sap of life quickened in her veins as she wove in and out of the noonday crowds that she knew and loved so well. At a hotel she climbed the steps blithely. In the long alley she chose a chair rather carefully. It was arm to arm with another, occupied by a man who was evidently alone and idly looking on at the usual lunch-time show.

Moments went past. Peachy gave a fine imitation of a young woman whose patience is being increasingly tried. She eyed the revolving doors anxiously. At last she hailed an attendant.

"Have you seen a young lady with a yellow velvet hat and a squirrel coat with an ermine collar?" she wanted to know.

The attendant hadn't. Peachy sank back in her chair with a sigh.

"Oh, dear, how maddening!"

She turned to the man at her left.

"I beg your pardon—would you please tell me what time it is?"

Almost as if he had been waiting for some such question the man whipped out his watch.

"Sure! Twelve-thirty. Was you looking for someone?"

Peachy winced

"Help! The Buyers' Guide!" she thought. But her empty stomach whipped her on.

"Why, yes, I was," she admitted, looking at him with innocent, anxious eyes. "My friend was to meet me here for lunch—breakfast really—at twelve. I'm awfully afraid she's come and gone. I—I hardly know what to do."

He came back with "Too bad, I'll say! But I don't see how anyone could break an engagement with—you!"

"Horrid of her," Peachy pouted, "when she knows I simply die when I'm kept waiting for my breakfast."

The man glanced at his watch.

"Look here, how about a little lunch with me?"

To her astonishment Peachy felt the blood mounting to the very edge of her curls. She felt an impulse to rise and dash out, and at the same time she was thinking: "So the thing works! The girls said it would, but I never believed them. And now that I've done it I don't like it."

It astonished her to find that something deep in her winced. The thought of Bobby Malcolm entered into that wince. Ah, now, indeed, he would be justified in saying all the lofty things he had said to her yesterday about accepting food from a man like Max Guerin! That had been business, but this was digging for beefsteaks—a loathsome occupation! But heavens, how her stomach clamored for food!

"Come on, little one!" the man urged, standing up.

Waveringly Peachy stood up beside him, drawn agonizingly by the clinks and odors from the restaurant down the corridor.

"I really don't know whether I ought," she stammered, smiling automatically up at her new acquaintance.

But even as she said the words she became aware that something was seriously wrong with her would-be host. His swarthy, long-nosed face blanched and sagged as he stared over her shoulder. Involuntarily Peachy looked around. A large woman with many furry tails swinging from her wrap advanced down the alley with extended hand

"Well, well, Marcus! When did you get in from Syracuse? And how did you leave Rosie?"

Marcus made a sort of indistinct sound of pain, and at the same time flipped his hand low down at his side in a gesture that warned Peachy off the map. She sank unobtrusively back into her chair. The furry-tailed woman led Marcus, who looked stricken, toward the restaurant doorway.

Suddenly Peachy giggled, and at the sound a spruce young man with an abnormal sleekness about him hastened across the alley and bent over her.

"Rotten luck, little girl!" he murmured. "Suppose you have a bit of chow with me instead."

Peachy's reaction was instantaneous.

"Not if I was starving, you lounge barnacle!" she cried, and was off toward the outer door, her short skirt swinging snappily.

But within a block her indignation subsided, while the queer sensation in her stomach remained. She turned in at a small drug store that was mostly soda fountain. The lone dime was fished out of the mesh bag. She sat on a stool at the remote end of the soda counter, called for coffee and smiled at the pimply youth who drew it from the nickel source. He had doglike eyes, astonished to find themselves met kindly.

"My goodness," trilled Peachy, "didn't you used to be elevator boy in the Sheridan Arms? No? Funny! You look so much like Oscar. He was a nice boy. I've often wondered where he went. This is very nice coffee to-day. Are those ham sandwiches over there? Oh, no—no, thank you! I was just wondering."

She opened the mesh bag, not hopefully, but as one who would confirm her worst fears, sighed, shook her head with a rueful smile, glanced playfully at the boy, who hung on her very eyelashes by this time. "Awful to be broke, isn't it?" she queried.

What he said and what she replied need not be chronicled. Far more significant was the unnatural behavior of the neat pile of ham sandwiches. It seemed to get in the way of one of the boy's knobby elbows, and when it had again been assembled one of its units was missing, having hopped directly into Peachy's lap.

"I never knew," whispered Peachy, "that a mere ham sandwich could taste so wonderful. Listen here! I'm going to do a

(Continued on Page 78

"You See, It's About This Hat. They're Asking a Shocking Price for It. Now I'm Quite Willing to Pay Anything in Reason"

The Salvaging of Civilization

The Bible of Civilization: I—By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IN THIS article I am going to discuss and—what shall I say?—experiment with an old but neglected idea—an idea that was first broached, I believe, while New York was still the Dutch city of New Amsterdam.

The man who propounded this idea was a certain great Bohemian, Komensky, who is perhaps better known in our Western world by his Latinized name, Comenius. He professed himself the pupil of Bacon. He was the friend of Milton. He traveled from one European country to another with his political and educational ideas. For a time he thought of coming to America. It is a great pity that he never came. And his idea—the particular idea of his we are going to discuss—was the idea of a common book—a book of history, science and wisdom—which should form the basis and framework for the thoughts and imaginations of every citizen in the world.

In many ways the thinkers and writers of the early seventeenth century are, I think, more akin to us and more sympathetic with the world of to-day than any intervening group of literary figures. They strike us as having a longer vision than the men of the eighteenth century and as being bolder and—how shall I put it?—more desperate in their thinking than the nineteenth-century minds. And this closer affinity to our own time arises, I should think, directly and naturally out of the closer resemblance of their circumstances. Between 1640 and 1650, just as in our present age, the world was tremendously unsettled and distressed. A century and more of expansion and prosperity had given place to a phase of conflict, exhaustion and entire political unsettlement. Britain was involved in the bitter political conflict that culminated in the execution of King Charles I. Ireland was a land of massacre and countermassacre. The Thirty Years' War in Central Europe was in its closing, most dreadful stages of famine and plunder. In France the crown and the nobles were struggling desperately for ascendancy in the War of the Fronde. The Turk threatened Vienna. Nowhere in Western Europe did there remain any secure and settled political arrangements. Everywhere there was disorder, everywhere it seemed that anything might happen; and it is just those disordered and indeterminate times that are most fruitful of bold religious and social and political and educational speculations and initiatives.

Is the Old Idea Practicable?

THIS was the period that produced the Quakers and a number of the most vigorous developments of Puritanism, in which the foundations of modern republicanism were laid, and in which the project of a world League of Nations—or rather of a world state—received wide attention. And the student of Comenius will find in him an active and sensitive mind responding with a most interesting similarity to our own responses to the similar conditions of his time. He had been distressed and dismayed—as most of us have been distressed and dismayed—by a rapid development of violence, by a great release of cruelty and suffering in human affairs. He felt none of the security that was felt in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries of the certainty of progress. He realized, as we do, that the outlook for humanity is a very dark and uncertain one unless human effort is stimulated and organized. He traced the evils of his time to human discords and divisions, to our political divisions and the mutual misconceptions due to our diversity of languages and leading ideas.

In all that, he might be writing and thinking in 1920. And his proposed remedies find an echo in a number of our contemporary movements. He wanted to bring all nations to form one single state. He wanted to have a universal language as the common medium of instruction and discussion, and he wanted to create a common book of necessary knowledge, a sort of common basis of wisdom, for all educated men in the world.

Now this last is the idea I would like to develop here. I would like to discuss whether our education—which nowadays in our modern states reaches everyone—whether our education can include and ought to include such a book of necessary knowledge and wisdom; and—having attempted to answer that inquiry in the affirmative—shall then attempt a sketch of such a book.

But to begin with, perhaps I may meet an objection that is likely to arise. I have called this hypothetical book of ours the Bible of Civilization, and it may be that someone will say, "Yes, but you have a sufficient book of that sort already; you have the Bible itself, and that is all you need." Well, I am taking the Bible as my model. I am taking it because twice in history—first as the Old Testament and then again as the Old and New Testament together—it has formed a culture, and unified and kept together through many generations great masses of people. It has been the basis of the Jewish and Christian civilizations alike. And even in the New World the state of Connecticut did, I believe, in its earliest beginnings, take the Bible as its only law. Throughout the most vital phases of Hebrew history, throughout the most living years of Christian development, the Bible changed and grew. Then its growth ceased and its text became fixed. But the world went on growing and discovering new needs and new necessities.

Modern Problems

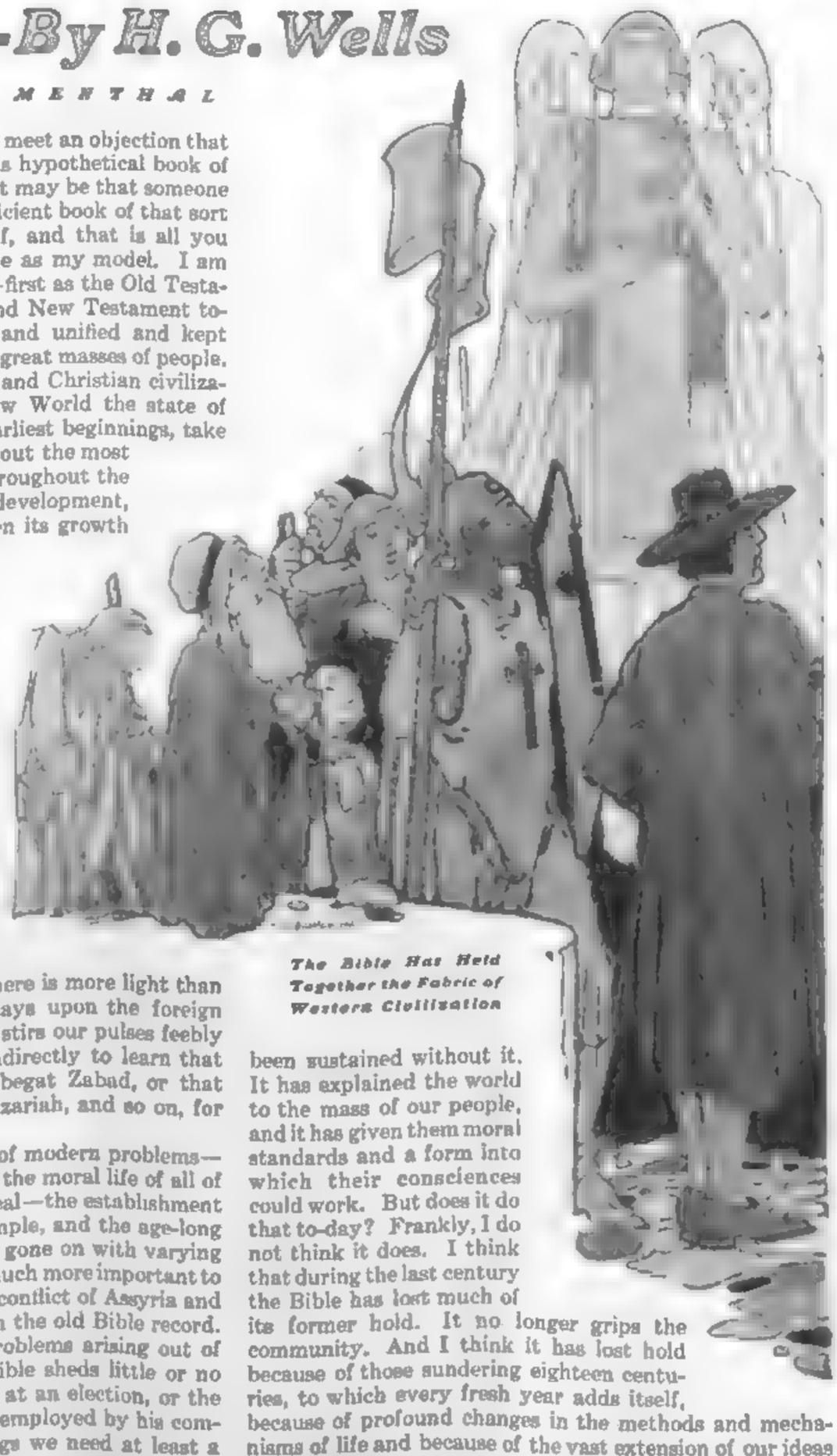
LET me deal first with its redundancy. So far as redundancy goes, a great deal of the Book of Leviticus, for example, seems not vitally necessary for the ordinary citizen of to-day; there are long, explicit directions for temple worship and sacrificial procedure. There is, again, so far as the latter-day citizen is concerned, an excess of information about the minor kings of Israel and Judæa. And there is more light than most of us feel we require nowadays upon the foreign policies of Assyria and Egypt. It stirs our pulses feebly nowadays; it helps us only very indirectly to learn that Attai begat Nathan and Nathan begat Zabad, or that Obed begat Jehu and Jehu begat Azariah, and so on, for verse after verse.

And there are a great multitude of modern problems—problems that enter intimately into the moral life of all of us, with which the Bible does not deal—the establishment of American independence, for example, and the age-long feud of Russia and Poland that has gone on with varying fortunes for four centuries. That is much more important to our modern world than the ancient conflict of Assyria and Egypt which plays so large a part in the old Bible record. And there are all sorts of moral problems arising out of modern conditions on which the Bible sheds little or no direct light—the duties of a citizen at an election, or the duties of a shareholder to the labor employed by his company, for example. For these things we need at least a supplement, if we are still to keep our community upon one general basis of understanding, upon one unifying standard of thought and behavior.

We are all so brought up upon the Bible, we are all so used to it, long before we begin to think hard about it, that all sorts of things that are really very striking about it, the facts that the history of Judæa and Israel is told twice over and that the Gospel narrative is repeated four times over, for example, do not seem at all odd to us.

And still more remarkable, it seems to me, is it that the Bible breaks off. One could understand very well if the Bible broke off with the foundation of Christianity. Now this event has happened, it might say, nothing else matters. It is the culmination. But the Bible does not do that. It goes on to a fairly detailed account of the beginnings and early politics of the Christian Church. It gives the opening literature of theological exposition. And then, with that strange book, the Revelation of St. John the Divine, it comes to an end. As I say, it leaves off. It leaves off in the middle of Roman imperial and social conflicts. But the world has gone on and goes on—elaborating its problems, encountering fresh problems—until now there is a gulf of upwards of eighteen hundred years between us and the concluding expression of the thought of that ancient time.

I make these observations in no spirit of detraction. If anything, these peculiarities of the Bible add to the wonder of its influence over the lives and minds of men. It is the book that has held together the fabric of Western civilization. It has been the handbook of life to countless millions of men and women. The civilization we possess could not have come into existence and could not have been sustained without it. It has explained the world to the mass of our people, and it has given them moral standards and a form into which their consciences could work. But does it do that to-day? Frankly, I do not think it does. I think that during the last century the Bible has lost much of its former hold. It no longer grips the community. And I think it has lost hold because of those sundering eighteen centuries, to which every fresh year adds itself, because of profound changes in the methods and mechanisms of life and because of the vast extension of our ideas by the development of science in the last century or so.



The Bible Has Held Together the Fabric of Western Civilization

Our Need of a Cohesive Force

IT HAS lost hold, but nothing has arisen to take its place. That is the gravest aspect of this matter. It was the cement with which our Western communities were built and by which they were held together. And the weathering of these centuries and the acids of these later years have eaten into its social and personal influence. It is no longer a sufficient cement. And—this is the essence of what I am driving at—our modern communities are no longer cemented; they lack organized solidarity, they are not prepared to stand shocks and strains, they have become dangerously loose mentally and morally. That, I believe, is the clew to a great proportion of the present social and political troubles of the world. We need to get back to a cement. We want a Bible. We want a Bible so badly that we cannot afford to put the old Bible on a pinnacle out of daily use. We want it readapted for use. If it is true that the old Bible falls short in its history and does not apply closely to many modern problems, then we need a revised and enlarged Bible in our schools and homes to restore a common ground of ideas and interpretations if our civilization is to hold together.

Now let us see what the Bible gave a man in the days when it could really grip and hold and contain him; and let us ask if it is impossible to restore and reconstruct a Bible for the needs of these great and dangerous days in which we are living. Can we recement our increasingly unstable civilization? I will not ask now whether there is still time left for us to do anything of the sort.

The first thing the Bible gave a man was a cosmogony. It gave him an account of the world in which he found himself, and of his place in it. And then it went on to a general history of mankind. It did not tell him that history as a string of facts and dates, but as a moving and interesting story into which he himself finally came, a story of promises made and destinies to be fulfilled. It gave him a dramatic relationship to the schemes of things. It linked him to all mankind with a conception of relationships and duties. It gave him a place in the world and put a meaning into his life. It explained him to himself and to other people, and it explained other people to him. In other words, out of the individual it made a citizen with a code of duties and expectations.

Now I take it that both from the point of view of individual happiness and from the point of view of the general welfare, this development of the citizenship of a man, this placing of a man in his own world, is of primary importance. It is the necessary basis of all right education; it is the fundamental purpose of the school, and I do not believe an individual can be happy or a community be prosperous without it. The Bible and the religions based on it gave that idea of a place in the world to the people it taught. But do we provide that idea of a place in the world for our people to-day? I suggest that we do not. We do not give them a clear vision of the universe in which they live, and we do not give them a history that invests their lives with meaning and dignity.

The cosmogony of the Bible has lost grip and conviction upon men's minds, and the ever-widening gulf of years makes its history and its political teaching more and more remote and unhelpful amidst the great needs of to-day. Nothing has been done to fill up these widening gaps. We have so great a respect for the letter of the Bible that we ignore its spirit and its proper use. We do not rewrite and retell Genesis in the light and language of modern knowledge, and we do not revise and bring its history up to date and so apply it to the problems of our own time. So we have allowed the Bible to become antiquated and remote, venerable and unhelpful.

There has been a great extension of what we call education in the past hundred years, but while we have spread education widely there has been a sort of shrinkage and enfeeblement of its aims. Education in the past set out to make a Christian and a citizen and afterwards a gentleman out of the crude, vulgar, self-seeking individual. Does education even pretend to do as much to-day? It does nothing of the sort. Our young people are taught to read and write. They are taught bookkeeping and languages that are likely to be useful to them. They are given a certain measure of technical education, and they are taught to shove. Our test of a college education is: Does it make a successful business man?

The Degradation of Education

WELL, this, I take it, is the absolute degradation of education. It is a modern error that education exists for the individual. Education exists for the community and the race; it exists to subdue the individual for the good of the world and his own ultimate happiness.

But we have been letting the essentials of education slip back into a secondary place in our pursuit of mere equipment, and we see the results to-day throughout all the modern states of the world in a loss of cohesion, discipline and cooperation. Men will not cooperate except to raise prices on the consumer or wages on the employer, and everyone scrambles for a front place and a good time. And they do so, partly no doubt by virtue of an ineradicable factor in them known as original sin, but also very largely because the vision of life that was built up in their minds at school and in their homes was fragmentary and uninspiring; it had no commanding appeal for their imaginations and no imperatives for their lives.

So I put it that for the opening books of our Bible of Civilization, our Bible translated into terms of modern knowledge, and as the basis of all our culture, we shall follow the old Bible precedent exactly. We shall tell to every citizen of our community, as plainly, simply and beautifully as we can, the New Story of Genesis, the tremendous spectacle of the universe that science has opened to us, the flaming beginnings of our world, the vast ages of its making and the astounding unfolding, age after age, of life. We shall tell of the changing climates of this spinning globe, and the coming and going of great floras and faunas, mighty races of living things, until out of the vast, slow process our own kind emerged. And we shall tell the story of our race. How through hundreds of thousands of years it won power over Nature, hunted, and presently sowed and reaped. How it learned the secrets of the metals, mastered the riddle of the seasons and took to the seas. That story of our common inheritance and of our slow upward struggle has to be taught throughout our entire community, in the city slums and in the out-of-the-way farmsteads most of all. By teaching it we restore again to our people the lost basis of a community, a common idea of their place in space and time.

Then, still following the Bible precedent, we must tell a universal history of man. And though on the surface it may seem to be a very different history from the Bible story, in substance it will really be very much the same history, only robbed of ancient trappings and symbols and made real and fresh again for our present ideas. It will still be a story of conditional promises, the promises of human possibility, a record of sins and blunders and lost opportunities, of men who walked not in the ways of righteousness, of stiff-necked generations and of merciful renewals of hope. It will still point our lives to a common future which will be the reward and judgment of our present lives.

You may say that no such book exists—which is perfectly true—and that no such book could be written. But there I think you underrate the capacity of our English-speaking people. It would be quite possible to get together a committee that would give us the compact and clear cosmogony of history that is needed. Some of the greatest, most inspiring books and documents in the world have been produced by committees. Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, the English translation of the Bible, and the Prayer Book of the English Church are all the productions of committees, and they are all fine and inspiring compilations. For the last three years I have been experimenting with this particular task, and, with the help of six other people, I have sketched out and published an outline of our world's origins and history to show the sort of thing I mean. That outline is, of course, a mass of faults and minor inaccuracies, but it does demonstrate the possibility of doing what is required. And its reception both in America and in England has shown how ready, how greedy many people are, on account of themselves and on account of their children, for an ordered general account of the existing knowledge of our place in space and time.

For want of anything better they have taken my outline very eagerly. Far more eagerly would they have taken a finer, sounder and more authoritative work.

In England this outline was almost the first experiment of the kind that has been made—the only other I know of in England was a very compact General History of the World, by Mr. Oscar Browning, published in 1913. But there are several educationists in America who have been at work on the same task. In this matter of a more generalized history teaching, the New World is decidedly leading the Old. The particular problems of a population of mixed origins have forced it upon teachers in the United States.

My friend—I am very happy to be able to call him my friend—Professor Breasted, in conjunction with that very able teacher, Professor Robinson, has produced two books, Ancient Times and Medieval and Modern Times, which together make a very complete history of civilized man. They do not, however, give a history of life before man, nor very much of human prehistory.

Another admirable American summary of history is Dr. Hutton Webster's Ancient History together with his Medieval and Modern History. This again is very sparing of the story of primitive man.

A Standard History for World-Wide Use

BUT the work of these gentlemen confirms my own experience that it is quite possible to tell in a comprehensible and inspiring outline the whole history of life and mankind in the compass of a couple of manageable volumes. Neither Browning nor Breasted and Robinson nor Hutton Webster nor my own effort is very much longer than twice the length of Dickens' novel of Bleak House. So there you have it. There is the thing shown to be possible. If it is possible for us isolated workers to do as much, then why should not the thing be done in a big and authoritative manner? Why should we not have a great educational conference of teachers, scientific men and historians from all the civilized peoples of the world, and why should they not draft out a standard world history for general use in the world's schools? Why should that draft not be revised by scores of specialists? Discussed and rediscussed? Polished and finished, and made the opening part of a new Bible of Civilization, a new basis for a world culture?

At intervals it would need to be revised, and it could be revised and brought up to date in the same manner.

Now such a book, and such a book

(Continued on Page 109)

The Outlook for Humanity is a Very Dark and Uncertain One Unless Human Effort is Stimulated and Organized

MICHING MALLECHO

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

V

THERE are—put it conservatively—two men in every man of us. How many women in one woman is quite another question. But that side of himself which a man presents to the world and that aspect of his character which may be discovered by a scrutiny of his solitary acts are usually two very different things. He who among other men is a good fellow, jovial and cheery and gay, may very possibly be found to nurse a grouch against all mankind when he is alone. Likewise, there are men who have always a dollar or so to lend a pseudo friend, but find difficulty in locating an extra dime for their children. But it is not always true that an agreeable first impression is destroyed by a closer scrutiny; the opposite may be the case. And this was, to some extent, true of the man Judd.

Seen in the company of other men he seemed mean, malicious, utterly despicable; seen alone in all his weakness, there was something about the little lame man that touched unerringly a sympathetic chord.

When Judd drove so swiftly away from Will Bissell's store that night it was with actual tears of angry humiliation streaming down his gray and wrinkled cheeks. The lame man was, as has been said, fiercely resentful of any reference to his deformity; and the incident in the store translated itself readily enough into an affront to his lameness. Bert Saladine—this was the way Judd shaped the matter in his boiling thoughts—Bert Saladine had egged on the boy to knock him down. The fact that he, Judd, was little and weak and lame had made it possible for Joe's abrupt attack to succeed. And Jim Saladine had prevented his licking the young cub thereafter; had prevented his doing even that much to wipe out the ugly incident.

Judd had no anger against the boy. He had forgotten Joe already. But as he urged Sue on the homeward road he cursed the Saladines under his breath and with a ferocity that in a man of more imposing stature would have been appalling. In poor Judd there was something pitiable about it.

With the coming of darkness a little wind had begun to stir across Fraternity—a raw, wet wind with a breath of fog in it from the bay ten miles eastward. There was no top to Judd's ancient vehicle, and the little man's coat was thin. He huddled down like a tiny turtle seeking to withdraw into its shell, with his collar about his ears, to avoid the searching fingers of that wind; and he clucked to Sue that she might make haste, then checked her again because the wind of her swift progress increased his discomfort. The moon, which at dusk had been bright, was somewhat obscured by a gray mist that filled the air. Nevertheless, there was sufficient light so that Judd could see the road, and he had no need to light the lantern which he steadied between his feet as he drove. He met an automobile or two, and he was overtaken by one, and each time turned into the ditch to let them pass in the uncomplaining fashion that has been forced upon folk who travel by horse power along narrow country roads nowadays. Judd did not resent the glare of the lights or the uncomfortable necessity of giving them the road; his thoughts were too busy with the Saladines. Nevertheless, it was with a faint relief that he left the main highway and swung across the bridge and turned at last into the ill-kept road which led to his isolated farm.

To any respectable vehicle this road through the wood was all but impassable. It wound to right and left,

Judd, Spying on Him, Was Like a Man Turned to Stone

avoiding trees and rocks; it climbed steeply over little knolls and descended abruptly into marshy levels where the wheels sank halfway to the hub in mire. An automobile without chains would have been trapped in this muck before it had gone a quarter mile, and any ordinary horse-drawn vehicle would have been depreciated twenty per cent in value and in appearance by the whole journey. But Judd's old buggy was as used to the road as Sue, his mare. Its flat, broken springs seemed to accommodate themselves as from long usage to the rocks, the corduroy, the mire. It was almost black dark in the woods, and Judd could see nothing at all; but he needed to see nothing, trusting the way to Sue. She went forward at a swift and sturdy walk, picking her footing, choosing her way, tugging sturdily when there was need, holding back when they half rolled, half slid down the short, steep declivities. Judd paid her no attention, buried in his own thoughts; and he was only roused by a lifting of the gloom ahead, a glimpse of gray light through the trees, which told him they were approaching his home.

Thus they came out of the woods and up a little rise to firmer ground, and Judd saw his white house gleaming like a bone in the moonlight. There were two windows in the front of the house, with a door between. Their dark shadows on the field of white vaguely suggested the empty sockets and the nasal orifice of a skull. But Judd was quite unconscious of any such suggestion. The place was simply home to him.

The front door of the house was never used. Judd could scarce remember when it had last been opened; at his father's funeral, perhaps; at his mother's before that. Sue swung around the old elm which stood a little before the house and went along the south side, and without guidance from her master turned into the open door of the barn. She stopped in the darkness there; and Judd spoke to her in an absent-minded way and lifted the lantern from the bottom of the buggy between his feet and lighted it. The chimney of the lantern was smoked. It threw a fitful and uncertain light that intensified rather than dispelled the shadows and the mysteries of the old barn's interior. Judd could hear the faint grind of heavy molars as his one cow ruminated in the tie-up; he could hear the stir and stamp of Sue's feet, impatient to be bedded for the night. But there was no other sound.

As he climbed down from the buggy something rubbed against his leg and he bent and picked up a cat; a yellow-and-black cat of uncertain antecedents, with pretty, fluffy hair and a yellow eye. The cat purred loudly in the still night, and Judd stroked it for a moment and then lifted it into the buggy. There were three or four cats and more than one litter of kittens about the place. Judd was fond of them. He found a certain pleasure in their companionship, and they encountered in the little lame man nothing but kindness.

He hung the lantern on a peg where there was no danger of its heat igniting the hay in the mow, and loosed the traces and spoke to Sue, so that the mare walked out from between the thills which he held. He lowered them carefully to the floor. The one on the right-hand side was splintered, rudely tied together with wire; it would stand no rough handling. Then he went to Sue—the mare had crossed to a tub of water by the door and was drinking—and loosened girth and bridle and drew the harness over the horse's rump and hung it on its peg. The door of Sue's box stall was closed. When he went to open it the mare poked her muzzle against his shoulder in an affectionate fashion and he stroked her lightly, and for an instant—with a weakness which he would have been ashamed for any man to see—pressed his face against her velvet neck. He would have been ashamed for any man to see, yet there was something in the movement strangely appealing, revealing as it did an unsuspected phase of the friendless little man's character.

Sue went past him into the stall, and he bedded her with hay and drew down more of the fragrant stuff into her manger. Then he went to make sure the cow was comfortably settled for the night. The yellow-and-black cat jumped out of the buggy and followed him, and when he took the lantern and passed from the barn into the woodshed the creature kept at his heels. Two others, sleeping in a box in the shed, looked up as he passed, their yellow eyes shining in the darkness; and he saw her kittens beside one of them.

Judd went on into the kitchen—which was also the living room and the dining room—of his home. There were only three rooms in the little house. The other two were small, scarce large enough to hold the beds which marked their use. One of these rooms Judd never used—its door was shut. In the other he slept. The light of the lantern as he came into the kitchen shone through the open door of this room upon his quilt-covered bed.

There was a measure of tragedy in this kitchen where Judd's existence centered. It was not merely the squalor, the ugliness and the litter that filled the place; it was the

fact—obvious to a masculine if not to a feminine eye—that, badly as he failed, Judd obviously tried to keep it neat and clean. The chimney of the lamp which he lighted was dingy and marked with finger prints, yet was it also streaked by the wiping stroke of the cloth with which Judd had sought to clean it. The fundamental of good housekeeping, that hot water is your great cleanser, was a fact outside Judd's ken. So the lamp chimney, which he thought clean, would have seemed filthy to a woman; the floor, which he swept daily, would have been covered with dirt to her eye, because there was dust under the stove and the table and in the corners here and there. She would have marked the fact that the dishes upon the table, clean enough to look at, were filmed with grease; she would have seen that the spider on the back of the stove, scraped and wiped though it may have been, was still heavy with stale pork fat. The bottom of the coffeepot was smoked. It never occurred to Judd to wash the outside of a cooking utensil. And there was a yellow spot on the white oilcloth table cover where the yolk of an egg had dried weeks before. The windowpanes, so far as visual evidence could be trusted, had never been washed at all; and the once white woodwork of the kitchen was now a sullen gray.

Judd, having lighted the lamp, extinguished the lantern and hung it in the shed just by the kitchen door. The lamp he had set upon the table. He brought wood from the shed and kindled a fire in the rusty, unblacked stove. He had gone to the village before eating supper; and now he put coffee and water haphazard into the coffeepot, and placed it above the hottest part of the fire. While it was heating he set plate and knife and fork and spoon on the table, and put a chair in place; and then from a cupboard on the wall he brought a plate upon which were stacked perhaps a dozen griddle cakes made with sour milk and soda, thick, wide, browned a little too much or not quite enough He had fried them the day before—fried a batch that would last him for a day or two. This was his habit. The cakes served him as bread. He had never been able to bake successfully. The pile of cakes had been covered against marauding flies by a tattered old towel, which Judd laid to one side. Then he fetched a pitcher with a broken handle and some butter on a saucer. There was sirup in the pitcher, and the sirup and the butter were of his own manufacture. A group of maples down by the shore of the pond furnished raw material for the one; his cow supplied the other.

He sat down and began to eat one of the cakes with butter and sirup. The cake was cold, but not unpalatable. It was burned a little on one side, and part of it had to be discarded on this account. Judd ate slowly, bending over his plate; a small, shabby figure, indescribably alone, indescribably pitiable. By and by the coffee began to boil; and he waited till it threatened to overflow upon the stove, and then poured a little cold water into it and brought it to the table, setting it beside his plate. The oilcloth already bore scars where the hot pot had been set before. He poured some into his cup, got milk from a box in the shed, went to the barn for the forgotten sugar in his buggy. So finished his unattractive meal. He had moved, throughout this time, with a curiously blank face; moved automatically. In the stony mask of his countenance there was a strange suggestion of stifled pain, hopelessly endured.

When he had finished eating he rinsed the dishes and the cutlery in cold water and wiped them reasonably clean with the towel that had been laid across the cakes; then covered the remaining cakes with the towel again and returned them to the cupboard. The dishes he put away; the coffeepot he washed by filling it with water, sloshing it around to free the grounds and pouring the mixture on the ground outside his woodshed door. There was apparent in his procedure the conviction on his part that he was keeping house in fit and proper fashion. It was his belief in his success that made failure savor as it did of tragedy. When the traces of his supper had been cleared away he sat down at the table beside the lamp and began to read the paper which he had brought from the village.

But his attention wandered; his eyes presently lifted from the printed page. He forced them back to it again; they lifted once more. So at last the little man sat staring straight before him at the dingy wall of the room that compassed most of his existence; staring at nothing, thinking of many things. He did not pity himself; there was no conscious sorrow for his miserable life in Judd. He hated the Saladines, and this anger and hatred grew and grew as he thought upon the thing that had come to pass this night. His face twisted, mirroring his rancorous thoughts.

He would even the score; so much he had already sworn, so much he swore again; swore to pay his debt to the brothers who had sought to bring shame upon him and his stiffened leg. He did not know how he could do this, but he was impatient to be at the task of payment; so impatient that he could no longer sit still, that he rose and began to move restlessly to and fro about the room. There was a ferocity in this restlessness like the ferocity of a beast behind steel bars. There was in fact much in the little man to suggest a trapped and cornered animal.

He was terribly conscious of his own helplessness; there was so little he could do. When he had gone at last to bed, tucking the quilts in at the foot with clumsy hands, he lay with staring eyes, canvassing every possibility. There was not one that was both adequate to the measure of his hatred and within his power of compassing. But he was sure some opportunity would come to him—must come to him if he but held himself ready to take advantage when it came.

He drowsed fitfully now and then, but could not fall into any restful slumber; and toward morning merely lying abed became intolerable to him. He rose and made coffee and ate one of the stale cakes, and then went out of doors. It was not yet light; there was only a hint of dawn in the distant sky.

Judd's pasture and orchard ran down to the shores of Jordan Pond. There was a path along the shore of the pond; and toward the upper end an ancient wood road, unused for years, broke away and led upward over the western slopes of the Ridge. Judd's steps, almost without his own volition, gravitated in that direction. He stumbled through the woods along the shore of the pond in the gray and misty light that preceded the dawn, and then began to climb the Ridge, emerging at last into open pasture land.

It was as though a magnet guided him. The first hint of coming sunlight in the eastern sky saw him hidden in the end of an alder run above the Saladine farmhouse, watching the sleeping house with red and angry eyes.

■

IT WAS some time after Judd left Will's store before the others took their several homeward ways. The Saladines were among the very last to go. Chet McAusland and the two brothers were talking together of the prospect of finding deer in the Pendleton woods, where they had yarded the winter before, when Will Bissell went to the big hanging lamp in the front of the store and called Chet's attention by saying, "Chet, look here!" Then he turned the lamp low, preparatory to snuffing it out.

Chet laughed and said, "All right, Will. When I get started talking about game I don't know when to stop."

(Continued on Page 98)

The Brothers Watched Them Drive Away, Down the Ridge Road Past the Castle, Until They Were Hidden From Sight

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription—$2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 16, 1921

A National Parks Platform

BURIED in the Congressional Record is the story of a great public service, rendered by the former Secretary of the Interior, John Barton Payne, to the American people. During his brief term of office he defended our national parks against every attempt to take over any part of them for commercial uses and opposed every scheme that was contrary to the wise purpose of those who set them aside for the enjoyment of the whole people. He stood out staunchly against those who are seeking to build dams in the Yellowstone, and he refused to issue a permit for an aerial cable line by which the casual tourist could be shot across the Grand Canyon in jig time. One of his last public statements, made before a congressional committee, might well serve as the basis for a permanent policy with respect to our national parks. In the course of his testimony Secretary Payne made this statement:

"In my view the greatest assets, stated within reasonable limitations, of the country are such national monuments and parks as the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon and other national parks which the Congress from time to time has set aside. If those parks may be encroached upon for a commercial purpose, sooner or later they will be destroyed, in my view. It ought not to be a question of utility. Congress presumably considered that when it set a park aside. No one feels more keenly than I the wisdom of conserving water for reclamation and power purposes, but that should not be done at the cost of any of our national parks or monuments. And where the question is one even for debate, every doubt should be resolved in favor of the integrity of the national parks.

"The water never remains in the park, and in the final analysis it is a question of expense, because without exception, so far as I know, there is always opportunity of using the water after it leaves the park.

"Now, on the Yellowstone project, I gave a hearing to gentlemen when I was in the Yellowstone last July, and we had a perfectly frank discussion of the subject, and it finally came to the proposition that the project could not afford the cost unless the free lands in the park could be used for that purpose; that to buy land for a storage reservoir, and pay the damages incident thereto, would make a burden on the reclamation project which it could ill afford to bear. I said that that should not be a question for debate. If the project cannot afford to bear the expense of acquiring the lands and pay the damages, then the project should be abandoned, if the converse of the proposition was the possible injury and destruction of a national park.

"The Yellowstone is worth more to this country, it is worth more to Montana and Idaho and Wyoming than any utilitarian use to which it may be applied. It is not only an asset for those adjacent states but for the whole country, and will attract people to that section always, and Congress and the people in the country should do everything in their power to preserve it in the best possible state as a national asset.

"And what I feel about Yellowstone is my view about all these parks."

Secretary Payne very clearly brings out the two points of view on our national parks.

Some people think that they can mar the beauty of the landscape and still take millions from tourists, slaughter all the game and still attract lovers of wild life, though they protest and doubtless believe that their plans would not hurt the parks.

It should be clearly understood that there is not a foot of "free" land in any national park; that it all has an owner; and that, measured in terms of dollars, it has an exceedingly high value to that owner. What it means to him in terms of health, happiness and beauty cannot be measured in terms of money.

This property of the people has had an able and conscientious guardian in Secretary Payne. Champions of the peepul, men who promise impossible things, are common in public life. But men who go quietly about their business and who believe that their business is the careful conservation of the people's property belong to a rarer species. It is a loss to the country when a man like Secretary Payne, whether he be a Democrat or a Republican, passes out of the national service.

Mr. Wells' Five-Inch Shelf

MR. WELLS addresses himself to an interesting problem in his article in this week's issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He approaches it boldly, but soberly, and always with a conspicuous modesty pleasantly devoid of cocksureness. He brings to his task a trained mind and a vigorous intellect habituated to original but orderly thought. His methods are those of the physicist or biologist. Whether Mr. Wells writes with the pen of the novelist or the publicist or the philosopher, it is always the mind of the scientist that guides his hand.

If, after due reflection, the reader can believe that the personal problems of to-day are not the problems of an older age stated in new terms; that twentieth-century man has but little in common with those simple shepherds of the Chaldean plain; with that exiled people in the house of bondage or groping across the Arabian Desert toward a land of milk and honey; or with the scribes, Pharisees, politicians and market-place crowds of Judea—he may be able to agree with the author that a secular supplement to the Bible should be compiled.

Critics of Mr. Wells' idea will, however, aver that it is nothing more nor less than a proposal to condense the famous five-foot bookshelf into the smaller compass of five inches; to compile a new series of Half Hours With the Best Authors, selected in accordance with a definite plan calculated to give the whole work a certain broad unity of purpose. And yet it is, in reality, more than that, for its end is mainly ethical and informative rather than merely literary.

There was, only a few centuries ago, an era of passionate religious zeal, of spiritual intensity, of tireless self-searchings, of irrepressible strugglings toward the light. In those days men thought as earnestly and as intently about salvation as their living descendants think about business or about worldly advancement. What the world needs in our time is more of that old spiritual zeal, bereft of its intolerance and applied not to the abstractions of hairsplitting theology but to the common relationships of everyday life.

If the twentieth-century Bible reader complains that the Scriptures have lost their power to guide him in the contacts of daily life it is only because he lacks the mental vigor and the earnest concentration to apply broad principles to special and ever-varying problems. For the two great commandments, on which hang all the Law and the Prophets, are so short and simple that a child could write them on the back of a visiting card, and having transcribed them would not find them too hard for his tender understanding.

Everyone is free to compile his own secular supplement to the history and the literature of the Bible, but no one can assemble a satisfactory substitute for it.

Distant Pastures

A THRIFTY, industrious and intelligent foreman in one of the oldest and most profitable manufacturing plants in New England is the proud owner of ten thousand dollars of the company's stock. He has acquired this stake in the plant not only because he has left a large part of his wages on deposit with the treasurer to buy stock for him but also because he has regularly reinvested the moderate but certain dividends in more stock.

Knowledge of this relatively large holding on the part of a foreman reached a firm of promoters and stock peddlers in another city, a firm whose business unfortunately is as extensive as its standing is questionable, and the foreman was besought by long-distance telephone to exchange his investment for one that the promoter had for sale. His answer was to slam the receiver upon its hook.

Next day, however, a representative of the promoter called upon the foreman and extolled the merits of his wares. He promised large and speedy profits.

The foreman listened to his line of talk and replied: "I don't want to speculate. I'd rather be sure of six per cent right along than twenty per cent for one year and then lose it all in a speculative venture."

The salesman pretended to be very angry and insulted, but he was shown the door and did not return. The foreman still has his substantial investment in one of the most substantial industries in the country, and it is a pitiful thing that so few men have his strength of mind and common sense. Distant pastures often look greenest, but that is only because we cannot see them closely.

It is a curious trait of human nature that there is more romance and glamour attached to far-away things. The father who would have his son enter any occupation but his own and the investor who invariably buys stocks in companies at a distance have the same delusion.

The heavy annual losses in worthless or doubtful stocks would be reduced to a marked extent if the smaller investors could be taught to confine the bulk of their purchases to securities that are close enough at hand to permit of first-hand investigation. Last summer a man who had the training and experience to know better placed hard-earned savings in an important and legitimate industry whose rapid growth had appealed to his imagination but whose unwholesome inflation should have been apparent to the most careless and unobservant. Within a few months the stock became almost worthless, although at the time of its purchase the owner had thrown into his waste basket an offer of shares in a local building-and-loan association whose operations he personally knew to be successful and whose directors were old acquaintances.

It is not contended that all investors should confine their entire purchases to local securities. The results would be unfortunate for the country's growth. But the small investor who is without complete information as to distant ventures or is in doubt about them will be burned much less if he sticks to near-by opportunities.

There are few towns or cities where sound local investments are not obtainable. Even if there are no local industries or utilities there is almost always a bank or a building and loan, and always there are mortgages to be had.

It is not only safer to identify yourself with investments close enough to watch, but there is greater personal satisfaction. The man who has a few shares of stock in the company for which he works or the bank where he keeps an account is more a part of his community than if his investments were in a great impersonal corporation at a distance. He is more of a citizen.

Once a man has a fairly permanent position, one he is not likely to lose with every up and down of business, there are only two reasons why he does not study the possibilities of local investments before he has truck with strangers whose standing he does not know. One reason is that he wants to gamble and the other is that he does not want his fellow citizens to know that he is saving money. Neither does any credit to his intelligence.

CURRENCY CRŒSUSES

How Mushroom Millionairedom Grows Out of Germany's Financial Ruin

By ROBERT CROZIER LONG

TWENTY thousand brand-new millionaires, worth—say taxation authorities—a cool 70,000,000,000 Reichsmarks, are the first promising blossoms of German socialistic finance. They are currency millionaires, inflation millionaires, catastrophe millionaires. The republic teems with them. They swill "French champagne," squeezed out of Magdeburg parsnips, in Berlin's restaurants; they doze in plush armchairs at Berlin's naked dances—*der Nacktlanz;* they monopolize the gold-bug hotel at Heringsdorf on the Baltic, Prussia's frail attempt at an Atlantic City; they elbow every poor beggar who does not think in millions from the gaming tables of Zoppot, Dantzic's Monte Carlo.

They are the idle aristocrats of millionairedom. While other countries' Crœsuses pile up fortunes by work, speculation or cheating, and lose their hair, their teeth and their consciences in the soulless struggle, republican Germany's inflation millionaires are enriched at ease by the mechanical operation of finance's irrefragable laws. In other words, the economical ruin of the new republic has raised to unearned wealth thousands of worthy men who in the bad old days of sound currency had no more chance of attaining riches than they had of sitting crowned on the throne of Wilhelm the Last.

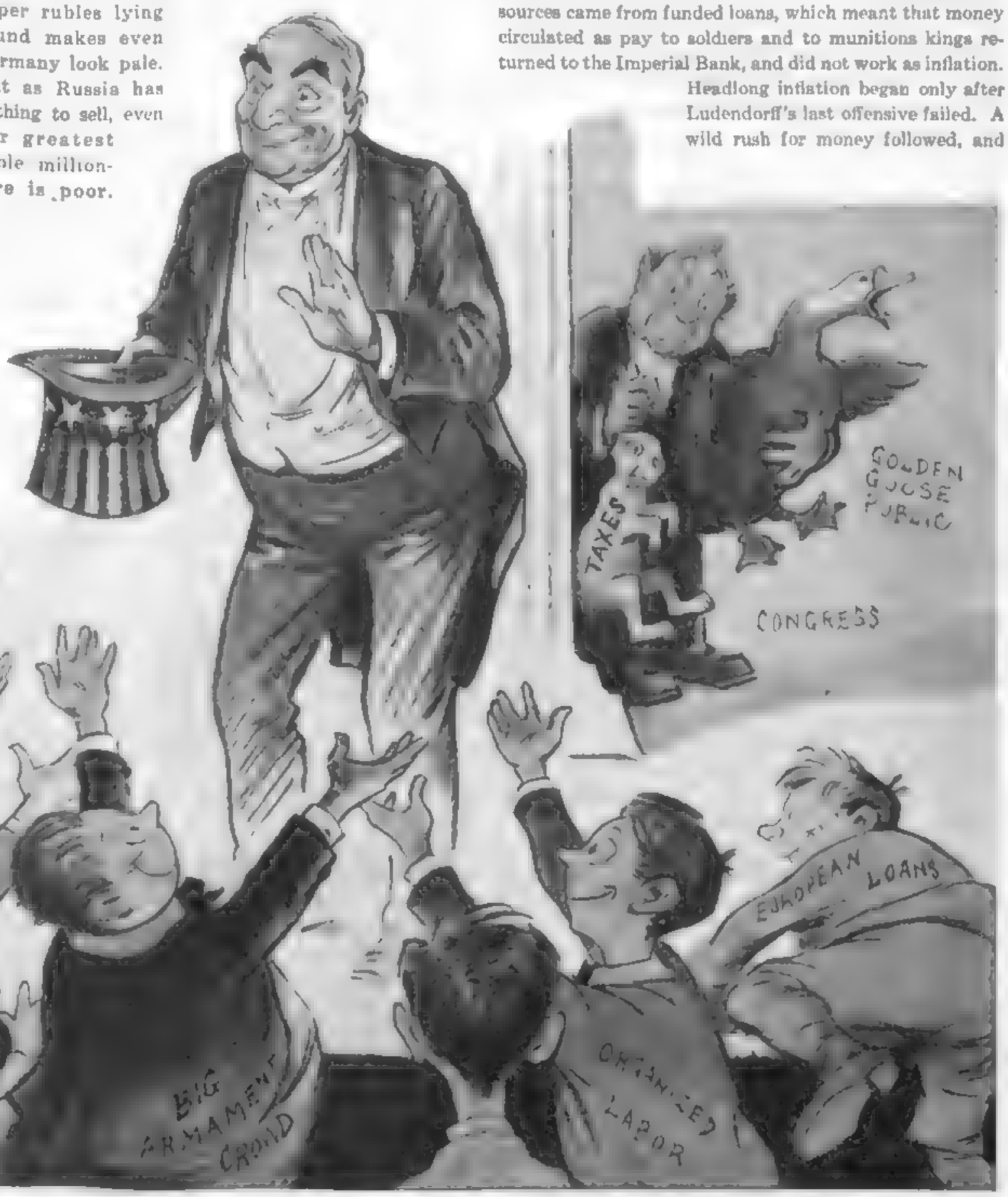
Last summer, at the Social-Democratic Congress at Cassell, ex-Minister of Industry Wissell declared with demonstrable truth that never had citizens such brilliant chances for enrichment at the cost of the community as they have under socialist cabinets. The history of the 20,000 millionaires who have seized these brilliant chances, or rather been seized by them, is written in two words—currency inflation. Decades ago the orthodox economists explained how inflation softly steals money out of the pockets of certain men and automatically drops it into the pockets of other men; but the story was forgotten after fifty years of peace during which Europe stuck pedantically and unromantically to sound finance, finance based on gold. Ever since the Great War annulled this sacramental principle the insensible displacement of wealth from one class to another has been taking place. Debtors have been liberated; impoverished landowners have been unburdened; and owners of mills, factories, commodities and of stock-exchange securities which represent these realities of wealth have doubled, trebled, quintupled and decupled their wealth. So that though Germany to-day is worth about half what it was worth in July, 1914, it has probably ten times more very rich men than it had then. And it has also twenty, thirty or forty times more very poor.

Germany has a record for currency inflation. At first sight it seems that Russia with her—on the first of October last—639,697,000,000 paper rubles lying round makes even Germany look pale. But as Russia has nothing to sell, even her greatest ruble millionaire is poor.

Germany's paper millionaires are real millionaires, for paper fortunes still have big buying power. Before the war the Hohenzollern monarchy flourished with a mere note circulation of 2,500,000,000 marks, against which it had the very large gold reserve of 1,631,000,000 marks. The war undammed the paper flood. Not only did the state increase its floating debt—that is, hand treasury bills to the Imperial Bank, which printed bank notes and gave them in exchange—but it had also to make provision for an enormously increased private demand for credit. Thereupon rose a new note-issuing institution, the *Darlehnkasse,* or loan bureau. It advanced money to the public on security of stocks, houses and goods; and it printed the money which it advanced. From the day of its creation there were, therefore—in addition to local note-issuing banks in Bavaria and elsewhere—two great official machines for inflating the currency. These machines worked so diligently and so efficiently that since 1914 the total federal note circulation has risen 3300 per cent; and the 20,000 automatically created millionaires are the beneficent result.

The greater part of the 3300 per cent inflation is a fruit of defeat. As long as Germany had a chance of winning the war she inflated moderately. Her main fighting resources came from funded loans, which meant that money circulated as pay to soldiers and to munitions kings returned to the Imperial Bank, and did not work as inflation.

Headlong inflation began only after Ludendorff's last offensive failed. A wild rush for money followed, and



He Can't Take Anything Out of the Air for You

nothing satisfied it. In November, 1918, after billions had been paid out of the Imperial Bank, the currency famine was so sharp that every municipality in the new republic had to print its own paper money, in value down to one pfennig, which is the four-hundredth part of a dollar. The panic ceased. But the inflation which it initiated did not cease, because Germany was no longer able to meet her current expenditure and failed to raise funded loans. So the multiplication of paper in circulation continued until two years later it reached the 3300 per cent, and the story is written here:

	MARKS IN CIRCULATION
1914, June 30	2,400,500,000
1918, December 31	32,435,000,000
1919, December 31	49,229,000,000
1920, December 31	80,868,000,000

Which is not the end. The federal budget for 1920–21 shows a deficit of 80,000,000,000 marks; the taxes so far voted provide a revenue of only 27,000,000,000 marks; and there are yet incalculable war obligations to meet. So it is almost a certainty that by the end of the present year the paper-money circulation will reach 150,000,000,000 marks, and it is extremely likely that it may be more.

The average German in 1920, said Doctor Wirth, Finance Minister, in a recent speech, had thirty times as much money in his pocket as he had in 1914. Banking and other statistics confirm this estimate. On June 30, 1914, the Imperial Bank held deposits from the public totaling 858,000,000 marks. On December thirty-first last, deposits totaled 22,327,000,000 marks. Upon the state and the public on the same date of 1914 the bank had claims for credit given totaling 1,213,000,000 marks. On the last day of 1920 the claims had risen to 60,634,000,000 marks. In 1914, the bank's clearings were 66,645,000,000 marks. In 1920 they were 694,781,000,000 marks. The clearings in December, 1920, exceeded the clearings in all 1914. Deposits in the eight biggest Berlin banks at the close of 1913 were 4,804,000,000 marks; at the close of 1919 they were 31,939,000,000 marks; at the close of 1920, though the figures are not yet published, they were estimated at 80,000,000,000 marks. Deposits in 300 savings banks at the close of 1920 were 16,000,000,000 marks. There is a further 10,000,000,000 marks, affirms State Bank President Havenstein, hoarded in stockings and family Bibles, with the aim of tax evasion.

Were all this money gold, or gold backed, Germany would be many times richer than the United States. The money being in paper, she is poor. But as the transfer of this paper wealth to certain classes and individuals has proceeded far faster than the paper has depreciated in buying power, the new inflation Croesuses are mostly enormously rich men in a real sense of the word.

A Debtors' Paradise

THE automatic enrichment of fortunate citizens at the expense of the unfortunate has gone on by four main processes, which differ in detail, but are in principle all the same. Firstly, debtors, including business men operating with borrowed capital, have been released from their debts; secondly, there has been an unexampled increase in the profits of industrial and commercial corporations and in the prosperity of their stockholders; thirdly, there is a perpetual stock boom, with all speculators bulls, and, as stocks go uninterruptedly upward, with no losers; fourthly, there has been a displacement of the incidence of taxation, which has transferred most of the burden to the backs of those classes which the inflation has already impoverished. All these processes are turning Germany into a land of paupers and a land of millionaires, but a land in which there is practically no room for any intermediate class.

The fact that even the mildest currency inflation favors debtors at the cost of creditors is known of old. "Depreciation of the currency is a fraud upon creditors," proclaimed John Stuart Mill seventy years ago. "All debtors are freed by the depreciation from a portion of the burden of their debts; in other words, a portion of the property of their creditors is gratuitously transferred to them."

This is the inevitable result of the rise in prices and values which inflation brings. A lends B $100,000 on the security of a house worth $150,000. If the dollar currency is inflated until prices are quadrupled B can sell his house for $600,000, and he finds himself, after paying off the mortgage, worth $500,000 instead of $50,000. A loses. Formerly he had enough money to buy a two-thirds interest in a house; now he has only enough to buy a one-sixth interest. But B's nominal wealth has increased tenfold; and as prices have risen fourfold, he is in real wealth two and a half times better off than he was before.

This process is going on all over Germany. It has converted one of Europe's most heavily indebted landed aristocracies into a debt-free class of Croesuses. German landed property was always heavily mortgaged. Junker nobles and peasant proprietors alike charged their land up to two-thirds of its value. The property-tax assessment of 1913 showed that nobles' estates in East and West Prussia worth 735,000,000 marks were mortgaged up to 496,000,000 marks. The real owners were the mortgage banks; the nobles were the banks' resident managers. But as the war inflation sent up food prices, land values rose in accord. Post-revolution governments tried to check the movement by imposing maximum food prices. But again and again, lest production cease, these maximum prices had to be raised. The price of wheat to-day is 1500 marks a ton, against 180 marks in 1914; and the price of rye 1440 marks, against 160. Under this influence land has risen eightfold in value. But the mortgages have remained the same.

In these conditions the inflation has operated just as a big unbroken stock-quotation rise operates for margin bull speculators. The narrower the margin the greater the speculator's gain. The heavier the German landowner was indebted the more he was enriched. An estate worth 600,000 marks in 1914, and then mortgaged for 400,000 marks, is worth 4,800,000 marks to-day. From being a poor man with property worth 200,000 marks after deduction of debts the owner has become a very wealthy man worth 4,400,000 marks clear of debt. The inflation has made him a present of 4,200,000 marks. As this has gone on all over the republic, a whole class has been suddenly enriched. Encumbered landowners who, had there been no war, would have needed a generation of hard saving for clearing off their liabilities cleared them off in a single year from profits on the sale of food.

"Transfiguration of the Junkers" is the neat phrase devised by Germans for this aspect of inflation enrichment. How far it has gone is shown by a report for the province of Brandenburg. In the western part of Brandenburg in 1914 were 105 estates valued at 21,300,000 marks and mortgaged for 14,150,000 marks. Of the 105 landowners, 72, whose estates in 1914 were worth 16,570,000 marks, have since entirely paid off their mortgages, and now own estates worth 119,700,000 marks. They have netted about 100,000,000 marks. Of the remaining 33 landowners, 17 have reduced their mortgages. The properties of the other 16 remain mortgaged, and in some cases the mortgages have been increased; but whereas the 16 estates in 1914 were worth 2,075,000 marks, they were worth 19,960,000 marks in the fall of 1920. The inflation had put into the pockets of these owners about 1,000,000 marks apiece. It has nearly decupled their wealth. Some landowners, instead of paying off their mortgages, heavily increase them, and use the yield to buy up other estates, develop their home farms, renovate their houses and buy costly furniture, and to equip their younger sons, who in prewar days passed their lives as petty bureaucrats and hard-up military fortune hunters, as full-fledged millionaires.

In this transfer of wealth production played no rôle. The total harvests of wheat and rye in 1920 were 3,940,000 tons less than in 1914, and nothing was added to national prosperity. Precisely the same is the case of the other inflation-millionaire class, the manufacturers and the stockholders in industrial corporations. Industrial production has fallen off heavily. The output of pig iron in 1920 was 6,500,000 tons, as against 19,500,000 tons in 1913; the cotton-goods production was two-fifths of that of 1913, and the paper production three-fifths. Yet never did industry, judged merely from the financial standpoint, flourish as it flourishes now. Bankruptcies have almost ceased. In 1913 Germany registered 9725 bankruptcies by corporations and firms. In 1917 the number fell to 2279. In 1920, long after the era when war industries kept up artificial prosperity, bankruptcies fell to 1324. The sole cause is that the currency inflation increased enormously the profit opportunities of all citizens who produced or traded in real goods. Thousands of shaky concerns which would have gone under miserably in the days of national prosperity and sound currency were set on the path to millionairedom by paper money and national ruin.

The Flight From the Mark

THE factors of this apparent paradox, as studied by German economists, are these: First, every country with extreme inflation has a low foreign exchange for its currency—Germany, Austria, Poland and Hungary are all in the same box; second, with the fall of a country's foreign exchange its home prices necessarily rise, because no foreigner will sell to the inflated country unless he is paid an extra amount of the currency to compensate him for its depreciation; third, simultaneously prices of native-produced goods rise. The increased cost of imported goods sends up the all-round cost of living, and with that up go wages. There is further the potent psychological influence that every drop in the currency's foreign exchange induces distrust among natives as to the future of money, and this distrust causes a panic rush to get rid of money and to acquire solid goods in exchange. In January and February, 1920, when the dollar exchange in Berlin rose from 49 to 104 marks, the prices of commodities rose 49 per cent. Single commodities rose 100 per cent or more. Believing that their own currency was sick beyond cure, Germans hastened to exchange it for goods at any price. A wild selling boom, which soon became known as the flight from the mark—*Flucht von der Mark*—was the result. There were Germans who in their panic desire to get something substantial for their unsubstantial paper even bought up radium—bought it so greedily that in Scandinavia the price in a few weeks rose from 900 to 5000 crowns a milligram. The boom was intensified by foreigners, who, attracted by the falling mark exchange, also rushed to buy. So the winter of 1919–20 saw—financially considered—the greatest trade boom in Germany's history. A mere currency vicissitude, which was in itself an indication of national impoverishment, created individual enrichment that beat the records of the most prosperous countries of the world.

Germany's industrial corporations simply pursued in their selling policy the good Asquithian principle, "Wait and see!" They did not run after money. Money was thrown at them. Home demand and foreign exchanges being what they were, the selling prices of goods at the time they were put on the market were inevitably far higher than the selling prices of the same goods when they were in process of manufacture. The producer had simply to offer his goods as soon as they were ready, and accept the higher price. Some manufacturers, sure that the price rise would continue unchecked, held back their products for weeks after they were ready, and profited still more. Those who manufactured from foreign raw materials charged the customer not on the basis of the cost of materials used, but on the basis of the much higher cost of new materials needed for future manufacturing.

Huge Profits and Small Production

AFTER the price of American copper rose, between January first and February twenty-ninth, from 2464 marks per 100 kilos to 4406 marks, and the price of American cotton from 48 to 102 marks a kilo, the prices of finished goods containing these materials were doubled. This meant that the manufacturer's normal profits were quintupled or sextupled. Goods that in January cost 100 marks to produce, and would then have yielded 20 per cent profit if sold at 120 marks, were sellable in February for 240 marks, of which 140 were profit. On his investment in labor and materials the manufacturer reaped a profit at the rate of 1680 per cent a year.

The flight from the mark was exploited not only by the big industrial companies. The merest tyro in business soon realized that with rapidly and surely rising profits anyone could become rich. Schieber profiteers, who had never produced anything useful in their lives, who could hardly tell a dynamo from a milk separator, rented vacant apartments, stocked them chock-full of machine tools, furniture, bicycles, pianos, typewriters, clothes, canned milk, sugar and cosmetics, and simply waited. When prices rose they unloaded. Hundreds of big fortunes were made in this way. All Berlin knew the Lithuanian peasant lad Vatiatis, ex-war prisoner, who could hardly write his name, but who managed to accumulate 4,000,000 marks in three months by simply letting the inflation and the currency panic do their work. With a capital of 400 marks, earned by physical labor on a Mecklenburg farm, he bought a bicycle and a roll-top desk. A fortnight later he borrowed on them 900 marks, and invested this in Norwegian canned herrings, which he in turn pledged for 1400 marks; and so on until early in April he unloaded seven roomfuls of goods, netted 4,000,000 marks on his 400 marks investment and bought a *Schloss* near the Mecklenburg hamlet where his first wealth was earned by tending a farmer's hogs.

In principle this method in no way differed from the practices of the big industrial corporations. But the corporations had an advantage in the fact that they had big debts in bonds, and so were in the same happy position as the debt-ridden Junker landlords. They were originally good gold bonds, representing a high percentage of the corporations' assets of land, mills, machines, materials and patents. As the inflation rose, profits rose, too, and the good gold bonds, now depreciated paper, were redeemed out of the profits of a few months. Extinguishing the bonded debts was easy, as most of the corporations earned five or six times as much as they earned before the war. The Mannesmann Tubes Company, an internationally known concern, whose chiefs fifteen years ago ran Kaiser Wilhelm's Morocco policy as a sport, earned in the last financial year 54,130,000 marks as against 9,640,000 marks a year before; the Rheinische Steel Works, the biggest concern of its kind in Westphalia, earned 50,080,000 marks, against 8,020,000 marks; the combined Bismarck and Laura Smelting Corporations, a leading metal concern of East Silesia, earned 60,000,000 marks, against a loss of 6,491,000 marks. The profits of textiles and paper corporations were as big. A chocolate company earned 137 per cent on its capital, and a chemicals company earned 112 per cent. A hundred and seventy leading corporations which in 1918–19 earned profits of 517,293,546 marks, reaped in 1919–20 profits of 4,998,385,326 marks. The production of these concerns was less than half that of 1913

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The Highway Dilemma

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

ONE good way to save is to spend wisely. America is confronted by one problem that has come so rapidly into existence that there has been no time available to prepare to meet the new conditions presented. In order to handle the amazing increase in the nation's transportation facilities thousands of miles of highways must be built and hundreds of millions of dollars will have to be expended in carrying on the work.

Road building is mostly carried on under Federal, state or county supervision. Governmental work has never proved very attractive to the average citizen, who has looked upon Federal and state employment as offering comparatively poor pay and a restricted field of operation. Now of a sudden, after an interval of more than eighty years, the Government has again returned to its old policy of encouraging highway development, and the question is, where are the trained engineers to come from who will be required to superintend a proposed job that will involve nearly double the entire cost of the Panama Canal?

Several of the leading countries of Europe have long followed the plan of training men directly for public service. In these foreign lands government work is viewed as offering a highly honorable and much-to-be-desired career. The work of educating prospective public officials commences in the grammar schools. Boys and girls in the lower grades of the common schools select governmental work as a future career, and devote practically all their time and thought to the fulfillment of that ambition.

Here in the United States too many Federal employees view their jobs only as stepping-stones to more lucrative positions with private interests. In most cases when a government official exhibits marked ability and an unusual capacity for effective accomplishment he is quickly grabbed by one of the country's large industries, and his usefulness as a public servant is ended. Though this truth is a matter of common knowledge, the evils of the situation thereby created have never seemed so pernicious as now, when our road-building operations are threatened by a shortage of trained men to supervise the work. Of course we can find people to build roads, just as we might secure plumbers willing to repair watches or paint pictures, but our future national welfare depends more largely than we realize upon the quality rather than the quantity of the work done now.

The first technical school in the United States was founded in 1824. When the Civil War commenced only three other technical schools had been established, making four in all. The Government recognized that scientific training would become more and more important as time passed, and in an effort to meet the situation Congress enacted the Morrill Land Grant Act providing, through grants of public lands, for the endowment of schools to teach agriculture and the mechanical arts. This law immediately stimulated the establishment of technical schools, so that to-day, here in the United States, we have 126 such institutions. In the decade ending in 1910 the average number of engineers graduated by the technical colleges in the United States was approximately 2100 annually. Just before America entered the war the average yearly rate of engineers turned out by our schools totaled about 3500. Our entrance into the war disturbed this steady growth in technical education, but one investigator estimates that by 1923 the United States schools will be graduating about 5500 engineers annually.

In years past road building has been looked upon as one branch of civil engineering. Only a few years ago there was no technical school in the country that gave a distinct course in highway engineering. The enormous demand for trained road builders has caused more than a dozen technical schools to establish courses to train men in this comparatively new profession. However, two facts must not be overlooked: First, it requires four years to turn out an engineer; and second, the greater part of the highway-development work will be done by the Government, the states and the counties. In the past, private industries have gobbled up most of the technical graduates, and the need for scientifically trained men in the coming years by private enterprises will be even more urgent. The question is, how is the Government going to secure a sufficient number of technically trained men to carry on the highway work now planned if private business needs these engineers for its own purposes and is willing to pay more for the men's services than the Government is willing to give?

Why all of this talk concerning the vital need of more highway engineers, all of a sudden, when we managed to scrape along very well in the past with what we had?

Unless this question can be answered satisfactorily in the minds of all citizens, little progress will be made, for the problem is mostly an educational one. Not just the education of engineers is involved, but the public also must be enlightened fully concerning the importance of the matter.

In 1916, when we began to realize the great need for more and better highways in this country, our total expenditures for roads amounted to a little more than $270,000,000. Last year it was estimated that we had available for expenditure for roads more than $780,000,000. Of course this enormous amount was not spent because of economic handicaps such as a lack of railway transportation, a scarcity of supplies and a restricted credit situation. Notwithstanding the slowing down in road building last year, a survey showed that the supply of engineers necessary to carry out the program connected with state and county projects alone was less than 70 per cent of the number needed. If the full program for 1920 had been put through there would not have been half enough engineers available to carry on the work properly. Road construction is not properly done unless all expenditures are under engineering control. It is doubtful if at the present time as much as 10 per cent of the country's highway improvements are carried on under engineering jurisdiction. It is no wonder that millions of dollars have been wasted in the building of roads that lack permanency.

There are 2,250,000 miles of highways in the United States. A total of more than 33,000 miles of highways is now involved in projects which have already been approved for construction and improvement with Federal-aid funds. This road mileage alone is nearly equal to ten roads extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. A decade ago there were only 500,000 automobiles in the United States. Five years later there were about 3,000,000 and by the end of the present year the number of motor vehicles operating in this country will likely total 10,000,000.

A few years ago motor trucks were unknown. Recent investigations have shown that at present about 15 per cent of the total traffic on our main highways consists of motor trucks. We now have more than three motor vehicles for every mile of highway in the country, and this includes all of our unimproved roads. In some of our thickly populated states—New York, for instance—there are twelve motor vehicles per square mile. Although California only has an average population of twenty-two people per square mile, there are three motor vehicles in the state for each square mile of territory. Though the recent increases in the number of automobiles in the United States have been rapid, there is no reason to believe that the growth in the use of motor vehicles will be at any lessened rate in the future.

Thomas MacDonald, chief of the Federal Bureau of Public Roads, estimates that in the agricultural communities the vehicle-mile use of the public roads has increased at least 500 per cent during the last four or five years, while contiguous to the more thickly populated areas the increase has been 1000 per cent. He states further that the increased use of our roads is not alone in the number of vehicles passing over them, but in the weights and speeds of the traffic units now traveling our highways. Size and speed of vehicles are the destroying agents. Highway building to-day is a far different proposition from what it was five or ten years ago. Many of the older roads recently have failed. This has not been due so much to a lack of engineering ability on the part of the builders of these roads as to their lack of foresight and imagination. The highways they constructed would easily have borne the traffic loads that were in sight a few years ago. A ton on the highway to-day is practically equivalent to what a hundredweight was then.

A few years ago the road-drainage problem could be handled easily through the construction of gutters alongside the highways. To-day drainage is an all-important question, and necessitates the attention of experts familiar with the use of drain tile and catch basins. Then there is the vital matter of the bearing capacity of the soil underlying the road. The highways of the future must have an absolutely dry subgrade.

The problems connected with modern highway construction are too numerous to mention here. However, as one example indicating the complexity of present-day road-building work, let us consider briefly the question of impact. One noted engineer maintains that, next to water, impact is the most destructive force to which highways are subjected. The engineers who build mills, bridges and other structures have proved figures before them showing definitely the forces that must be resisted, and the compressive and tensile strengths of the materials used in their construction work. But although the highway engineer understands that impact, or the pounding of heavy trucks on pavements, is a factor of much importance in the building and maintenance of roads, it is only in recent months that a worth-while effort has been made to secure data that will enable highway engineers accurately to measure this force. Federal research has shown that a weight of 7500 pounds on the rear wheel of a truck moving at a speed of fifteen miles an hour may deliver a blow equal to a weight of 43,000 pounds if the wheel drops one inch.

As a remedy for impact some engineers suggest thickening and reenforcing present pavements. But other authorities are urging that the surfaces of our roads be cushioned, or in other words, be equipped with shock absorbers. They say that the motor vehicles are protected by shock absorbers, so why not treat our expensive pavements with a like consideration? It is further argued that to meet the forces of impact by building heavier pavements will no more provide a satisfactory solution for the problem than has the policy of protecting warships by supplying them with ever-increasing thicknesses of armor plate. In this latter case there has been an everlasting struggle between those who design projectiles and the people who build the battleships. If we pursue the same policy in road building a like struggle will ensue between the builders of trucks and the engineers who construct highways.

As a result of this line of reasoning, one school of engineers holds the opinion that the roads of to-morrow must have concrete bases with cushioned tops which will take up the mighty shocks from traffic and transmit them so gently to the road base as to leave it unharmed. Most city streets are built in accordance with such a design at the present time. During the war Fifth Avenue sustained the march of army divisions with heavy tanks, trucks and artillery, and this fashionable thoroughfare of the country's greatest city was in nowise harmed. The big tanks did leave some dents, but in twenty-four hours they had all disappeared, having been ironed out by the rubber-tired automobile traffic that followed.

If the suggestion had been made a few years ago that rural communities resort to city types of paving the idea

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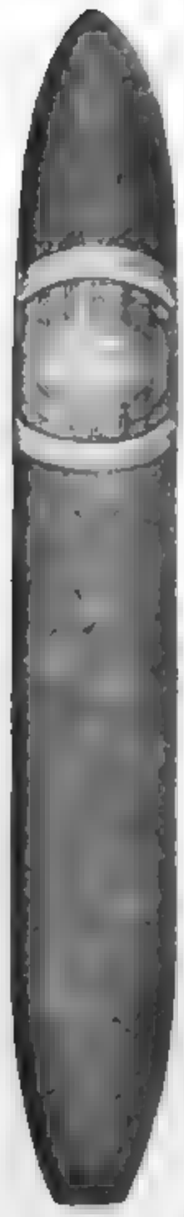

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would have been considered absurd. But now with country roads costing from $30,000 to $40,000 a mile the situation is quite different. When the pavement is protected from shock by a covering that absorbs impact the concrete base need not be so thick, and as a result there is a material saving in the quantity of cement needed. One authority states that an inch saved in the thickness of the road foundation will mean $5000 saved for each mile of highway built. This estimate assumes that a cheaper concrete will answer when the surface of the road is cushioned.

During the war Germany substituted asphalt for rubber in order to overcome the tire shortage. The tires of asphalt made by the Teutons had the appearance of solid rubber, and according to reports made a fair substitute for that material. If asphalt in the form of solid tires for heavy auto trucks performs its mission well when subjected to rough usage on stone roads, this would seem to be evidence that the same material could be used as a road surface.

On the other hand, there are some who do not favor an asphalt road surface because of its present tendency to soften in the summer months under the heat of the sun's rays. Perhaps there is something in this argument, and maybe such opposition will stimulate the asphalt people to overcome this objection, or possibly some ingenious fellow will come forward with some other substance possessing just the right properties so that the material may be utilized as a shock absorber on our highways.

As a further and final indication of what road building to-day really means, let me call attention briefly to certain of the specifications for one much-talked-of section of ideal highway that will soon be constructed. This road is based on an average traffic of 15,000 passenger automobiles a day traveling at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour and 5000 motor trucks a day traveling at an average speed of ten miles an hour. This stretch of highway will have a right of way 100 feet in width. It will be protected from water by drain tile and catch basins. The construction will consist of ten inches of concrete with steel reënforcing, and the road will have earth shoulders on each side of the concrete. It will be lighted and will embody no curves having a radius of less than 1000 feet. All the curves will be superelevated for a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. There will be a footpath for pedestrians and all embankments will be protected by guard rails. The construction will be based on a maximum carrying capacity of 800 pounds an inch of width of tire actually in contact with the road surface, and to 8000 pounds a wheel. This modern highway will have no grade crossings, no advertising signs alongside it and no obstructions to vision, so that the motorist will be able to see for a distance of at least 500 feet each way at every intersection. All wires along this ideal section will be placed underground, and all distance markings will be correct and will originate at the municipal headquarters of the nearest town or city.

Good roads are a prime essential to national prosperity. The ones we propose to build immediately are going to cost each and every United States citizen a round sum of money. Consequently it is the business of everyone to see that enough properly trained engineers are made available to turn out a quality job with a minimum waste of public money. The only way the Government and the states can secure the right kind of men is to pay as much for their services as private industry is willing to pay.

Furthermore, in the matter of education we should have as little of the makeshift variety as possible. Several universities, recognizing the needs of the situation, and wishing to help bridge the emergency, have organized brief courses in highway engineering. In one case the term of training is nineteen days in length. In other words, it is proposed to make engineers to build roads very much in the same way that old-time kings used to create knights by a touch on the shoulder and a bending of the knee. Though such a plan is deplorable, it may help us slightly in our temporary dilemma. However, the necessity for this course of action shows how serious is our fault of subordinating public service to private enterprise. So long as we permit government work to remain unattractive to our citizens of highest ability, just that long will we suffer from wasted wealth and be bent under the burden of abnormal taxes.

The Future of Oxygen

IF ANYONE believes that the realm of scientific achievement has been fully explored and most of the possibilities already realized, let him consider for a moment that although oxygen is one of the most common elements entering into the composition of the earth, and one of the most useful, the whole industry here in the United States engaged in producing oxygen is now turning out only about a hundred and thirty tons of the element each day. Of this total production more than nine-tenths is used in torches for cutting and welding purposes. Oxygen is found in the air in a perfectly free state, but in spite of the fact that it is not chemically combined with any other element, no great effort has been made to separate it out of the air and use it on a large scale in some concentrated form.

Our failure to utilize more largely this all-pervading element cannot be attributed to the lack of a possible market for the product. The steel industry alone could make use of several hundred times as much oxygen as is now produced in the United States. One average-sized blast furnace turning out five hundred tons of iron a day requires five times as much oxygen in its operation each twenty-four hours as is produced daily by all the plants in the country. In present practice the blast furnaces secure their supply of oxygen from ordinary air blown into them.

Not so long ago, in one of my articles in this department, I quoted Frederick G. Cottrell as saying that before many years had passed methods would be perfected for securing huge quantities of cheap oxygen from the atmosphere, and that as a result of this probable development practices in many industries would be revolutionized. Recently I had another talk with Doctor Cottrell, and some of the facts concerning the progress being made in this work are worth relating. Doctor Cottrell is now director of the United States Bureau of Mines, and in association with Fred Norton, Carl Meissner and others is continuing his research with respect to the larger use of the oxygen element in our everyday life. The useful properties of oxygen have been known to scientists for nearly a century and a half, but it is only in recent times that engineers and chemists have advocated its use as a common industrial tool. Many other elements which are rarer and less important as industrial factors are now being secured in large quantities by man for consumption in manufacturing and the arts.

It is the magnitude of the project rather than scientific difficulties that has retarded the development of a great oxygen-producing industry. In the early days oxygen was obtained generally from the decomposition of potassium chlorate by heat. Later barium dioxide was substituted for the potassium chlorate, and the process was still more successful. Shortly after this a process was perfected whereby oxygen was obtained by the electrolysis of water. In this latter method the determining factor of cost was electric power, and before long the cost of oxygen became standardized to the cost of power. The latest development in oxygen production is the separation of the element out of the air through liquefaction and distillation. But this most recent achievement has not been built up to proportions which permit the sale of cheap oxygen.

If the work were done on a very large scale it should be possible to secure oxygen by the electrolysis of water for about twelve dollars per ton, assuming that current would cost .2 cent per horse-power hour. In separating oxygen from the air, however, there is no chemical combination to overcome, and theoretically no expenditure of energy should be necessary to separate the oxygen from the nitrogen. Actually, though, the gases must both be compressed, which work requires an expenditure of about sixty horse-power hours for each ton of oxygen produced. It is plain, therefore, that if we assume the same cost of .2 cent per horse-power hour of electric current, oxygen should be obtained from the air for about twelve cents a ton, as compared with the process of water electrolysis previously mentioned. In other words, if we base our assumption on a hundred per cent theoretical efficiency the production of oxygen from air should cost only one per cent of what it would cost by the electrolysis of water.

Already we know that the great future of oxygen production lies in a process which permits its separation from air. But there are many difficulties yet to be overcome before any figure of cost can be obtained that is anything like as low as the theoretical figure above referred to. Some day, due to the slight difference in the ratio of densities of oxygen and nitrogen, it may be possible to employ centrifugal force to stratify air into layers of increasing oxygen content toward the outer edge of the rotating mass, but that accomplishment, which would greatly simplify matters, is not yet in sight. Again, there is the possibility that in time some cheap substance will be found possessing oxygen-absorption properties similar to those possessed by the blood. Up to the present time there is no stable substance known that will take up and later liberate oxygen with such little waste of energy as the blood. In the matter of the power cost in air separation, however, there is a splendid opportunity for material progress, which will certainly reduce the operation charges of the process now in use.

If cheap oxygen can eventually be obtained there is no doubt but that steel makers will use the element extensively to enrich the air stream they send into their blast furnaces. The result of such enrichment would be a reduction in the total amount of gases now lost up the shaft per unit of carbon burned. Cheap oxygen would also largely eliminate furnace freeze-ups, which, though not frequent, are costly when they do occur. If furnace superintendents at all times could have at hand a cheap and plentiful supply of oxygen they could afford to run their furnaces on a much closer margin in the matter of heat allowance, and thereby effect a large saving in coke consumption. Oxygen enrichment would also increase the caloric value of the blast-furnace gases by eliminating part of their nitrogen content, and thus would tend to do away with the wasteful hot-blast stoves.

Cheap oxygen would also effect radical changes in open-hearth steel practice. Here an enriched air current would reduce the volume of gases passing through the furnace per unit of fuel burned, and the result would be either a reduction in fuel consumed and dust lost, or the furnace could be speeded up, thus increasing the output without adding greatly to the production costs. It is also probable that with more and cheaper oxygen the element would be applied in gas-producer practice, which would permit the steel producers to deliver to their furnaces more thermal units per unit of primary fuel consumed. Even of greater importance is the certainty that oxygen enrichment of the air current fed to gas producers would permit the consumption of low grades of coal which cannot now be burned with success. In the days to come, when first-class coals will be scarce, the oxygen of the air will doubtless prove a boon to mankind in making possible for fuel use those strata of carbonized rock now regarded as absolutely worthless.

Few men have given closer attention to oxygen production and the possibilities of its uses in industry than E. A. W. Jeffries, of Worcester, Massachusetts. Said he:

"The large volume of inert nitrogen that now goes into the blast furnace with the air current fails to contribute any useful effect to steel making, and yet when discharged from the furnace it carries with it about one-half the heating value of the fuel used. Every cubic foot of pure oxygen introduced into the furnace makes unnecessary the introduction of four cubic feet of this useless nitrogen. Furthermore, if the fuel gas is also made with oxygen instead of air we avoid putting another three pounds of nitrogen into the furnace per pound of coal used.

"Only one hundred pounds of coal are required to supply the necessary heat to make one ton of steel in the open-hearth furnace, whereas we are now using about six hundred pounds. Since the unavoidable losses by radiation and imperfect combustion should not exceed one hundred pounds, it is plain that there is a wide margin of possible economy representing at least six million tons of coal a year, based on the present open-hearth output here in the United States. Approximately one-half of this great loss might be saved by eliminating the nitrogen from the furnace. By enriching the air current with oxygen, the temperature of the furnace could be increased to the practicable limit, and the time of the operation could probably be cut to five hours. This means that a proper increase of temperature through the use of oxygen would likely double the output of a furnace in a given time, and consequently effect a saving both in fuel and labor charges."

To-day, here in the United States, the producers of oxygen are using a type of apparatus that is not far removed in size and capacity from the machinery that would be necessary in the conduct of laboratory experiments. If the use of oxygen in industry is to become a really worth-while business new and larger plants would have to be constructed. At the present time, with the equipment now available, it is difficult to produce oxygen for less than twenty-five dollars a ton, whereas the element would have to be produced for from two to three dollars a ton in order to make its use commercially practicable in steel manufacture.

Fred E. Norton, who has done as much as anyone else to make possible the production of oxygen in this country by air separation through liquefaction and distillation, is authority for the statement that oxygen can now be produced by an available process at a cost of about one-twelfth of that incurred in the use of present processes. Basing his conclusions on years of experience in oxygen production, he is confident that oxygen can be supplied to blast furnaces at a cost of six cents a thousand cubic feet. With oxygen at such a price, it would cost the furnace men two dollars and four cents to burn one ton of carbon to carbon monoxide and four dollars and eight cents to burn one ton of carbon to carbon dioxide. Said he: "The possibility for cheap industrial oxygen exists. It is up to the metallurgical industry to create a demand and put the oxygen to work."

Let no one doubt that science and industry will soon get together in this great problem of utilizing the most common element the earth contains. Iron, coal, wood and other raw materials are all owned by someone, and we have to pay the owner for them. But the source of supply of oxygen is free to all, and there isn't the faintest chance that any individual or group of persons will ever be able to corner the supply. Surely, therefore, we will eventually be able to find a way to utilize an element which can be obtained from raw products that don't cost a cent. When this end is accomplished, practically all the metal industries, as well as steel manufacture, will be immensely benefited. The gas industry will be revolutionized. Laboratory practice in chemistry and medicine will be materially improved, and we shall get more and pay less for hundreds of products because of the lessened operating charges made possible by cheap oxygen.

There is an old saying, "Free as the air we breathe." But honestly, now, if we view the matter purely in its commercial light, is the air so very free if we can't drag out of it in practical fashion and sufficient quantity the one element that we need most in our everyday life?

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THE PACKARD CAR stays young a very long time. Its appearance is permanently expressive of good taste. The materials in the Packard, and the workmanship spent upon these materials, alike offer the extreme resistance to wear. Whether the one you choose be a Single-Six or a Twin-Six Packard, it will serve you for many years, and through all that time from beginning to end, will serve you finely.

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The Packard Twin-Six Touring
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Ask the man who owns one

THE LILY POND

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

"I CAN climb that," said Justin.

He stared up at the face of the bluff where long patches of sandy clay showed among the massed wild bay that glittered metallic against the eastern sun. His father shook his head, studying the angle and rubbing his twisted ankle. "Pretty steep, Justy."

"I can try though. I shan't break my neck. You sit still."

Kane grinned. "I'm not likely to go far. Well, try it, son. Here, better take my shoes."

"Rubbish," Justin laughed, "I don't need 'em. I'll yell down from the top if I can see a town or something."

He trotted up the sloping hot sand and into a belt of rattling dry beach grass that flicked his bare insteps. There were hummocks of loose soil covered with mealy-berry trailer before the ground rose sharply and his climb began. The bay and wild-rose brush caught his soaked trousers and presently he tore the sleeve of his jersey on a scrub-oak bough. Small pebbles rolled down about his toes and a green-and-gold garter snake slid away in a delicate rippling. The sun heated his back, and dust from this baked soil made him cough. But the bluff wasn't really steep, now that he moved on its face. He glanced over a shoulder and saw Kane sitting, a composed gray figure on the white sand. The shallow water showed belts of ruddy drifting weed. The mast of the catboat wabbled still in view, a quarter mile from shore. It had sunk rapidly. Justin sighed hungrily and climbed on. Soon sweat filled his eyes. He was wonderfully thirsty. When he struggled over the lip of the bluff he sat for a moment panting and blind in this upper sunshine. Then he stood up and gazed down an endless olive landscape, a cup of dimpled moors splotched broadly with dark brush and flaked by lavender shadows from the clouds that fled above on the scented wind. Remotely, on the farther rim of this lovely peace, he saw a spire glitter. Here and there were the cream fronds of early flowering clethra and before him the meadow was stippled by scarlet lilies. Only one house showed, in a hollow that partly hid its silver shingle and the faded red paint of a little barn. Justin cupped his hands and yelled down to his father, "There's a house," but his voice croaked. Kane waved an arm, though, as if he heard, and Justin ran from the edge of the bluff.

At Princeton he ran cross country. Now he fled expertly, dodging the larger clumps of brushwood and sparing his feet. But bands of meshed vine and low growths made him stumble. When he noticed a sandy crooked path it was interrupted with more vine. The scrub oak rose shoulder high and hid the house so entirely that he grunted his surprise, coming suddenly to a cleared pasture where two cows didn't look up and an ambling dun horse raised its head to snort. Beyond, there was a trim garden where a man in blue overalls was weeding a tomato bed. This person looked at Justin's waving arms intently, his own hands on his hips, and came a cautious yard to meet him, scratching his black beard.

"Look here," Justin coughed, "our boat sank—off—back there ——"

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il ya?*" said the man.

Justin reeled and hunted for French, licking his lips. "*Mon père et moi, nous sommes naufragés—notre* catboat —— Oh, hell! *Notre bateau est—c'est*—it ——"

"*Tiens*," the man said. He scratched his beard again. Justin wagged an arm toward the bluff, despairing of his vocabulary. What on earth was a French farmer doing in this New England desert anyhow? But the man had gathered words: "You say your boat has sanked?"

"Yes. And dad's busted his ankle or something, and for Lord's sake give me a drink!"

A red-haired woman in white came up the garden path as he brought this out. She spoke from a little distance, excitedly, shading her eyes with a palm: "You're in trouble? I could see you running down."

Justin coughed and pulled himself to civilized speech. "Our catboat. It sunk—sank. I think the auxiliary was too heavy. It just sank in about five minutes and we had to swim in. But dad's hurt his ankle. He's down on the beach there. Is there some way of getting a wagon sent down? He can't possibly walk."

"Yes, I'll send our man, here. Marcel." She turned a rapid flood of words on the dullard, who nodded and lumbered off to catch the dun horse. "There's a road down, about half a mile from here. It'll take some time. You chose a bad place to sink," she smiled.

Justin chuckled, fingering his ripped sleeve. He croaked: "We were anchored all night. Wasn't any wind yesterday and we had the engine goin' all afternoon. Just had it put in and it's an old boat. I suppose the engine jarred the seams loose. Could I get a drink of water at the house?"

"Of course," she said, and added: "You poor child!"

He couldn't resent this. People seldom took him for twenty and he must look deplorable. Also, the slim lady wasn't young. She might be all of thirty. He tramped after her white skirts across a grassy dooryard to the small porch, where an exclaiming fat Frenchwoman brought his water in a queerly ornate goblet, fragile and green. In the doorway an old man stood, leaning on a thin black stick. Justin sat down cross-legged to hide his aching feet and explained: "We live at Watch Hill, summers. We were goin' to my aunt's at Gloucester. I thought it'd be fun to go in the tub—the boat. Dad had this auxiliary dingus—engine—put in. I think it sunk us. We were cookin' breakfast on the oil stove in the cabin and the water began coming up through the floor. Dad twisted his ankle gettin' out. Of course it's so shallow that we didn't have any trouble getting in, but ——"

"But you haven't had breakfast?" the lady smiled.

"Well, that's the least of our troubles." Justin grinned and jumped up. A buggy rattled through the dooryard, the dun horse attached. "I'd better go along. Dad ——"

"I think Marcel can find your father. And you must have some breakfast. Father, this is Mr. ——"

"Kane," said Justin. He watched the lady pass down an interior hall, brightly papered. Her hair was the shade of his own, deeply red. The old man's hair was white and curled still thickly above the breadth of a blank pale forehead. He spoke, motionless on the sill.

"You're very lucky to get out of this so easily, my boy."

"Yes, I think we are, sir," Justin said.

He felt foolish, with all his excuses, at the sound of this slow, vibrant voice that echoed under the porch, smooth and deep. Justin shifted his bare feet, which tingled and itched as he looked down at their profuse scratches, then up at the pointed pale face set with black prodigious eyes.

"Funny! I changed the name of the boat. Had her painted in June. The fellow that painted her said it'd be bad luck. And it was."

"What did you call her?"

"Egypt." The name seemed amazingly silly. Justin defended it. "Dad's been there—Egypt—a lot. He's an engineer, y'know. Thought he'd like it."

"Ah, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?" said the old man. He came stiffly into the porch on his polished slippers and looked after the buggy, a vague spot in a whirl of

(Continued on Page 30)

"And He Was So Happy Last Night. I Played the Mikado for Him"

THE special virtues, and the special values, attributed to the Hupmobile are the simple results of sound manufacturing policies.

Our production processes have been developed, and carried closer and closer to perfection, in our own factories. Hupmobile workmen, in Hupmobile plants, build practically every important unit of the car.

It is a notable fact that during the war the maker of one of America's finest trucks asked us to undertake part of his production—saying that this was one of the two automotive factories of the country which he would entrust to build his product under his name.

The point is that Hupmobile methods are highly regarded by other manufacturers; and that the greater value which you recognize in the Hupmobile is directly due to those methods.

Jim Henry's Column

Are You Weakening?

As I understand it, one theory of advertising is that if you tell a man a thing often enough he is bound to believe it in the end.

The weakness of that theory is that you can't make the subject stay convinced unless the goods back up your claims.

So in spite of the natural conceit of an amateur who is getting away with something outside of his regular line, I have sense enough to know that it isn't my advertising which makes over two million men unscrew the cap of a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream every morning.

My ads no doubt have induced a lot of men to try Mennen's, but after the razor disappears for the first time in a bank of Mennen lather, Jim Henry fades out of the picture.

The two million keep on using Mennen's for the sole and satisfying reason that it gives them a shave so glorious, so gracious, that they know their shaving pains are over for this life at least.

So don't feel nervous if you find yourself weakening under the pressure of my persistent appeals. All you have to do is to send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube, either to become immune forever from my influence or to learn the almost unbelievable truth that Mennen's really does more than I have ever dared to claim for it.

and afterwards—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 28)

gold dust on the ribbon of road to the south. "You'd like to wash? There's a bathroom at the head of the stairs."

Justin climbed the narrow treads of the stair. This must be a converted, ancient farmhouse, made luxurious with gay papers and many prints or framed photographs. Beside the bathroom door there was a framed lady in frills and an extraordinary hat shaped like a flower pot. Across her skirt was splashed a signature: "Merry Christmas from Matilda Heron." Justin tried to remember something about Matilda Heron while he sponged his salty hair and face. She was, he thought, a dead novelist or a singer—she had something to do with the arts anyhow. He hunted for iodine on the shelves and found a bottle of disinfectant to dabble on his feet. The styptic sting made him swear and he limped down to the porch again but was guided to a dining room and saw scrambled eggs smoking on the sheen of a round table. He wished his jersey had a collar as the old man examined him, sitting opposite, a cigarette poised in one hand.

"Father," said the lady, "you're embarrassing Mr. Kane."

The old man started. "Mr. Kane reminds me of Maurice—of an old friend of mine. I got to staring. When you're seventy, Mr. Kane, all the people you meet won't be themselves but someone you knew."

"Father's getting like that," said Justin. His father was only forty-four and Justin didn't encourage the habit; thought it grisly. He went on: "His ankle's rather weak. He got it mussed up in a motor smash—in France—year before last. He was an inspector. What's the town over there?"

The lady looked through the window across the olive downs. "Stallford," she said. "Oh, we've a telephone. You'll want to wire your mother."

"No," Justin told her, "mother's dead. Is there a shop? I can't go to Gloucester in these rags."

"Too bad it's Sunday," she laughed. "Yes, Stallford's quite large, these days. Summer people. You can get some clothes. Give Mr. Kane a cigarette, father."

Justin was talking about Watch Hill and rubbing either ankle with the other sole when the Frenchman led his father in and he grinned. Kane's unconquerable neatness always charmed Justin. The gray flannel suit had dried somehow. Kane's curling black hair never needed brushing and he'd wiped the salt from his brown humorless face.

"No, the ankle's all right. I was walking round when your man found me."

He stood, considering the lady with his solemn hazel eyes. The old man made a level gesture with both white hands. His rich voice filled the square room.

"My daughter's been a nurse. You'd best look at it, Sarah."

"Not necessary," said Kane, then spoke to the daughter huskily: "You were at Bordeaux? One of the hospitals. I remember. Might I have some water?"

Justin leaned back in his chair and smoked three cigarettes, viciously rubbing his feet, hidden from this courteous group. It was singular, after a spring of track work and the summer swimming, that his skin should behave so badly. Miss Hammond—the old man named himself soon—talked evenly about Bordeaux, the rainy weather there and the hospitals. The wind tossed the cigarette smoke high to the ceiling now and then. Mr. Hammond seemed to drowse in his wicker chair, rigid and remote, turning a large seal ring on a finger.

"What wonderful air this is," Kane said. "Wild rose and—are there pond lilies somewhere?"

"There's a pond. On the road to town. Yes, it's pleasant here." Miss Hammond didn't let the subject change though. She continued:

"But Bordeaux wouldn't be bad under peace conditions, do you think?"

The Frenchwoman came to clear the table. Miss Hammond suggested their removal to the porch, and there a collie came to lure Justin away into the dooryard. It was a friendly beast, anxious to have sticks thrown; but Justin sat under a lilac bush presently and studied his feet with passion. They looked bigger than usual and the drying scratches had margins of white. The smell of pond lilies grew cloying. Justin wished his father would telephone for a car and get to a hotel where he could bathe and find iodine. He scrambled up as Kane strolled over the grass.

"Funny you'd remember Miss Hammond, sir."

"I Was Fishing for One Off the Bridge With a Stick. I Nearly Swallowed the Whole Concern!"

"No. She was having dinner with some nurses in the Montré at Bordeaux. There wasn't anything else worth looking at." Kane smiled a little and nodded. "Come along, son. Lunch seems to be ready."

"She's not bad looking," Justin murmured, and limped along to luncheon.

Halfway through the meal he stopped eating and began to stare at a great steel engraving over the sideboard. It seemed to be Cleopatra dying, the asp on her breast, but it wavered, through his nausea. The nerves of his feet must be affecting his stomach. He lurched when the others rose, and the old man spoke with a real rapidity:

"The lad's ill. Sarah ——"

"My feet," said Justin.

The room commenced to whirl grandly, like a merry-go-round. He reached for his father's arm. In this fluctuation he heard Miss Hammond's clear voice pronouncing "Poison ivy! Oh, you poor thing!" and the collie whined dolorously as Justin was guided, chewing his lips, up the stairs. There followed a feverish afternoon. He reclined in an unbelievable garment of silk, which was the first nightshirt of his life, on a four-post bed. Miss Hammond smeared his ankles with some ointment and a chirping Yankee doctor bustled in who called Miss Hammond "Sary" and Justin "bud," for which Justin wanted to kick him. His father wandered pathetically about and wouldn't smile, though Justin tried to indicate the humor of this childish accident. Jokes came to a silent death on his father's solemnity. The excellent man hadn't been gay even when his wife laughed. He met sallies with a puzzled civility, never offended, apparently anxious to smile. Justin was glad they had fallen, here, among grave folk; Miss Hammond and her old father were plainly serious. People who wanted amusement wouldn't pick out this windy, lonesome headland. He mentioned this when Kane brought up his dinner tray and lit three candles, which showed the gilt-edged engravings in the pleasant room.

"Yes, it's a lonely place. Very nice people, aren't they? I've phoned a telegram to have Murphy bring the car up, and some clothes. You won't be able to walk for a day or two, son. How do your feet feel?"

"Fierce," Justin said cordially, and regretted it at once, as Kane winced. "But they're lots better, of course."

"I ought to have made you take my shoes this morning." Kane sighed and went downstairs.

At times, the majestic inescapable voice rolled up from below. Mr. Hammond spoke so distinctly that Justin caught whole phrases. He seemed to be talking Egypt. "Pyramids, I was rather disappointed," and "We had a dragoman named ——" Dinner lasted a long time. The Frenchman came to take Justin's tray and to bring a silver box filled with cigarettes. These were marked P. H. and had lengthy gilt tips, which Justin abominated as a vanity. But the blended tobacco was soothing. He lay and blinked at the candles, heard someone play the piano below, and jumped as Mr. Hammond came in.

"Three candles going," said the amazing voice. "That'll never do." He lit a fourth on the dresser and sat by the bed in a pompous velvet chair, on which his thin person doubled stiffly yet with an exact grace. He smiled and spoke: "Your father's most interesting, my boy. I hope your poor feet are ——"

"They're doing very well, sir. Hadn't been near any ivy for so long I'd forgotten I poisoned."

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Hammond, "I was with Booth. I forget who she was—a very pretty girl. She played

(Continued on Page 32)

Go a Little Earlier on Paramount Nights

AUDIENCES are not only larger but more punctual on Paramount Nights.

You yourself must have noticed it. You, your family and your friends make a special point of going a little earlier.

Why? What for?

Principally for just one reason. If you don't make sure ahead of time you'll not get a seat. You won't get in. You'll get as far as the box office: and there you'll stop and wait with the crowd for the second show.

You're not the only one who knows that a Paramount Picture is the best show in town. Everyone else knows it too, and that's why everyone else goes a little earlier on Paramount Nights.

The Smiths don't wait for somebody to tell them whether the new picture is worth seeing or not—not on Paramount Nights. For when it's a Paramount Picture the Smiths know before they go, know just as well as 20,000,000 other theatre goers know, that the one word "Paramount" says everything.

Paramount has the greatest resources in studios, in mechanical equipment, in directors, in acting talent. The world's greatest living authors are working with Paramount. Paramount has first call on the best stories and plays the world over.

The public has learned this lesson thoroughly: learned that "Paramount" means a play worth seeing, a play that measures up, intellectually and emotionally, to the highest standards of dramatic quality: that the plot is a real plot, that the story is a real story, well told and well acted.

As thoroughly as all that, does the theatre-going public realize what the word "Paramount" stands for.

That's why 11,200 theatres out of the 16,000 theatres in the U. S. show Paramount pictures, and *boast* to their patrons in newspaper advertisements—on the billboards, in programs and lobby—that they show them: that's why every 20th person in the U. S. A. sees Paramount Pictures every day.

And that is the real reason why you go a little earlier on Paramount Nights.

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A roaring farce written especially for the great comedian

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William D. Taylor's production of
Augustus Thomas' famous play
"The Witching Hour,"
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Wallace Reid in "The Love Special."
From Frank Spearman's exciting story.

Hugh Ford's British production
"The Great Day,"
With Arthur Bourchier,
Filmed in England, Scotland, Paris and the Alps.

William DeMille's production of
Sir James M. Barrie's famous play
"What Every Woman Knows,"
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A Thos. H. Ince production
Another comedy triumph from the lovable star of "23½ Hours' Leave."

Thomas Meighan in
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Written and directed by the famous comedian, the biggest laugh spectacle ever made

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An immortal masterpiece brought to life by an all-star cast. Directed by John S. Robertson, who made "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

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A screamingly funny presentation of James Forbes' popular farce.

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A whimsical and romantic comedy.

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Paramount Pictures

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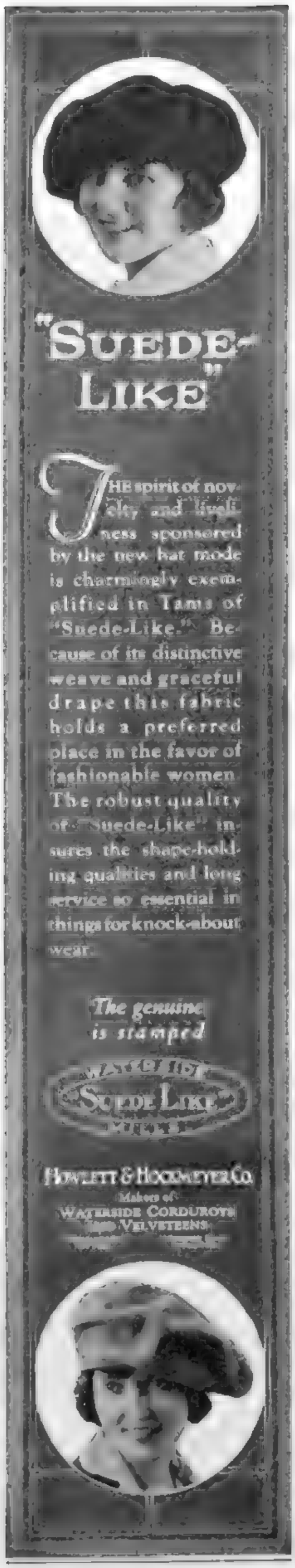
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THE spirit of novelty and liveliness sponsored by the new hat mode is charmingly exemplified in Tams of "Suede-Like." Because of its distinctive weave and graceful drape this fabric holds a preferred place in the favor of fashionable women. The robust quality of "Suede-Like" insures the shape-holding qualities and long service so essential in things for knock-about wear.
The genuine is stamped
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WATERSIDE CORDUROYS
AND VELVETEENS

(Continued from Page 30)

Ophelia to his Hamlet. We were somewhere in Pennsylvania, as I recall it, and the trunks were lost. We were opening in Hamlet. Well, we scratched up some sort of clothes—there was a costumer—but there weren't any flowers for Ophelia. Booth sent one of the men out in a buggy and this idiot brought back an armful of wild flowers. The poor girl! She didn't know poison ivy when she saw it. She twisted a lot of the stuff round her head in the mad scene—the poor girl!"

His melodious pity boomed and filled the room. Justin sat up and examined an actor at short range. This was most fantastic, incredible. Justin found himself wearing the nightshirt of a man who had played with Edwin Booth, and now listening to a string of stately yarns about the tragedian.

"Oh, was Matilda Heron an actress, sir?"

"The best Camille of all time, my dear boy. Clara Morris?" He shrugged Clara Morris into nothingness. "Bernhardt? Not bad. She did the last act well. Oh, any competent actress can do Camille passably. Duse—I never saw her. Nellie Terry didn't like the part——" His voice declined into a murmur. He stared at the floor, then checked a yawn with the pale fragility of his fingers. "I'd like to see Maurice's little girl play. Well, this is my bedtime. Good night to you."

He made a stiff and graceful exit. Justin grinned, shivered mentally: this old man was a bit of history. Kane remembered Edwin Booth hazily. It must be an anguish to look back so far. Justin flexed his arms and wished Miss Hammond would play something recent. But a passage of Lohengrin was the most modern of her offerings, and ragtime had no place in this still, lost house. Moonlight covered the moor and brought a sparkle from some pool not far away, before Kane came up, reflective and silent after his prompt question about the feet. In another of the appalling nightshirts he looked like an overgrown choir boy, and strolled about smoking a last cigarette. Justin chuckled.

"Seems the old gentleman was an actor, dad."

"Your mother and I saw him play—Richelieu, I think—in San Francisco on our honeymoon, in 1899. Justy, your mother's been dead twelve years?" This seemed to be a question. Justin nodded soberly. Kane threw the cigarette out of the window and drew the shade over the upper pane. He blew the candles out methodically but paused over the last to smile without the hint of any humor. "Hammer me if I start snoring, son."

He didn't snore but slept stolidly, stretched on an edge of the bed, and was gone when Justin woke, sneezing, in bright morning. The pond lilies must be open. Their scent crushed down all the other intermingling odors of the brush and, sitting up, Justin could see, a quarter mile off, the shimmering of this pond, oval in a hemming rim of scrub oak. A white gown stood by the end of a bridge that crossed it, and soon a gray male figure joined this whiteness. Kane and Miss Hammond wandered up the road together.

"Great Cæsar's immortal spirit!" Justin muttered.

The gilt clock on the dresser struck seven. What on earth was his father doing abroad at such a preposterous hour? It had the look of an appointment. He considered Kane when the man brought his breakfast up, and surveyed Miss Hammond when she came to change the bandages on his miserable feet. He could approve of Miss Hammond, he thought, quite heartily. She was certainly handsome enough, if not precisely young.

"Your father doesn't act any more? I go to the theater a lot. I'd have seen him."

"He—retired in 1903," she said. "It's quite odd. Your father saw him on his last tour, in San Francisco. That too tight?"

"No; fine. I suppose you go to the theater a lot, winters?"

She raised her head and looked at Justin with her bronze eyes, smiling sadly. "There isn't any theater in Stallford," she said.

"My—my word! You don't live here the year round?"

"Yes. I haven't been away since I got back from France," she stated, and left Justin gaping.

The fact bit his brain whenever he looked at the olive moor thereafter. It was ten miles to Stallford, a town—in winter, when only the natives filled it—of a thousand people. On Thursday, when he limped down in loose slippers to the motor, he shook hands zealously with Miss Hammond. "A great pleasure to have had you with us, my dear boy," said the old man, smiling against the sun. "I'm afraid I've bored you with my old tales. Sarah's very patient with me. I prose along. Good-by."

Justin stared back and waved, as the driver let the car go gently out of the grassy yard. Old Hammond lifted his black stick and there was a delicate commotion in the cloud of cigarette smoke about him. The daughter did not stir on the steps.

"Lord," Justin said, "I should think she'd go crazy! And if I had to listen to him talkin' all the time, I'd kill him."

"Awful," Kane assented; "like a church organ."

The car passed with a mild rumble between the rails of the bridge over the lily pond, where dragon flies swirled like odd blooms freed from the glittering surface and the perfume choked Justin to a cough.

"Too sweet," Kane agreed. "Your mother hated them."

The gray shingles of the lonesome house effaced themselves on the olive slope of the headland. Justin looked at the dull shady streets of Stallford eagerly. Here, after five days spent among aged, settled characters, he saw youth perambulating the tennis courts of a small hotel, and more youth in bath suits motoring down to the beach. In Gloucester his cousins chuckled over his feet instead of sighing, and he forgot about Miss Hammond for six days, then asked Kane how old he thought she might be.

"She's thirty-one, son," said his father slowly.

"Did she tell you, dad?"

"Yes. And she's lived there ever since 1903. She was only in France six months. It's—disgusting," said Kane, and walked heavily down the veranda, his head sagging. He came back to Justin's hammock with a frown. "I want to send her some novels. Go tell Murphy to bring the car. You'll have to help me pick 'em out, Justy."

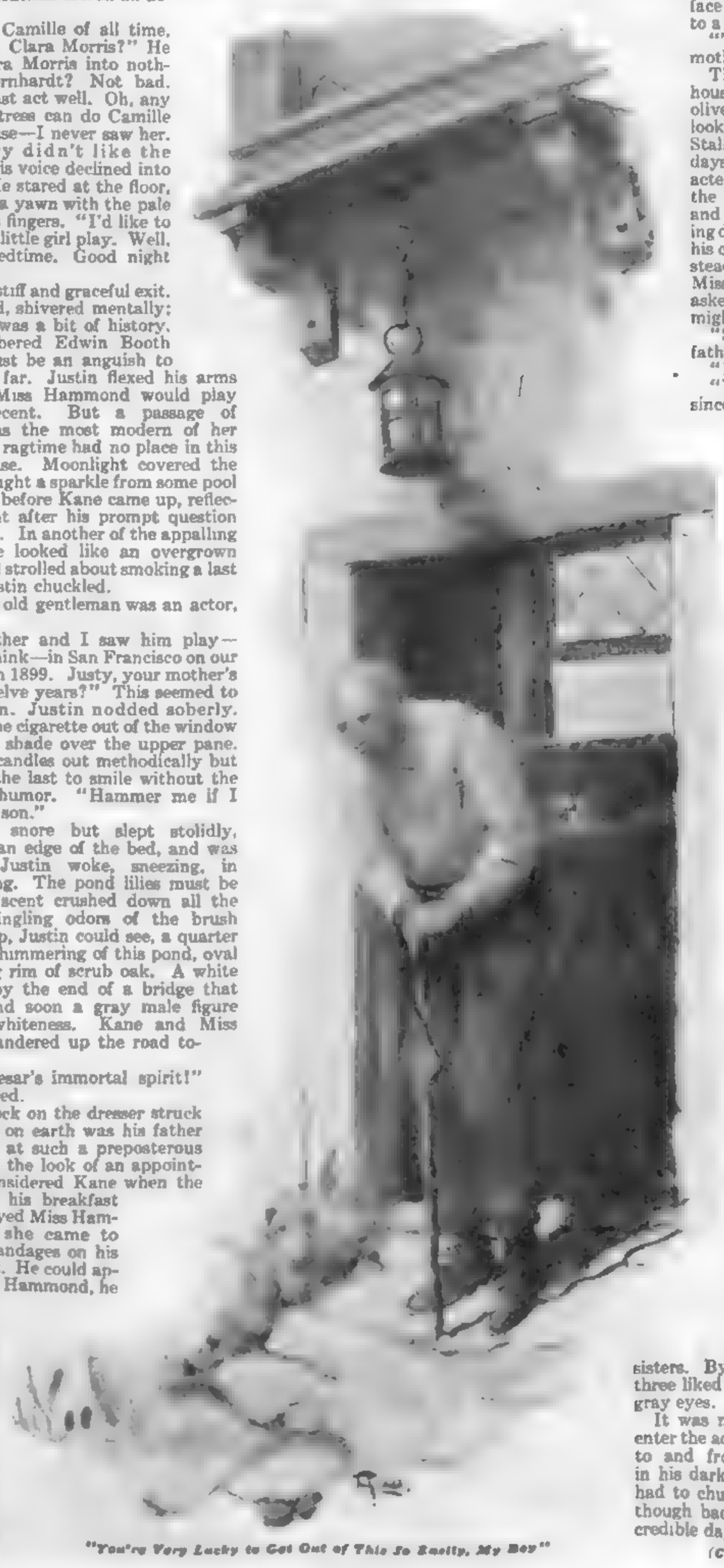
Justin picked out half a dozen novels, was afterward consulted about chocolates and thus was prepared for a question by his aunt. "Your father seems awfully preoccupied, Justy. What on earth's the matter with him?"

"He's preoccupied," said Justin obscurely.

His aunt oozed sympathy over anything loverly. He didn't care to loose her on his father, and went off to play tennis. If his father had fallen in love with Miss Hammond it was only fair to let him enjoy that condition without scrutiny. Justin had often wondered if women had any meaning to Kane. It was thrilling to find that they had. He wasn't surprised when Kane suggested a return to Watch Hill; less so that, below Boston, his father ordered the motor to head for Stallford, where rooms seemed to be ready at the hotel and many females observed their first meal in the dining room. Then Kane vanished and Justin spent an afternoon of speculation on a pier by the shallow bay. However, before sunset he met a classmate coming in from a sail and, shortly after, the classmate's three sisters. By ten o'clock he found that all three liked red hair and two of them liked gray eyes.

It was midnight when he heard Kane enter the adjoining room. The man moved to and fro, undressing. Justin grinned in his darkness. But after a moment he had to chuckle; his father was whistling, though badly enough, a waltz of the incredible days before Justin's birth.

(Continued on Page 35)



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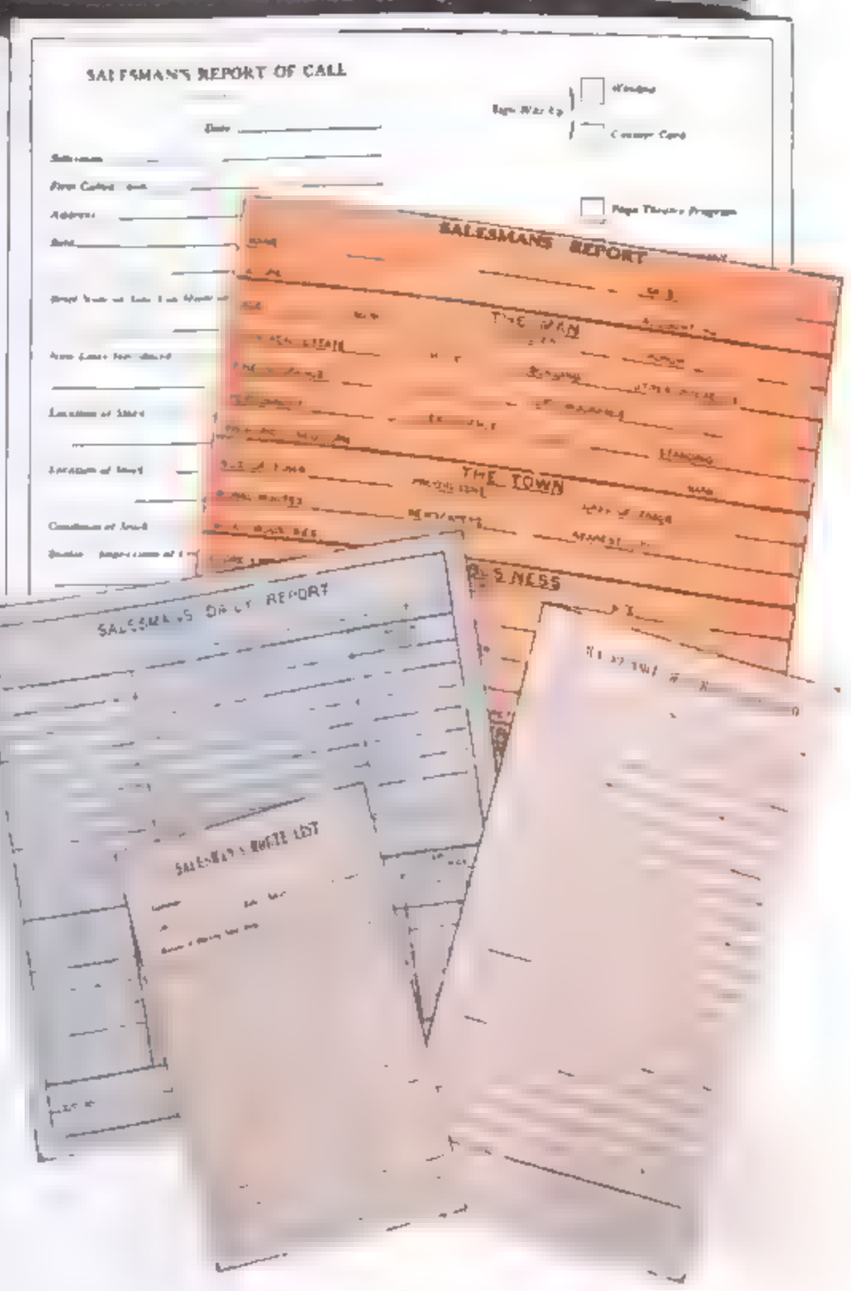

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(Continued from Page 32)

In the morning the good man looked penitent. He sat on the edge of Justin's bed and patted one of the still tender ankles, shuffled his feet and fooled with the frogs of his pajama jacket.

"Hope you found someone to talk to last night, son."

"Of course I did. I know a lot of people here. How was she?"

"I shouldn't have stayed so late," Kane muttered, "but he goes to bed at nine and—you don't mind staying here a while?"

"Not a bit, sir. And she's awfully nice."

Kane said swiftly: "Makes me think of your mother, Justy," and went off to shave. He came back with his eyes anxious above the mask of white lather and went on: "Of course I—I've never cared about anyone the way I did for your mother, Justy. Couldn't." Then he appeared with half the lather erased, to mumble: "Mighty lonesome when you're off at college, son." There Justin laughed, and the shaven tract of his father's face colored. He chuckled timidly.

"Thought I'd better let you know, son."

"I'm mighty glad," Justin assured him, and often mused on his father's happiness for the rest of the week.

It was impossible that Miss Hammond would refuse this fine man, and she deserved a reward for her isolation on the headland. None of the summer colonists knew the Hammonds, but several ladies told Justin that Miss Hammond drove to town occasionally.

"She's very handsome," one said. "The old man's neurotic, you know. He has one of those phobias. He can't stand meeting people. They live there all the year. It's really quite pathetic."

"Must have been jolly for him when she went to France," Justin pondered.

"Oh," said the lady, "they said it was dreadful! I heard about it. He was so anxious to have her go. Then, their doctor says, he almost went insane. He used to walk up and down the road by the house and talk to his wife—she's dead—and it frightened his servants. The French are so superstitious, aren't they? They say his wife was very pretty."

Justin thought these eccentricities rather childish. But Mr. Hammond was old and so excusable. Kane didn't propose that Justin come calling, and Justin was busy. Stallford was undermanned. Girls even suggested that he get his father to fill out clambakes and motor-boat parties. They flattered him on Kane's youthful charms and there was a loud alarmed chorus when the engineer came, rumpled and wet, from the motor one evening.

"I fell in that beastly lily pond," he grunted to Justin over the edge of the bathtub. "Sarah wanted some lilies—the old gentleman likes 'em—and I was fishing for one off the bridge with a stick. By George, I nearly swallowed the whole concern! The stems, you know? They got tangled all round my legs. You came pretty near being an orphan. That somebody knocking?"

Justin went to the bedroom door and brought back a telegram. Kane read this and gave a long sigh, almost comic in its woe. "I'll have to go to New York. Man from Denver. Take a week, pretty near. You'll go out and see h—'em, though?"

"Of course I shall." Justin promised, and remembered that he must do so one morning three days later, when their mothers had dragged most of his associates to church.

The chauffeur was amiably occupied with a native beauty on a bench before the hotel. Justin drove himself over the moors, wondering if his father had kissed Miss Hammond yet, and blushed when he found her on the pond bridge, fishing for lilies with a long stick.

"Father's fond of them," she said in her serious brisk voice. "Such a thick sort of perfume, though, isn't it?"

"Lots too thick; bad as ether almost. Had a note from dnd. He'll be back Thursday morning."

She didn't answer but went on prodding a polished lily pad with the stick. As the color came up her face Justin saw that she could look like his mother. He slid out of the car and perched on the solid rail of the bridge close to her moving arm in its thin white sleeve. The dragon flies dipped and hissed in long circles among the bowl-shaped glistening flowers and the high sun beat a path for Justin's eyes into the dull water so that he could guess at serpentine stems trailing down to some black depth.

"Justin," said Miss Hammond, "I can't marry your father. I must write and tell him so. Or—would you tell him? I—I'm so sorry."

"Better marry him," Justin advised.

"I can't."

She threw the stick into the pond and began to cry, motionless, the tears rippling on her upturned pallor. The muscles of Justin's throat contracted. It was worse since she made no sound.

"Father's the finest kind of man," he mumbled, chewing his lips.

"I know. But I can't go away. You see? He's so old. Over seventy. It'd kill him"

"Look here," Justin said soon. "We've got an awfully big house. It's at Irvington—up the Hudson. Lots of ground all round. He wouldn't have to see anyone. He could have my grandfather's rooms. He could be just as—as lonesome as he liked."

She did not seem to hear. She said, "My mother was much younger. He was playing Antony with Fanny Davenport when they met. She wasn't kind to him. She flirted with other men. I can remember. He was always kind to her. She wasn't a good actress, but he had her for a leading lady in his company. Her name was Eugenie Watson. She ran away with someone. He never spoke unkindly of her—never. He was playing in San Francisco when the news came that she'd died. She killed herself. Then he couldn't act as well. And then he stopped. I look very like her. Sometimes he calls me Eugenie. He can't live any place but here. He tried to live in Stallford when he made me go to France. It didn't work. He—he needs me. He's happy. I can't do it. When I was away he used to walk up and down the road here and talk to her—just as though she could hear him. Won't you write your father?"

Justin twisted on the rail and shook his head.

"No, I won't. Mr. Hammond can come and live in Irvington. He needn't miss seein' you at all. Dad likes him a lot. It'll work out. You'll see." He brightened with speech. "And dad takes all summer off anyhow. He's got three partners. You can come here."

Presently she put her face in her hands and leaned on the rail. She did not look up when Justin turned the car and drove away, soaked in a queer anger. The old man seemed a monstrous selfish shadow flung across the world suddenly. Justin raged, not hopelessly, but with a sick vexation. He could imagine Kane stroking the red luster of her hair and arranging all this gravely. It was utterly stupid that his father should be held off so. Justin smoked a pipe and got the lily smell out of his throat by lunch time, but anxiety stayed strongly in him. Kane was probably a timid lover. He might take fright in these perplexities, let himself be sacrificed. Justin thought of Hammond with a large impatience until thinking made his head ache and the crowd of cheerful young persons on the tennis courts afflicted him. He found that company wasn't good for a brain congested with worries.

On Wednesday the chatter of the girls watching a game of clock golf was peculiarly burdensome and Justin fancied he could learn to loathe women. He was scowling over a stroke when the chatter waned and someone whispered his name, deeply. Justin stared up at old Hammond, close to him, the spectral hands still on the gold crook of his cane, the face rigidly frowning under the sweep of a wide hat. At this vision the youngsters round about were glaring, amazed and lost to manners. Justin handed his putter to a friend and followed the stiff legs away from the herd.

"That game," Hammond said, "looks as imbecile as croquet, my dear boy. Is there some quiet place? I —"

His mouth flickered in a curious spasm and his long face twitched. Justin guided him across the sunny turf to a summer-house, happily empty.

"My dear lad," the old man murmured, "this is very awkward. I had Marcel drive me in. I hate the telephone. We fossils are prejudiced, you know! Well, my poor Sarah seems to have lost her senses." He laughed, richly and smoothly, on an organ note. "I hope you haven't written your good father that ——"

"No, I didn't, sir," said Justin. "He'll be here to-morrow morning and ——"

"I'm glad you didn't disturb him."

Hammond took his hat off and lit a cigarette. He seemed lightly amused and beamed at Justin gayly.

C.B.E. of Chicago

Why Wall street is reading a Philadelphia paper

A business man with large interests said to us recently: "Do you know that all Wall Street is reading the Public Ledger?"

When asked why, he replied: "To get Evans' daily letter from Chicago. Bankers say it is the clearest and sanest financial letter that ever came out of the Middle West."

That the world's greatest money center, well served by an excellent local press, should look for its Chicago news to a paper published in another city, is eloquent testimony to the brilliance of the report which Clinton B. Evans puts on the wire from Chicago six nights a week.

Mr. Evans has for years been editor of the Economist, the leading financial paper of the West.

That cities other than New York appreciate his letter is shown by the fact that many newspapers print it regularly by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

PUBLIC LEDGER

PHILADELPHIA

At your club *At hotel newsstands*

Find out whether there is a newspaper in your city which prints Evans' Chicago letter by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

"Sarah's too sensitive on my account. She fancies things. I've been watching her very closely. Last night she broke down while she was playing the piano for me. I had to bully her—absurd—until she told me. Of course this is preposterous. I've always looked forward to her marriage. Oh, not as cheerfully as I should—one gets selfish. I'm sure you'll find me a very kind stepgrandfather-in-law."

"Sure I shall," Justin said. "I was telling S-Sarah, sir, that you'd be awfully comfortable in our place at Irvington. There's a set of rooms where my grandfather ——"

"It sounds most inviting."

Hammond stretched his legs and crossed his small feet jauntily, blew a smoke ring and waved it aside. His mouth twitched a little.

"My nerves went to pieces badly, in my last season. I was really ill for some years and I got used to living out here. 'Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.' What a wretched part Orlando is, to be sure! Do you ever wrestle? I had a silly mishap when I was playing Orlando in London in '86." He told, with many gestures and at great length, how he had dislocated a shoulder in the wrestling scene of As You Like It, then came back to their business. "But I'm anxious your good father should understand that this is merely—ah—overanxiety on Eugenie's—on my daughter's part. What time does he get here to-morrow?"

"About eleven, sir."

The old man ground out his cigarette with the tip of the black cane.

"I'm sure he'll make my girl an excellent husband. And you'll make her a good stepson or I'll come back and haunt you, my lad. I've had a deal of experience haunting. I played the Ghost in Hamlet with Booth. Are all those children still playing that foolish game?"

The clock golf course was vacant. It was bathing time. Hammond took Justin's arm and they wandered over the hot lawns to the drive, where the Frenchman sat in the buggy.

"I really dislike being stared at," the old actor observed, "and one hates to be a walking shadow. Well, tell your father that he mustn't mind Sarah's vapors about me. I shall get along nicely. Good day to you."

As the buggy went off he spoke to the driver in French, and that fluid speed of music remained with Justin as he trotted down to the beach. The old fellow was artifice itself. He had played this scene like a bit from a play, airily and gracefully, tactfully. And it was really a noble act, Justin thought. He was much pleased, and exploded sociably in his relief, took a carful of youth on a drive under the failing August moon and came home to his bedroom at midnight. The clack of the rusty telephone bell startled him, half undressed, and the gracious roll of Hammond's voice was diminished in the buzz of the wire.

"Come out early in the morning, my dear boy. I mean, before you go to meet your father. Sarah will want to talk to you."

"About when, sir?"

"Would eight be too early?"

"I'll be there."

"Please don't fail Sarah. Good night."

Justin left a call for seven and, when it rang, remembered the reason. It was most important to be prompt in his father's behalf. No doubt Miss Hammond was going to give in and wanted to explain this. He dressed, whistling, got the car from the hotel shed and set off, hungrily hoping that there would be coffee for him at the house, which did not show through a faint sun-smitten mist that rolled on the moors, frosting the brush and hiding the gulls that yelled above. The farther pads of the lily pond were obscured in the gray flow as the car passed the bridge, and some lads in faded country clothes stared at Justin mutely. The collie capered down the dooryard to welcome him as he stopped inside the gates. The Frenchman was talking to an elderly farmer by the porch and Justin went into the hall unannounced, then whistled. Miss Hammond came out of a room behind him and put her arms about his neck, silently, though she was weeping. Justin patted her hair cordially.

"All right," he said. "That's all right."

"Oh, where's your father, Justin? Some boys found him. They'd come out to get lilies. They sell them in town. And he was so happy last night. I played the Mikado for him. I went to bed early." She leaned on Justin's shoulder, sobbing slowly. "My mother drowned herself too. Oh, Justin, where's your father? Why doesn't he come?"

Sense and Nonsense

There's No Place Like Home

SHORTLY before Wilson Mizner and Paul Armstrong began the actual writing of their play, The Greyhound, which had to do with life on an ocean liner, the collaborators made a hurried round trip on an English boat in search of local color. Toward the end of their first meal aboard a man at a near-by table waved an effusive greeting to Armstrong.

"Darn it!" muttered the playwright to Mizner. "There's a man I'd like to make a little fuss over, but for the life of me I can't remember his name. Hotel man in a small town where we tried out one of my shows and he was very nice to us. He and his hotel and the town all have the same name—town probably called after his ancestors. But I can't ——"

"Then all you need is the name of his town, eh?" interrupted Mizner. "Easy, Paul, easy! Duck away when you've finished dinner and I'll nail him. I have a system."

When the man left his table, Mizner—now alone—strolled after him. In the smoke room Mizner took a seat near the man and engaged him in smoke-room small talk for a minute. From weather probabilities Mizner managed to swing the conversation to fires and fire fighting.

"Firemen and fire companies are an obsession with me," lied Mizner. "In the little town I live in we have a volunteer company called the Watercress Number One which, I feel safe in saying, can hitch and get out of the fire house in less time than any ——"

"Nonsense!" the hotel man broke in, instantly bristling. "My dear sir, it's a matter of record that the Benton Niagaras have hitched and been out of the fire house in eight and four-fifth seconds, counting from the first blast of the fire whistle! Beat that, sir!"

In time Mr. Mizner joined Mr. Armstrong on deck.

"Just been talking to your friend Benton, of the Hotel Benton, in the metropolis of Benton, wherever that is," remarked Mizner.

"Benton! That's it!" cried Armstrong. "How did you ——"

"System is too complicated to go into now, Paul," said Mizner mysteriously. "But it never has failed and never will."

Quite Likely

THE ten-year-old daughter of an artist who has bought a country place on the Delaware coast wrote to her grandmother in New York describing the new home in part as follows: "We have a very pretty sun parlor and a dog and four of the cutest little kittens. The living room is not finished for company yet but it will have silver wall paper and some rare itchings."

My Party, Right or Wrong

AT A DEMOCRATIC convention years ago the name of a Southern statesman was mentioned for the vice-presidential nomination. A delegate from Oklahoma leaned forward to inquire of another delegate—"Say, is it true what I hear?"

"What's that?"

"They say this Southern guy is an octogenarian."

"Yes, he is."

The Oklahoman gulped, but came up manfully. "Well," he said, "I never expected to vote for a nigger. But if the party puts him up I'll support him."

Gone But Not Forgotten

"PROFESSOR," queried a facetious student of an eminent savant in the course of a lecture, "what is the deadest of all languages?"

The professor gave the question suitable thought.

"'What'll you have?'" he replied.

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A Car Fit to Have Such a Motor

Chalmers engineers did produce a remarkable motor. But they did not stop there. They lavished the same scientific ingenuity on this car as a unit.

Higher gasoline efficiency is assured by their invention of the hot-spot to pre-heat the mixture. So are economy and smoother running; greater power, faster pick-up, and so on.

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It provides, for instance, riding qualities of surpassing ease.

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Greatest of all, perhaps, it provides a high degree of reliability. Chalmers cars are noted for the continuity of their daily service.

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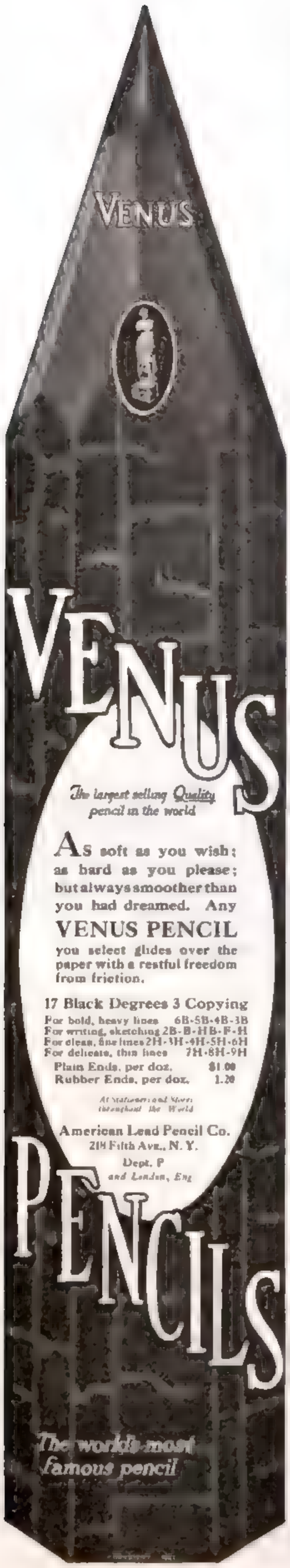
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THE NEW BUSINESS ERA

(Continued from Page 7)

What will it profit us to have a revival in business during the coming year or two if such revival is simply going to be another step along the road to world destruction and world inflation which we have been traveling so long? Many men who have severely suffered from the business reaction of the past year are hoping wistfully for a return of the boom, and seem to think that a prompt resumption of the upward trend in commodity prices and a reawakening of the consuming demand of the type we had in 1919 and early 1920 is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. But real reflection will make one realize that such a development is the last thing which we should wish to happen. It would mean disaster a little later on, and if it persisted for any length of time, then the fear of a world-wide spreading of revolution and Bolshevism would have some basis in fact.

Fortunately, there appears to be just as little chance of our going back to the atmosphere of 1919 and early 1920 in commerce and finance in this country or Europe as there would be of a typical business house starting and carrying on an inflated business boom when in the hands of receivers. Economic law works in full, sooner or later, in spite of delays, obstructions, cross currents or superficial influences. Men follow the lines of least resistance; water finds its level; the inevitable things occur, whether we will or no.

The Interdependence of Nations

To generalize is easy; to harmonize theory with facts is often difficult. But in the present situation the facts make the theory; without the facts which are present the theory might be purely academic or fantastic.

Here are the facts: The governments of the civilized world are in debt to the extent of approximately three hundred billion dollars. The internal wealth of every civilized nation in the world has been capitalized to its very limit. The borrowing capacity of nearly every government has been overstrained; the natural resources, internal assets and general wealth of every civilized community have been tapped and capitalized. The wealth values of every country have been appraised and exploited more or less on the high values of recent times and measured by the recent war values. The currencies of nearly all the great nations of the world have been terribly depreciated and prices as measured in these currencies inflated. Measured by the standards of a generation ago, prices and values have been inflated twice, three times, six times, and in many places twenty or thirty times. Every country of account has a heavy and unmanageable floating debt, besides its fixed debts; in every country the tax burden is oppressive, and likely to continue so for many years to come. We find the whole world in the hands of bankers who are trying by every art and with varied skill to carry civilization out of the vortex into which war and inflation have carried it. No period in the history of mankind has been involved in so gigantic and all-pervading a problem as that which now confronts civilization.

To say, therefore, that the coming decade or two possess anything else of a fundamental nature except liquidation is absurd on its face. How can there be a far-reaching revival of speculation, a world-wide inflation, a further capitalizing of the future years in view of the situation which now confronts us?

It may be answered that though the foregoing description applies fully to Europe, the United States is relatively free from these influences. We Americans are fond of pointing with pride to our great untouched resources, our high standard of intelligence and great normal wealth-producing power, our relatively low government debts as compared to Europe. We think that we are so sufficient to ourselves, and so self-supporting, that we can go on to renewed speculation and progress regardless of the situation in Europe.

But this is far from true. We are involved in the great world vortex and cannot escape it. Our teeming hundred millions are producers and consumers, it is true; but we cannot shut ourselves off from Europe in our trade and in our finances any more than one state of the Union can shut itself off from another. Prosperity could not exist in Ohio side by side with anarchy and revolution in Pennsylvania; nor can prosperity exist in the United States with anarchy and bankruptcy in Great Britain or France. We must all progress or retrogress together, so far as this question of liquidation is concerned.

Now, with the fact accepted that the world has entered or will shortly enter an era of liquidation, what are the prospects presently ahead? How are we to diagnose the situation and how far can we hope for a return of normal prosperity? Must we expect to remain indefinitely in the present unsettled and disturbed state, with rapidly declining prices, restricted output, weak finances, reduced credit and a mounting volume of unemployed labor? Must we sink into a condition of permanent pessimism, or is there some hope in the outlook?

In the writer's opinion, the time to be optimistic is now; a year ago was the time for pessimism. Then we had a vast amount of a certain type of prosperity, but no prospects for the future which we could safely take hold of. To-day we have no prosperity, but our prospects are reassuring in many ways. The thing which has happened this past year, and is still going on both in this country and in Europe, is undoubtedly the turning point which is heading the world away from danger into a path of safety. Real deflation—the starting point of world liquidation—is the best news that mankind has heard in many a long day.

The situation justifies us in being optimists. We are now entering a period in this country—and in time Europe will follow—where all three of the essential factors of prosperity will soon be here in plenty. Crude materials are always here; labor supply is increasing daily, and new capital is once more becoming available.

Capital—or credit—is affected by demand and supply, just as other things are. The price of capital rises and falls as the supply and demand fluctuates. Consequently, interest rates move up or down with advancing or declining commodity prices. In periods of declining prices—when speculation is absent—money becomes a drug on the market, as they say in Wall Street.

Lower Interest Rates Ahead

But a period of deflation, with consequent dullness in business, if at all extended in duration, is sure to sow the seeds of a new prosperity. Already we see signs of this in the situation this spring. Falling prices release bank credits, eliminate debts, promote the more effective use of capital for productive purposes. For example, a cotton mill early in 1920 needed something like two hundred ten thousand dollars of bank accommodation to carry two thousand bales of cotton, one-half with borrowed funds, while now it would need only about one hundred thousand dollars for the same purpose. Falling prices are bound to put interest rates down, just as rising prices put them up.

The banking side of the deflation movement is being reflected week by week throughout the country in no uncertain way. The acute strain in the banking field came before the close of the last year. Ever since then improvement has been indicated, and this improvement is likely to go on, with possible seasonal interruptions, for an indefinite period.

We are also witnessing the effects of deflation in the labor market. Declining costs and slowing business always make for lower labor costs, whether nominal wages are reduced or not. The labor market becomes a buyer's market, just as the commodity market becomes a buyer's market; and efficiency develops as the competition to hold jobs grows, just as better and more efficient selling methods develop as selling competition becomes more keen.

But the kernel of the situation which makes for prosperity in a period of deflation and dullness is its effect upon the activities of the average producer of wealth, whether employer or employee or direct worker. In times of speculation and of high and rising costs real wealth is produced in less and less proportion, and in the last analysis the community is becoming poorer, relatively, rather than richer. When a man can the more easily become personally opulent and successful by marking up prices, cornering markets or profiteering than he can by actually producing, he will naturally follow the line of least resistance, just as the employee will. And during that long period of advancing prices from 1900 to 1920, when the country appeared to be growing wealthy by leaps and bounds, efficiency of production was being slowly lost. In the war period it was lost almost wholly. Men's minds and talents were more and more diverted to the lure of easy effort; reducing costs to the consumer was no longer the keynote of business. The control of markets was the watchword.

The Basis of Prosperity

The period ahead of us, however, should be masked by a return to the old, legitimate methods of production. Men's minds and talents will perforce be turned once more to the urgent necessity of reducing costs and improving the quality of output. Whether from inclination or not, men will do these things, simply because it will be the only sure road to success.

But this only road to success is the one road which assures future prosperity. It is the road that business in this country is already starting on. The plans of American business which will be formulated for the coming few years will be along this line if they are to be successful. It is the line of least resistance.

Many are asking why, after the present acute period of deflation and the liquidation of inventories is largely completed, the period of reviving prosperity will not set in motion another boom and era of speculation, which may approximate the last; why commodity prices will not naturally rise again, and money again become costly and high.

Such a development is very unlikely because of the fact already elaborated on—the urgent and inevitable need for the world to liquidate the war. The fact cannot be too strongly emphasized that we are starting this new era from the peak of world-wide inflation, not from the bottom. It is distinctly unlike an ordinary period of panic and depression, such as we have seen in various countries of the world in times past. After our own panic of 1893, for example, we started our recovery and revival after a few years with a clean financial slate, relatively speaking. Industry in this country had gone practically bankrupt, and was reorganized on a very low basis of capitalization and with very limited debts to carry over. In that period 60-odd per cent of the American railroad system went bankrupt, hundreds of millions of securities were wiped out, thousands of business houses and hundreds of banks were liquidated, and the debts of the country were contracted in every direction. Consequently, the succeeding revival started from the bottom, not the top, and the subsequent rises in prices and ensuing inflation were natural reactions of the depression.

But in this new era the world-wide situation is distinctly different. A normal commercial or financial crash can be liquidated

(Concluded on Page 41)

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(Concluded from Page 38)

within a year or less. Who shall say how long it will take the civilized world to liquidate its present condition? Does anyone assume that the eight or ten months of deflation which we have so far had has laid the foundation for a speculative boom or for a protracted rise in commodity prices?

On the contrary. Leaving aside for a moment the fundamental facts which I have been trying to outline, let us consider here the immediate influences which will naturally affect the course of trade and industry in this country during the next few years.

For example, take our foreign trade situation. If we do not do a large amount of foreign financing our exports with outside countries will dwindle, and this will be a depressing trade factor. If we do finance a large amount of foreign exports, then we must be prepared to receive increasing imports from abroad, for this is the only way on earth that foreign nations can pay for the goods they receive from us; it is the only way in which, in the course of time, they can settle their debts to us. And if imports from Europe are large their low prices will enter into competition with ours and keep our prices relatively low also.

Delicate Tariff Questions

If it is decided to keep imports curtailed or eliminated by high tariff walls, then the situation will continue acute. We shall lose all chance of increasing our foreign markets in volume, and Europe will indefinitely remain in debt to us for huge sums. If, in spite of such restrictions, Europe ultimately gets on her feet, survives and begins paying her debts to us, there will be an inflow of goods from abroad, regardless of tariffs, which will extend over several decades of time before the accounts are balanced. If tariff walls should be built so high that foreign trade as a whole would be stifled, then an era of inflation in this country would be still more difficult. But such a situation as this could hardly be visualized. Tariffs or no tariffs, we must in some way receive from Europe, during the coming years, billions of dollars of goods at moderate prices.

As for starting a new era of domestic capitalization and overcapitalization on a large scale, what chance is there? Our railroad industry, the center of speculative capital for fifty years, has now reached a position where inflation of railroad values is out of the question; the future of the railroads is tied directly to the hope of developing efficiency and economy in operation. Our public utility industry is in the same relative position; steel and iron, copper, petroleum, rubber, hides and leather, food supplies, household goods and hundreds of manufacturing and distributing activities have all, in recent years, gone far along the lines of controlling markets and capitalizing their assets and earning power. They must now, for future prosperity, turn more earnestly to efficient methods of production and distribution. And the same story can be told of most other activities. Artificial prices are things of the past for the farmers; agriculture, during the coming years, must become more intensive, its methods more efficient.

In fact, whichever way we turn, we find that the way out from the present situation is not the inflation way, but the producing way. Sporadic booms will come in certain lines of activity; commodities will have their natural rises and falls as a result of seasonal conditions, large or small crops and other developments of like nature. The present slump in prices will no doubt be followed by the natural swinging of the pendulum, and this perhaps within a few months; but as for the return of the condition which existed a year or so ago, this is extremely unlikely.

The way out for Europe, in its present distressed condition, is practically the same. It is the producing way. As yet Europe has not struggled out of the miasma caused by the war. She has not as yet progressed far enough to pay her way at all. She is holding herself up by her boot straps. But she can only get out of the woods through the path of production. The Allies hope to make Germany pay for a part of the cost of the war, and Germany should pay. But Germany can only pay by labor, by wealth production; just as all the other war-ridden nations, including ourselves, can only pay by increased production of wealth.

That the world will in time be liquidated and placed on its feet by the labor of men and the sweat of men's brows is a fundamental fact which we must all have faith in. Eruptions may occur, setbacks take place, revolutions come and go, debts may even be repudiated, but the liquidation of the war inflation will nevertheless go on in one form or another and have its effect on the course of economic history during the coming generations. And a marked effect will be the elimination of all inflation periods such as we have recently been through.

This fundamental fact is the shining star of the period which we are now entering in this country. The present process of deflation may be interrupted this year; there may be a revival of business accompanied by recovery in average commodity prices; interest rates may hold relatively high for some time to come, and perhaps an autumn stringency may develop. But such tendencies will be short-lived and temporary; the trend will again be downward in a little while.

But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that this prediction of a long downward trend in commodity and money prices does not presage an absence of real prosperity. On the contrary, as already pointed out, it implies prosperity. Every day, with declining prices, the cost of living is falling and the buying power of the dollar increasing. Thus falling wages are not curtailing the consuming power of the masses at all; stationary wages are increasing that consuming power. And as industry revives at lower levels, and the cost of living recedes, a relatively full consuming power will be maintained. Further than this, the profits of merchants and manufacturers on smaller margins but in greater volume always make for prosperity.

And indeed the facts of the moment are optimistic enough to justify us in expecting a substantial business revival presently. We entered the present business depression via the road of overextended credits, and we shall presently run out of it via sound credits and by the stimulating power of increasing capital or loanable funds. Prices have already declined sufficiently to release ultimately billions of dollars of working capital and make it available for new uses.

Idle capital will cure this business depression just as it has cured many a depression before. The remedies and reforms proposed by legislators and Congresses seldom accomplish much; but economic forces are irresistible, and they are now working in our favor. Presently idle capital, by way of finding employment, will naturally be used to buy materials at bargain prices and to reëmploy labor on a more efficient basis; and this implies business or industrial revival. Every plant that thus starts up in quest of profits gives business to other plants, and thus gradually the waves of reëmployment and new buying spread from plant to plant, from city to city, from section to section. It is habitually in this way that idle capital, reacting upon materials and labor, draws us out of a business depression.

Replacement Costs Decreasing

The pith of the condition of business at the moment is the universal effort on the part of business men and producing organizations to collect receivables and move inventories. Both operations, the collection of receivables and the moving of inventories, are a part of the process of realizing upon current assets. The difficulty is that commodity prices of all kinds have declined so rapidly that everyone from farmer to retail dealer is faced with the prospect of selling high-cost products at low prices. All naturally hesitate before taking such losses, and so it is that inventories move slowly. The liquidation of debts waits upon inventories, because it is with the proceeds that the debts must be paid.

Nevertheless, collections are steadily increasing and debts are being liquidated; the rediscounts or borrowings between Federal Reserve Banks indicate the progress which is being made. Now the chief effect of these collections is bound to be an accumulation of capital, for mercantile and productive business in hard times releases capital instead of absorbing it. It does so largely because of the downward movement of prices, and of the fact that every new stock of goods costs less than did the old stock which it replaces.

Improving labor efficiency, in conjunction with the present and growing cheapness of raw materials and the coming idleness and relative cheapness of capital, absolutely opens the way for a revival of business activity.

Profits and margins of profit began to shrink last fall, and largely disappeared in December, January and February; but through the process just outlined they seem certain to reappear promptly. Both difficulty and competitive conditions make not only for greater efficiency of labor but also for prompt improvement in character and quality of management. A year ago a management found it easier to boost prices than to use brains and creative intelligence. Such is not the case to-day.

Thus a situation is developing for calling forth the real energies of labor and managements, and seedtime furnishes the opportunity for this energy to get to work. What the country needs to start the ball of business activity rolling is the initial impulse, and this may be furnished by the planting operations of the spring. Agriculture is still our great basic industry, and it is the principal source not only of our primary wealth but also of our business vitality. Plowing and planting will not wait, whether general business is depressed or otherwise, and there always occurs an extensive reëmployment on the farms during the spring. In the typical year the amount of work performed on the farm is nearly twice as great in March as in February, and almost twice as great in May as in March. The power of this initial impulse is indicated by the fact that of forty-six million seven hundred twenty-five thousand persons engaged in gainful occupations in the United States, about thirteen million fifty-two thousand are engaged in agriculture.

Better Times Coming

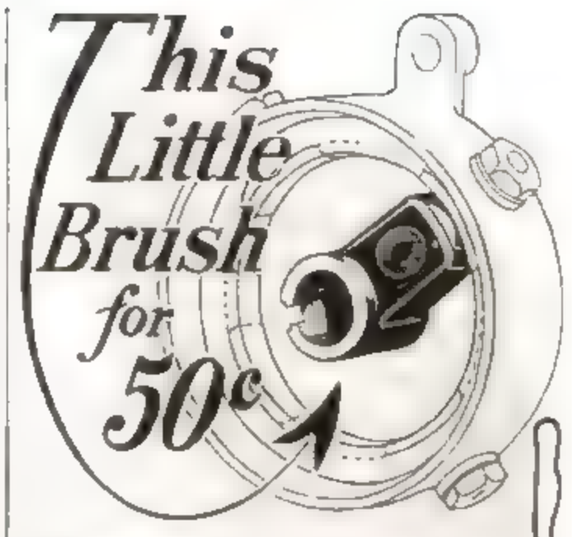
The preparatory conditions for a revival of trade then are sufficient materials, labor and capital, and the initial impulse to start the movement, which in the present instance may well prove to be the spring planting. This agricultural activity, too, is sure to have an effect on other industries. The buying of goods by the farmer revives in March and expands steadily during April and May. Then, too, such construction business as is urgent must be prepared for during the spring and early summer, and this helps to impart life to industry.

As business activity awakens and spreads from one industry to another the demand for goods and products will of course revive. Correspondingly, material prices will slowly stabilize, especially as idle capital tends more and more to be invested in cheap materials. Indeed, as soon as it becomes evident that prices of materials are not going lower the accumulation of them is bound to be accelerated.

One must, of course, sharply distinguish between raw materials and finished goods. The prices of the latter have not thus far fallen in full proportion to the decline in costs of production. Liquidation and competition this spring are likely to enforce lower and lower prices for finished goods until the latter get down to the basis of cost plus fair profits. If this readjustment is completed largely by the late summer it is about all that one can expect, for such readjustments always take long periods of months.

The recovery in business activity and price stabilization is, of course, certain to be slower in some materials and goods than in others. For example, cotton and its products are usually prompt in recovering from a business depression, because cotton is the clothing of the masses. On the other hand, steel continues to decline long after the bottom of a business depression is reached, because it is largely used in the construction of additional building and plant capacity, whereas such capacity is not needed until general consumption increases enough to employ fully the existing capacity.

A vital point in viewing the near-by future and the pending turn in trade and industry is that after the initial impulse the revival is sure to gain momentum. When once the typical industries begin accumulating materials and reëmploying labor, their competitors or followers will do likewise, and so on all down the line. By the last quarter of the present year this momentum, assuming successful crops and no unexpected financial catastrophe abroad or elsewhere, ought to be plainly evident.



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CURRENCY CRŒSUSES

(Continued from Page 22)

and only a fraction more than that of 1918–19. The extra profits of 4,481,091,780 marks, which were 83.5 per cent on capital, were not due to increased creation of wealth. They were a gift of the great god Currency Inflation.

The largesse of the great god was extended even more liberally to stock speculators. Inflation annulled once and for all the salutary tradition that even speculators do not get their money for nothing, but because—flukes excepted—of profound study of economic tendencies, sound judgment, hard experience and unfailing watchfulness. The stock speculators were enriched without any merit or effort. Bad speculators did as well as good speculators. All speculators were bulls. They had to be, because after a few months of the paper inundation it was accepted as a commonplace that inflation must send stocks uninterruptedly up. This suited the outsider, and the tyro, who at all times is temperamentally a bull. A sold to B and took his profits; B waited for a further rise and sold at a profit to C, and so on. So fortunes were made without any qualifications at all, except a modest sum in capital and a firm faith that the national currency was marching to ruin, and that as a result of this the individual citizen must have unexampled chances of marching to millionairedom.

The Worse, the Better

Germans who invented for the chronic price rise the neat expression, "the flight from the mark," invented for the stock rise the still neater designation, "the catastrophe boom." The catastrophe boom does not elevate state loans and fixed-interest-bearing bonds. As currency depreciates these pay only the old interest in ever-weaker money, and there is no incentive to buy them. It elevates the dividend-bearing stocks of corporations that own genuine property. In principle it is the same as the flight from the mark and the Junkers' transfiguration. Like the Junkers' ancestral acres, so also industrial property rises in value in measure as mere money falls. The corporation's capital, being in paper marks, drops ever more and more below the realizable value of its assets, and inevitably the Bourse quotation goes up. Even the stocks of nondividend payers rise, as the public buys for the liquidation value of the assets. There is one corporation which has paid no dividend since it was founded in 1911, but has its stock quoted on the Berlin Bourse at 275 above par.

The psychology of the catastrophe boom is "The worse, the better!" Any event that threatens the shaky currency is a bull factor, sending stocks up; anything that foreshadows monetary restoration produces depression and a reaction. A good Reichsbank weekly statement showing a decrease in the credit strain is bad stock-exchange news; a bad statement revealing that a couple of billions of fresh bank notes have been circulated is a boom factor. The one real recession in stock prices that has occurred since the revolution was started in March, 1920, by the Allies' well-meant but, for the bulls, inconsiderate statement that they would help Germany to her legs. This led to a brief but vicious bear movement, remembered with terror as the recuperation slump. When, on the first open-Bourse day of the present year, Wilhelmstrasse was saluted with a batch of highly unpleasant French diplomatic notes stocks boomed; when a London cable came next day reporting British official statements that Germany was doing her best and should be given a chance stocks drooped.

It is because Germany has nearly always had bad news in the two years that have followed the armistice that the catastrophe boom has been almost continuous. The worst news and the most emphatic boom have been simultaneous since September, 1919. In that month the Finance Ministry restored freedom of trading in foreign exchange. Distrusters of the currency rushed to put their distrust into effect by buying up dollars, pounds, gulden, Swiss francs and Scandinavian crowns; and the mark exchange, which had sagged badly even before then, took a big plunge down. From that event dates the catastrophe boom proper. On September 1, 1919, the quotation value of twenty-five leading industrial stocks which are usually taken as an index was 3211. On January 1, 1920, it was 6123. On December thirty-first last it was 15,738. At the close of 1920 more than a dozen stocks whose nominal value is 100 were quoted on the Berlin Bourse at more than 1000. A few stocks of the same nominal value are now quoted at more than 2000; and there are two German-colonial stocks which oscillate between 8000 and 10,000. As compared with quotations at the beginning of the war, the majority of stocks are between 300 and 800 per cent up. Here are a few specimens, all stocks of big and first-rank corporations:

	JUNE 15, 1914	DECEMBER 31, 1920
Bismarckhuette (Silesian Steel)	141	735
Harpener (Western Steel)	177	555
Phœnix Co. (Western Steel)	235	655
Rhenish Metal Co.	101	376
Deutsche Erdoel (Oil)	209	2,690
Deutsche Petroleum	441	2,100
Otavi (Colonial)	117	718

These figures represent the rise of six and a half years. But in a few months of 1920 inflation drove some stocks up even more. The lowest and highest quotations in 1920 of the German East Africa Railroad Company were 499 and 1460; of the Baroper Rolling Mill Company, 209 and 1110; of the Buderus Iron Company, 217 and 950; of the Friedrichs Smelting Company, 430 and 1575; of the Hoesch Steel Company, 280 and 1070; and of the Concordia Chemicals Company, 284 and 1000. As all these stocks were bought mostly on margins, there being practically no risk, owing to the continuous rise, bull speculators in a few months could reap on their capital several thousand per cent. How much money was made in 1920 no man knows, because there is no record of the amount of margins. But the total quotation value of stocks quoted on the Berlin exchange—a fraction of all industrial stocks—rose 150,000,000,000 marks during the year, all of which money slipped unearned into the pockets of permanent holders of these stocks, or of successive bull traders through whose hands they passed during their catastrophe course.

Frenzy for Speculation

Speculation breeds speculation. As the universal boom was advertised ever more and more in the press, and its easy secrets were revealed to a public which formerly shunned speculation as something remote and incomprehensible, the number of plungers rapidly grew. Manufacturers and merchants have rushed into speculation. Their motives are simple and convincing. The oscillations of the currency and of the foreign exchanges, they observe, have made speculation the greatest factor in legitimate business. If a German maker of electrical machinery contracts to supply a Dane with cables six months hence at a price fixed now, this deal is secondarily business, but it is primarily speculation. Before the cables are ready the inflation may have sent up wages twofold and a drop in the mark's exchange may have sent up American copper threefold. It is the inflation and the exchanges, both speculative factors, which will in the end determine whether the transaction is to yield profit or loss. To protect himself the manufacturer must buy or sell foreign exchange for future settlement, and that is a speculation. Having done it once or twice, he wakes up to the fact that his supposed manufacturing deal is mainly a financial gamble; and he decides that he would do better if he abandoned altogether the laborious manufacturing side and devoted his brains and capital to direct speculation.

The outside public speculates phrenetically. Its main capital is an unshakable faith in the inevitable catastrophe and in the infallible boom. Lawyers, doctors, actors, country parsons and *Tippfräulein*—lady stenographers—speculate. Last spring these classes speculated so wildly that clerks in the banks, which here do most stockbrokers' work, sat at their desks in two shifts till four in the morning; and when that expedient failed the congested Bourse had to be closed on two days of the week. The Burgstrasse, which is Berlin's Wall Street, is daily crowded with citizens

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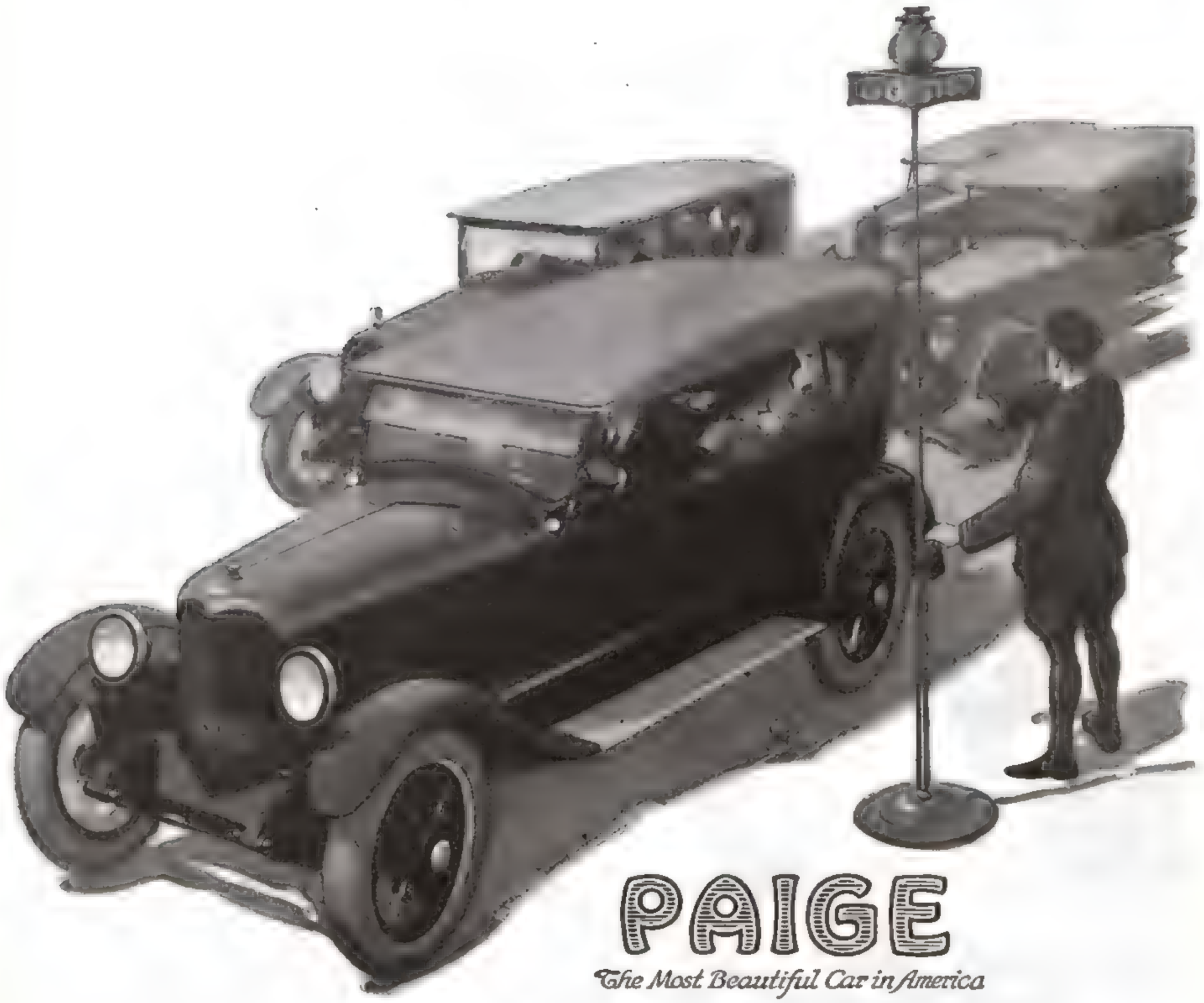

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Cord Tires Extra

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

Reasonably priced? Yes!
But Printzess retains quality

In a season when the unknown makers of women's tailored clothes are tempted to lower price by skimping quality, the Printzess Label is more than ever your guide to value.

The modest price tags on all Printzess spring models tell their pleasing story of economy; but the label also tells its story of the unvarying Printzess quality, hidden as well as visible—all-wool fabrics of lasting loveliness, luxurious linings and skilful, painstaking tailoring which assure permanent smartness of line and enduring charm.

You will be pleased with the reasonable cost on the day you buy your Printzess suit or coat, but you will be still more pleased months hence when you see how it has retained its original chic and freshness.

Among the many charming models on display at the Printzess store in your city, you will find the one especially designed for you.

If you don't know the dealer's name, write us.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY
Paris CLEVELAND New York

Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS

(Concluded from Page 42)

drunk with the unfailing elixir of enrichment, which is labeled convincingly "Buy and wait!" Men get rich from a childish ignorance which if shown in Wall Street would bring bankruptcy in a week. One of the representative old gentlemen in Bavaria just now is the former janitor of the Siemens works at Siemenstown, near Berlin, a certain Johann Groddeck, who invested 14,000 marks, saved from his janitor's pittance in thirty years, in stock of the Deutsche Erdoel Company. He was tired of being poor, he later told Munich reporters, and resolved upon a single magnificent gamble, after which he would either buy the palace of a smashed Wittelsbach princelet or apply for a pauper's pension. On January thirteenth the stock sold at 533. It went up steadily, and with his paper profits the janitor bought more. On March thirty-first it fetched 847. A prudent man in a sound-currency country would have then got out; but in an unsound-currency country prudent men stay in; and the janitor bought still more. On September thirtieth Erdoel fetched 1960. Groddeck was loaded to the neck, and as his margins were the narrowest his broker would tolerate, his position—in a sound-currency country—would have been more than precarious; a single considerable recession would have sent him after his pauper's pension. He stayed in, and bought ever more. In December, 1920, the stock reached 2690; and the ex-janitor, being pessimistically influenced by the pro-German statement of a British minister, got out slowly without upsetting the market and took off to Bavaria his profits of 5,500,000 marks. As a speculator he was a hopelessly incompetent muddler, who in New York or London would have got poor quickly with the sureness of a multiplication sum. But it is not speculative ability, industry or experience; it is the automatic operation of inflation which turns the post-revolution speculator into a millionaire.

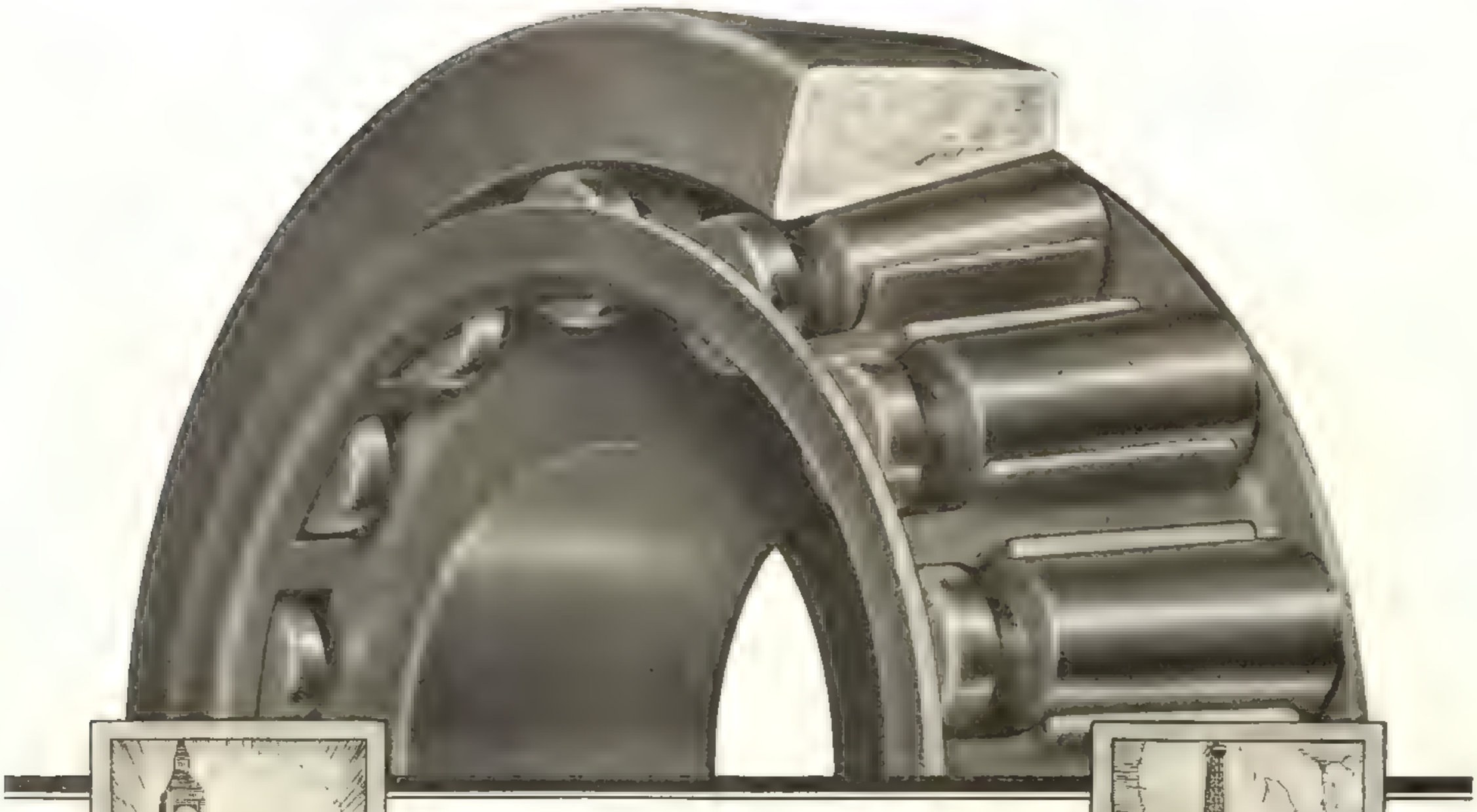
Taxation in Germany

Taxation completes the process. This sounds like a paradox, but it is no more a paradox than is the combination of catastrophe and boom. The revolution's fiscal system, inspired by ultra-democrats and administered mostly by socialist ministers, intensifies the irresistible shift of wealth. The tax leviers set to work bravely. In the second half of 1919 Finance Minister Erzberger rushed through the National Assembly the most drastic taxes in history, and amended the old taxes, making them more drastic than ever. He put through a federal income tax, replacing the old state income taxes, a new tax on increment of income, a land-transfer tax, an estate-and-succession duty, a tax on corporations, a tax on dividends and interest, a tax on future increments of wealth, a state emergency levy and a tax on the increment of wealth during the war. The emergency levy and the tax on war increments had the special aim of expropriating the greater part of the property of rich citizens. The levy was to yield 50,000,000,000 marks. It exempted only property worth less than 5000 marks; began on property worth more than that sum with a 10 per cent rate, and rose progressively until 65 per cent of property worth more than 7,000,000 marks was taken. The war increment tax was severer still. It began with a mild 10 per cent, but rose so rapidly that of property exceeding 375,000 marks 100 per cent was taken, and under no circumstances could a citizen keep more than 172,000 marks—at present exchange a little more than $2000—of wealth acquired during the war. The tax meant ruin to the war millionaires. Hugo Stinnes, Germany's Rockefeller, amassed 100,000,000 marks of his altogether much greater wealth during the war. Of the 100,000,000 he was to pay up 99,828,000 marks. The entirely new-baked millionaires, who unlike Stinnes had nothing at all before the war, would qualify for old-age pensions. By these drastic taxes the state finances were to be put in order, the burden was to be transferred from the poor to the rich and state solvency and social justice were to be the happy fruits.

Who are the Losers?

The inflation upset the whole plan. Erzberger's laws proclaimed that for the emergency levy property should be assessed at its value of December 31, 1919, and for the war increment tax at the value of June 30, 1919. But the taxes could not be collected at these dates. The government unthinkingly abolished the old local taxation mechanism, without reflecting that it would take eighteen months to create the new centralized mechanism, and that meantime the inflation would continue and send all nominal values up. The inflation did continue, and property, according to kind, rose threefold, fourfold or fivefold in value. The 100,000,000 marks in industrial stocks bought by Stinnes out of his war profits is worth 400,000,000 marks to-day; but the tax, being assessed on the value of eighteen months ago, remains 99,828,000 marks. Instead of saving only 0.17 per cent of his property, the war millionaire therefore saves 75 per cent. The same happy deliverance has been given to all other rich men who own land, stocks, factories or salable goods. Nominally the state will receive in taxes the amount which it expected to receive. But as its expenditure since the laws were passed has increased threefold, and as the buying power of the revenue has declined correspondingly, its financial estimates were entirely put out of joint; and the unexpected result is a deficit of 80,000,000,000 marks in the current financial year.

In the past two years thousands of persons in Germany have amassed enormous wealth. But as Germany as a whole is not richer, somebody must have lost. Ultimately the loser is not the state. It is the foolish or helpless class which has continued to own mere money. The state, taxes or no taxes, must pay its salaries, pay for its materials and pay for its general administration costs. It pays them by resorting further to the note-printing press. And this procedure, while adding still more to the new riches of debtors, landowners and industrial concerns, impoverishes still more the classes with bank deposits, state-loan stock and fixed-interest bonds. Nominally the incomes and capital of these classes remain unchanged; in real value—in buying power, that is—they become ever and ever less. The money has gone into the pockets of the inflation Crœsuses. So Germany is being rapidly transformed into a country of multimillionaires and of paupers. That is the chief economical result so far of the lost war and the revolution. The paradoxical process lies in the very nature of paper finance, and there is no sign of its ever coming to an end.



Timken Superiority Recognized Abroad

Napier, Darracq, Carlo Rotta, Daimler, Berliet, Vauxhall, Singer, Grahame-White, Leyland, Wolseley, Motola Verkstad, and other foreign automobiles, trucks, and tractors—69 in all—are equipped with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings

Before August first, 1914, engineers in England and Europe gave little thought to any type of anti-friction bearing other than what they were using.

Then came the war.

Many, many thousands of American-made automobiles, trucks, and tractors equipped with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings were rushed to Europe. And through all the stress and strain of war English, French, Italian, and German engineers had an unusual opportunity to watch Timken performance.

They saw Timkens carry *greater* loads, size for size, than other bearings. And they saw them carry properly *all* loads no matter from what direction they came.

They saw Timkens withstand the *highest speeds* and most *constant* and *gruelling* service.

And when Timkens showed signs of wear—as all bearings *do* wear, because wherever there is motion there *must* be wear—they saw them made to function as if they were new by the means of a simple adjustment or take-up easily and quickly made.

As a result, today 69 foreign builders—a tremendous majority—of automobiles, trucks, and tractors are using Timken Tapered Roller Bearings manufactured in our plants at Birmingham, England, and Paris, France.

The Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, Ohio

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Tractors Trailers, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances

TIMKEN *Tapered* ROLLER BEARINGS

Greater
HOTEL SHERMAN
Randolph Street at Clark CHICAGO

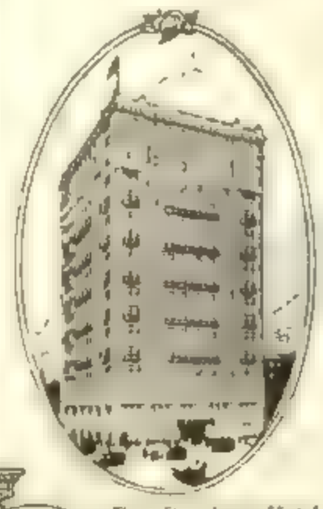
Now 1000 Rooms—with Bath
Reasonable Rates

Hotel Sherman charges, in all departments, are noticeably lower than those of other leading metropolitan hotels. This is one reason why our patronage has grown so rapidly that recently we have had to add three full floors of guest rooms, now ready for occupancy.

Separate floor service, with mail and key instantly available, is a feature which appeals particularly to the woman guest.

Home of the College Inn

Famous stars of the stage and screen make Hotel Sherman, and its world-known restaurant, The College Inn, their rendezvous.



Fort Dearborn Hotel Chicago

Rates—Rooms with bath from $3.50 to $5.00 a day for one person and $5.00 to $8.00 for two.

Fort Dearborn Hotel
Van Buren at La Salle

Just across from Chicago's famous Board of Trade and the La Salle Street Station. Five hundred and fifty rooms, all with private bath or private toilet. Rates $2.50 and $3.00 a day.

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY

THE GOLDEN IDOL

(Continued from Page 11)

There was a funeral going on in his heart, but there were no signs of mourning in his tired young face; only a stony watchfulness, that heavy, expressionless stare.

She had apologized for him to another man. She had even found lies necessary to hide her humiliation at being his wife. She could see no glory in being poor but cleanly honest. There were dirty, sly little ways of making money. They are always being presented to a small stockbroker. They had come his way, and he had deliberately refrained for glory in her and because of her.

She had been his star, his shrine. Seeing her in the grossness of her materialism, he could have laughed. Little, sly, cunning ways of making twenties and thirties—and he had turned them down and chosen to come to her at the end of the day clean and unspotted, a sort of young knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*. What a poor fool she would have thought him if she'd known, borrowing five shillings from her people, scrupulously paying it back. Lord, what a potty, sinister sort of affair life was!

"You shan't let me down, Sandy! You shan't!"

She defended her pride with the ferocity of a mother defending her young.

"What did you tell this fellow about us?"

She told him. He could see her whole sybarite nature fondling and slavering the illusion. She was miles away from him in the miasma he had failed to make a reality. A putty woman with a soul of sawdust and a mind that tinkled—and he had worshiped her!

"So it's clothes and food and things you want!"

She had stripped her reticence, shaled her last bit of pretty make-believe before the burning fire of her desires.

"I do! I'm pretty, Sandy—it's natural."

"You're beautiful! You must have had a thin time."

"I have!"

This left no mark on his cold dislike of her.

"And you think this chap can introduce me to people who'll help me make money?"

"Sandy, I'm sure!"

"Very well, I'll go. You'll want a dress."

"I thought ——"

"If you'll leave it to me I'll get you one."

"But, Sandy ——"

"On no other condition."

"V-very well!"

She stared. He looked the same, yet she was aware of hidden alchemy. She bent towards him over the shabby little table, sure of herself and her control of him, mellow in her shining goldenness.

"Sandy, dear, this is the beginning."

"Perhaps you're right."

"This is the dress."

Affrighted, she tore off the paper. Sandy choosing dresses! She had been made to yield. Sandy liked a woman in black. For hours she had sat in the little flat ravaged by despair.

"Oh, Sandy!"

It was wrenched from her. Her hair was already done, a piled golden marvel. Her cheap flannel wrapper, pink with the horrible blue tinge in it, destined for the very poor, could not hide the beauty of her creamy throat.

"Sandy! What on earth did it cost?"

Under the ugly wrapper her gorgeous breast rose and fell as it had never done for his kisses. She was sensuous, intoxicating in her delight.

"That is my affair. It will suit you."

She clung to him, then she flew back to the rust-and-gold dress. It was a Jenny model. He had sold his office furniture, two typewriters and a roll-top desk to pay for it and the gold shoes—cloth of gold and nut-colored chiffon, gold shoes and stockings for a golden woman. Her eyes were wide with admiration and curiosity. He was the jackal's mate who had brought back the lion's skin.

"Oh, Sandy darling, how did you do it?"

He sat down on the armchair with the broken springs and the greasy chintz.

"I shall look wonderful!"

He said, laughing: "I have burned my boats behind me. I must have success tonight."

She came and sat on his lap and nestled up to him. Her hair was faintly perfumed, like bean fields after the rain. If she had done it like this before she thrust her feet of clay at him he would have ached with gratitude and inarticulate love and reverence. Now he was dead—or she was dead. Something was dead. She was a lump, a clod upon his knee.

"We must dress, Cora."

He was gentle. She carried her ecstasies back to the dress, where her eyes had been all the time.

"You look wonderful, Cora, a golden idol."

"Sandy called me that."

Charles Cass looked at her in that queer withdrawn way. He became a human conning tower; the personality of the man was hidden behind this abstracted observation.

"One makes sacrifices to idols."

"You don't think Sandy has?"

"I do think Sandy has."

The laughter dropped from her face like a mask. A quiver of vague apprehension rippled across it.

"One must make sacrifices to be free."

He was enigmatic.

"Free? I don't understand."

But he had set her a problem. She quested the answer all the way home in the bus. She was aware of vague disquiet. Sandy had always been hers, absolutely hers. Later, lying in the moonlight in bed, she sought to draw him.

"I created quite a sensation, Sandy."

"Yes."

He turned to look at her. Her marcelled hair rippled in a golden fleece over the pillow. He looked through and beyond her. She looked at him. The silence between them was like the silence of something newly dead.

"Did—did you make any arrangements with Charles?"

"Yes, I am to lunch with him and Laghorn at Pangani's to-morrow. If I could transact Laghorn's financial business for him I'd be all right—buying and selling for two or three rich men, and that's the making of men like myself."

"Cass liked you. I heard him asking you about the car."

"Well, I lied like a trooper. I said we went to Italy last winter. Juicy lies I told him."

"I heard."

"I like Charles Cass."

"Sandy, boy, this—this hasn't made any difference to us?"

"My dear, there never was any us. There was you and me—that isn't us."

About dawn she woke him. Her eyes were vaguely frightened in her tired face.

"Sandy, boy, take me in your arms. I don't know what it is—something."

He took her in his arms unemotionally and fell asleep again instantly.

It took her days to realize that she had lost him—that the old Sandy Washburn, shy, boyish, adoring, reverential, self-doubting, had eluded her and in his place stood a mature stranger magician who made dreams come true.

She said to Charles Cass, "Sandy has changed."

"He's found his feet."

"Don't you see he's changed? He's keener on money."

"Isn't that what you'd have? Have you seen his new office?"

"Yes. I don't like it as—as much as the old."

"I never saw the old one, but this is pretty sumptuous."

"Is Lea Hewson going into partnership with him, Charles?"

"I think. It's so practically settled. Sandy is settled for life. The wife of a future Midas, Cora—the part suits you."

She stood there in her new fur coat, hat and shoes, and stared at him with a new, bleak hunger on her lovely face.

"Could you love me, Charles?"

"Never, Cora!"

"What—killed it?"

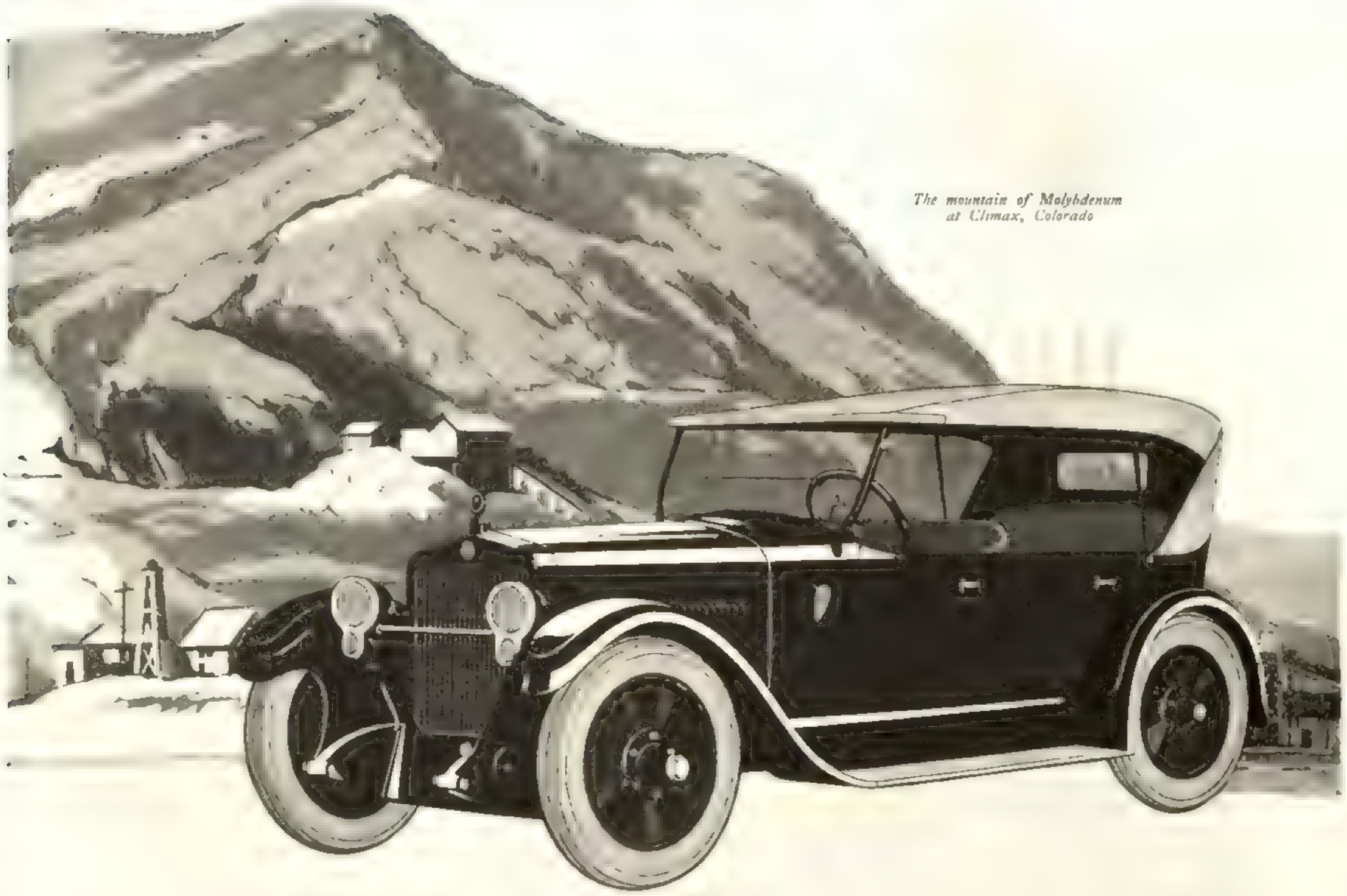
"A brazen avarice. The touch of the golden idol. There's nothing illusive about you, Cora. You demand certain concrete and material things of life—and you obtain them."

Her scared eyes swung round on him.

"I want Sandy."

In her frightened loneliness, just grasped and understood, she was not even aware that he was again a human conning tower—watching her.

(Concluded on Page 48)



The mountain of Molybdenum at Climax, Colorado

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

The First ALL Mo-lyb-den-um *Steel Car*

The entire automotive industry has been looking forward with a lively interest to the announcement of the first all Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel Motor Car. It is with a distinct pleasure that we can now make known the name of this automobile and its manufacturer.

It is the Wills Sainte Claire, built by C. H. Wills & Company in Marysville, Michigan. The motor is V type, eight cylinders, set at an angle of sixty degrees. The valves and camshafts are of the overhead construction. The car has a wheelbase of 121 inches and weighs approximately 3000 pounds.

In keeping with the engineering forecasts, this car has set wonderful new standards in the building of better automobiles. The tests made and the records of power, stamina and economy set by the Wills Sainte Claire are truly remarkable. However, C. H. Wills & Company desire to have you see these tests yourself. You are cordially invited to a demonstration at the Wills agency in your town. It is by the favor of your opinion that this car, built of Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel, is to be judged.

Other cars made of Mo-*lyb*-den-um Steel will soon be announced. The largest deposits of Mo-*lyb*-den-um in the world are at Climax, Colorado. This unlimited supply has, for the first time, made America independent of importations of foreign alloys. It has made possible the American Super-Steel, and has set a new standard in the fashioning of fine cars.

CLIMAX MOLYBDENUM COMPANY, 61 Broadway, New York, N.Y., *Associated with* The American Metal Company, Limited

Climax Molybdenum Company is the Largest Producer of Molybdenum in the World

Mo-lyb-den-um Steel

The American Super Steel

The Label That Means 100% Virgin Wool

Your overcoat is one of your truly important possessions! For at least five months in the year it is the thing of outstanding importance. It really should be regarded in the same category as your selection of a home or of a motor car. For the function it performs in your service is just as important as either of these.

This may seem a long time in advance for you to be thinking about your overcoat. Yet while your investment is only a small fraction of that required for a home or a car, remember that all winter long your overcoat represents about five-eighths of your exterior appearance.

The green and black Patrick-Duluth label means that nothing finer in an overcoat can be produced. It stands for *all virgin wool* from sheep that thrive in the snow.

And all virgin wool means as much to you in your overcoat as the choice chrome nickel steel in a high-grade motor car.

There is a wide range of styles in the Patrick line to meet the selection of the most exacting —both for men and boys. There are also a number of smart models for women.

There is also a complete line of mackinaws for men and boys, blankets, auto and steamer robes, sweaters, caps and hosiery — each bearing the Patrick-Duluth green and black label—a sign of all virgin wool.

The new Patrick-Duluth catalog is now in the course of preparation. A copy will gladly be sent you a little later, upon request.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

Sole Manufacturers of both Cloth and Garments

Duluth **Minnesota**

(Concluded from Page 46)

"Sandy is not concrete and material."

"I—I used to think he was."

Fascinated, the student of human nature watched that new thing fluttering in her troubled eyes. It was her soul, her heart, her inner consciousness. In his cool, interested detachment Charles Cass recognized it without defining it.

"I believe you did it!"

"My dear Cora, did what?"

"Took Sandy from me."

Into his analytical mind leaped the memory of the scar she had made in his life, but the memory was like the recollection of a physical scar long healed. He had difficulty in associating it with himself. Overpowering curiosity in human psychology had urged him to pick up old threads with her again. He had been a red-blooded crazy idealist when he met her, and sudden sickening realization of her real character had turned his emotionalism and introspection into the quieter, grayer channels of study and analysis. Knowledge of her had turned life from an adventure into a carnival in which he never joined, only observed.

"When do you move into your new house?"

"To-morrow." She bit off the word and threw it at him.

"I shall hope to pay my respects early."

"I—oh, Charles, I want Sandy back!"

It was absurd, there in the Savoy, with all the waiters and people moving about, the sumptuous artificiality, this sudden drastic humanizing and warming of a golden idol.

Infinitely uncomfortable, he said: "I didn't take him from you. He had a flair for finance—that's all you can say. Only a mediocre man can divide himself up." He was squirming with annoyance.

High keyed to some motive he could not discover, she urged him to come to dinner that night.

"I'll cook the dinner myself."

"You! You couldn't! What would your staff say?"

"You'll see! You'll see! Do come, Charles—our last night in the old home."

He thrilled to her thrill. She was an inspiring vision of a woman offering herself as holocaust, immolating herself on an invisible and unnamed altar. There was a radiancy, an abandon about her.

"Here is the address—on that envelope. I'll surprise you."

She took something from her purse, pushed it across to him and was gone. The address did not surprise him. He had heard it from an old Putney acquaintance who still wrote to him in Africa. He knew just where to find it. His immeasurable surprise was for her.

The sacrifice she was prepared to make was not of herself, but of her dominant characteristic—her arrogant pride. She was prepared to shred it to bits before Sandy Washburn, to prove its worthlessness.

Loving Sandy, she wanted him for the first time in her life. She was in love with him, and at her feet, surrounding her and coming to her, were all the things for which she would have sacrificed or abandoned him at any moment during their married life, and worthless beside her new and dominant desire for the soul and heart and interest of Sandy Washburn.

In the vivid phraseology of the popular novelist, she was a woman awake and aflame. Her wonder was in her exquisite heart-shaped face, her great golden-brown eyes as she moved about the tawdry, dingy little Battersea flat. She did not choose any of the new models from the smart shops where her eager fancy had led her. She left them huddled in the shabby wardrobe and chose a cheap blue gaberdine coat frock she had not worn since their sudden prosperity. Sandy had liked her in it. It had been his favorite.

To-morrow she would have a cook, a housemaid and a parlor maid; to-night might well be the last time she would cook her own dinner in her life. It had the lingering charm, the sweet sadness of a last rite.

Over and over again as she peeled the potatoes, as she mixed mustard, as she broke macaroni into a cracked pudding basin, Cora imagined Sandy's face when she should say to him, "Charles Cass is coming to dinner to-night."

Her quickened imagination saw the old Sandy, boyish, diffident; adoring, step through the new self-sufficing, detached Sandy who was oblivious of her.

"You don't mind his coming here—his seeing—his knowing?"

"Oh, Sandy, I was a fool! I'm going to tell Charles Cass everything to-night!"

In her imagination his delighted astonishment crowned and exalted her. By the downthrow of her arrogant pride she secured Sandy. Before Sandy she would tell Charles Cass the whole deception. Already completely oblivious of the temperament of the man who was to receive the confession, she clothed it in words:

"I thought money and position mattered in all the world, Charles. I couldn't bear to think you should know I was a suburban nobody, so Sandy saved my face. He hated doing it."

Why didn't Sandy come? How late he was! Had anything happened to him?

Twenty minutes later she heard his taxi stop. He was the only resident in the flats who could afford a taxi. He came into the kitchen. There was a bigness, a vitality about him, an almost challenging masculinity.

"What a stink and what a hole! I shall be glad to get out of it to-morrow." His kiss was casual on her burning cheek, his eyes never actually noted her. "You were always crazy for emerald earrings, Cora. Here they are." He put a package down before her. "They're good style, and by Jove, they cost a pretty penny!" His laugh was a pat on his own back. "Any drinks round?"

Her big amber eyes clung to his oblivious ones with a frantic pleading. The package on the table seemed like an offering made by a man in passing. It was almost impersonal.

"Put 'em on." He turned away.

She threw her dice tremblingly.

"Sandy, Charles Cass is coming to dinner to-night."

"By Jove, that's good! I should have had to go out in the rain and phone him. I wanted to tell him I'm fixed up with Lea Hewson."

He had forgotten! He saw no reason why Charles Cass should not come to the flat in Battersea. He had forgotten!

She saw he was as dead to her as if she had buried him and stood by his grave side. She cried to the corpse, as only women will, "Sandy, boy!"

"By Jove," he said, "there's old Cass, and not a drink in sight!"

She heard him open the door.

"Hullo, Cass! Cheer-o, my boy! I say, Lea Hewson fixed up to-day, deed of partnership signed—everything."

"Splendid! It's jolly to be near the station on a night like this. I couldn't get a taxi."

"Hadn't you been here before? By Jove, that Hewson thing's a stroke of luck!"

She heard Charles Cass' heavy voice.

"No, I haven't been here before, but I knew where you hung out. Well, let's hear."

So even he had known all the time! The knowledge was like a gnat bite in the coma of death. Her brain hardly registered it.

All through the simple, badly cooked meal the vibrant buzz of their business talk bruised her

Piecing two and two together with the care of a student, Charles Cass perceived what she had meant to do—almost what she had meant to say. She had been frustrated by the utter oblivion of the man. He perceived her not so much a woman balked as a woman walled in—the golden idol in very truth immured for all eternity.

She washed up the last of the supper things. The distant buzz of their eager masculine talk still beat upon her. There were only a couple of eggshells and an empty sugar bag on the kitchen table. She opened the little door under the sink and bent to put the débris in the pail. She put in the eggshells and the sugar bag. Then with a start she put the third object back on the table.

It was the unopened packet containing the emerald earrings.

SELZ $6

All Leather
Fine Leather

A truly remarkable shoe for $6, made of the famous Trostan Calfskin, a high grade leather from one of the country's foremost tanneries.

It is difficult to find a shoe like it, even at a higher price. It represents the lowest possible profit for us and for Selz Dealers.

Don't buy a pair of shoes until you see this Selz $Six. Compare it with shoes costing more. Then you'll certainly choose this Selz $Six.

You cannot buy a shoe at this price bringing greater satisfaction. No shoe proves better that Selz believes in "a finer shoe at a lower price."

Over 30,000 Selz Dealers will market this shoe. The price is stamped upon it, to identify it.

1871 **S E L Z** 1921

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

LOOK FOR THIS ON THE SOLE OF THIS SHOE—

SELZ
$SIX

Roofs That Beautify the Landscape

Gradually American landscapes have been changing. Into the bleak monotone of the countryside has come the colorful warmth of rich red and soft green roofs. The skyline blooms with beauty.

Not only do attractive roofs add much to the interest of the landscape but they heighten your appreciation and enjoyment of your home.

For any steep-roofed building — Everlastic Multi or Single Shingles, with their surface of natural red or green crushed slate, are distinctive and suitable. They are easy to lay, weather all storms, form a substantial, fire-resisting roof. Everlastic Roofings are surprisingly moderate in cost, as a result of our huge quantity production and readily available warehouses.

In roll roofings there are two styles — one slate-surfaced in red or green and the other the ever-popular plain-surfaced Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing.

That Everlastic Roofings are invariably satisfactory may be accounted for by The Barrett Company's sixty years of roofing experience.

When you buy—be sure it's Everlastic.

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TOM SHOWS

(Continued from Page 13)

"I might," added the other with the air of an artist who would put the finishing touches on a masterpiece—"I might run around to the papers a little later and try to get 'em to keep the story out, but"—he threw his long arms, palms outward—"what's the use? It's a gen-u-ine narrative as it stands, so I think I'll call it a day's work an' amble down an' hit the hay."

He rose to go, but Mr. Weston reached over and laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "I want to talk to you. You're just the guy I'm lookin' for. I think I have somethin' that'll interest you. What's your moniker, anyway?"

The tall one paused and eyed the other intently.

"Oh, I don't know as you have," he hedged. "I'm pretty well hooked up as it is now, an' I don't aim to make no change. Still, if it will do you any good I'll state that my name is Haines. Some folks call me Happy Haines."

"I've heard of you," broke in Mr. Weston enthusiastically. "Gosh! That was some story you pulled about the haunted circus last summer. It bid the rest of the bunch good-by! I seen it copied in all the big papers. It was a bear."

"It weren't so bad," conceded the redoubtable Mr. Haines, softening visibly under this tribute to his prowess. "For the garden variety, it might've been worse."

"I should say it might!" confirmed the impresario with extreme unction. "I've had my eye on you ever since I read that story. An' I've been tellin' myself that you was the kind of guy I wanted to hook up with. Now if you'll glue your ear to the ground an' listen a minute I'll give you the prospectus."

Mr. Haines resumed his seat.

"Shoot whenever you get ready," he vouchsafed laconically.

Weston's Great Idea

"My long suit," began Mr. Weston, waving a declamatory hand, "if you was to ast me what my long suit was, I'd have to confess it were knowin' what the public wants an' then givin' it to 'em."

"Sounds good for a starter," attested the press agent.

"You bet it does, but that ain't all of it. I'm the sole owner of as tidy a little proposition in the way of a Tom show as you ever seen. I just closed a mighty good season an' I aim to pull some new stuff next year that'll be a riot."

"Yeah," acquiesced Mr. Haines without any noticeable display of enthusiasm.

"Yep," continued the impresario after he had given this last statement time to sink in and have due effect—"yep; I have organized on new lines a.together, an' I'm a-goin' to pull a real sensation! What would you say if I was to tell you that I was a-goin' to have two Uncle Toms, two Marks the lawyer, two Simon Legrees and a whole flock of Little Evas? What do you know about that?"

Mr. Haines opened his mouth to reply, but the other did not give him a chance.

"You got to go along with the times," explained Mr. Weston. "You got to keep step, Mr. Haines. An' if you don't walk close enough to the band wagon you don't know what tune they're playin'. Take the circus, for instance. How did it start? One ring an' a singin' clown who used to call himself a Shaksperean jester. You didn't have to be a showman them days, because you wasn't stacked up against competition, but when they quit hittin' the grit an' took to the rails what happened? Three rings an' two stages—that's what happened!" exclaimed Mr. Weston, answering himself. "Them old-time kinkers was pretty wise. They knowed a thing or two, an' got hep to that bunko bronco stuff.

"They wanted a feller to come out of the main top, claimin' he couldn't see half the show. That's what them guys was lookin' for. They don't aim for you to see it all nowadays. The idea is to fill you so full of soup that you'd throw up the sponge before you get to the roast. Huh! Pretty wise guineas, them fellows!"

"But you can only use one set of actors at a time, an' what's the use of carryin' excess baggage?" combated Mr. Haines as soon as Mr. Weston paused for breath in the exposition of his theories.

"The flash, kiddo!" expounded Mr. Weston tolerantly as he poked an admonitory finger at the third button of his auditor's waistcoat. "It's the flash on the street, kiddo! Do you get me? I'm aimin' to give them tall-grass hicks a pleasant time in passin'. Do you suppose they stop to start a argument an' add and subtract? Do you think anybody does that pays their money to go to a hall show nowadays? If it wasn't for the ballyhoo an' the hokum, many a opery house on the main drag in little old New York would be in mournin'. It wouldn't be no jest about hungry actors chewin' the scenery. If you ever get the Broadway-show habit you're own brother to a greyhound, because when one of them babies gets sense an' runs cunnin' he's a candidate for the dog pound."

"Well, you might make it a go at that," conceded the other cautiously. "A spread on the street an' a first-class band goes a long way. Then if you have plenty of Janes in the parade it goes further than that. How 'bout your costumes?"

"Costumes!" enthused Mr. Weston. "I should worry about costumes! Why, say, Happy, just as soon as the Hippodrome closed this spring I beat 'em all to the first choice of the Dillingham deadwood. I didn't do nothin' but grab them fairy costumes, wings an' all, which is great stuff for the angel scene. I got a whole raft of junk. Everything from full suits of armor to the trousseau of them high-divin' girls. They never seen nothin' like it in the jungles. In towns where they have sidewalks an' we make two-day stands I can switch the street scenery and make 'em think it cost a million dollars to put out the show. Goin' some, ain't it?"

"Make arrangements for your dogs? Them's important."

"Have I?" exclaimed Mr. Weston with rising inflection. "Let me tell you, Happy, I've done somethin' which no guy in the business ever had nerve to do before. I've pulled a new one."

"Yeh?" interrogated the other.

"That's what I said," confirmed Mr. Weston. "I didn't do nothin' but send down to a *hombre* in Kentucky which raises the only Simon-pure bloodhounds in this country. I just bought twenty of 'em in a bunch. What do you know about that?"

"Got 'em for a gift, I suppose. Them Kentuckians is always throwin' stuff out of the window," vouchsafed the other with the air of one who harbored recollections of Blue Grass benefactions.

"Sure I did," replied Mr. Weston ironically. "The guy give 'em to me because I handed him twenty one-hundred-dollar promises signed by your Uncle Samuel to pay bearer on demand."

"Did I understand you to say that they was real, honest-to-goodness bloodhounds? Them long-eared, low-set, distressed-appearin' agents—the kind that looks like the lamentations of a loser?" queried Mr. Haines.

Happy Joins Up

"They're the real McCoy, Happy," returned the impresario earnestly. "Every one of 'em has a pedigree which carries him back to Columbus. Just watch me, I'll show 'em a thing or two! Now I've told you the top and bottom of it," he concluded, "so let's get down to business. I'm lookin' for a partner. Now wait a minute before you tell me you ain't no come-on, because he don't have to put in a nickel—no, not a sou markee."

Mr. Haines had risen to leave, but sat down again. "No?" he exclaimed incredulously. "He don't have to put in his jack? What's the rest of it?"

"He's got to put in brains," intoned Mr. Weston with solemn emphasis. "I'm lookin' for that brand of goods. I want a all-'round fellow that can go ahead or stay back with the show. I'm willin' to declare that kind of a guy in with the profits."

The agent settled back in his chair. "Sounds a little like gamblin' for a livin'," he hazarded.

"Not much!" retorted the other. "What are you gettin' now?"

"Draggin' down a hundred iron men, an' guaranteed forty weeks."

"An' payin' your own expenses?"

"Yep, payin' my own."

"That's the trouble with you chronic salary grabbers," exclaimed the impresario triumphantly. "I figured they had you on a starvation diet! Here you are, the best ever, an' workin' for your board an' clothes."

"Well, it's sure money anyhow," combated Mr. Haines.

"Oh, yes!" shot back Mr. Weston ironically. "It's sure—what there is of it. An' if a fellow wants to stay in the nine hole all his life and be throwed on the scrap pile just the minute he loses his speed it's up to him. But what surprises me is that you never thought of launchin' out in business for yourself. It's the only way to put your future in front of you."

"I have thought of it," admitted Mr. Haines. "But that's as far as it ever got, an' ——"

"Now listen to me," broke in the showman. "You know what I got. I have two cars to carry the outfit, all the equipment, an' I put up the money for to start the show on the road. I hire an' pay the actors, but I need a first-class agent. Now I ain't a-goin' the long way round. I'm just a-goin' to make you a flat offer. I'll allow you twenty-five a week to pay expenses an' keep you in smokes. On top of that I'll give you a 20 per cent interest in the profits. It's the chance of a lifetime an' I don't want no stallin'. If you want it, talk quick."

All his life Mr. Haines had been making quick decisions. He studied a moment, then reached a long arm across the table and grasped the speaker's hand.

"I'm with you," he exclaimed. "You talk real language. Just let me know when I'm supposed to join up and I'll be on deck."

Glories on Parade

Anyone possessing half an understanding of such things would have sensed at first sight that Mr. Haines was a showman. The broad-rimmed hat, encircled by a black band, the waistcoat cut somewhat lower than was usual, with a modest monogram worked in pale green silk just below the lower left-hand pocket, the wide-skirted coat bound with braid, and the trousers of a very pronounced stripe—all proclaimed the livery of his calling. But in addition to these things there was a big three-carat yellow diamond that sat like a headlight halfway down Mr. Haines' shirt bosom. It is not a breach of confidence to state that this was Mr. Haines' most prized possession. In the language of his people it was his front, and the prima facie evidence of that certain achievement always connected with affluence.

Time and again untoward happening had placed its owner in situations where others might have sacrificed personal adornment to more material demands, but these had always been bridged over by hook or crook.

"They never put my ice where it melted yet," he would say in moments of confidence. "Yep, I've been up against it a million times, but I hung on to the old headlight."

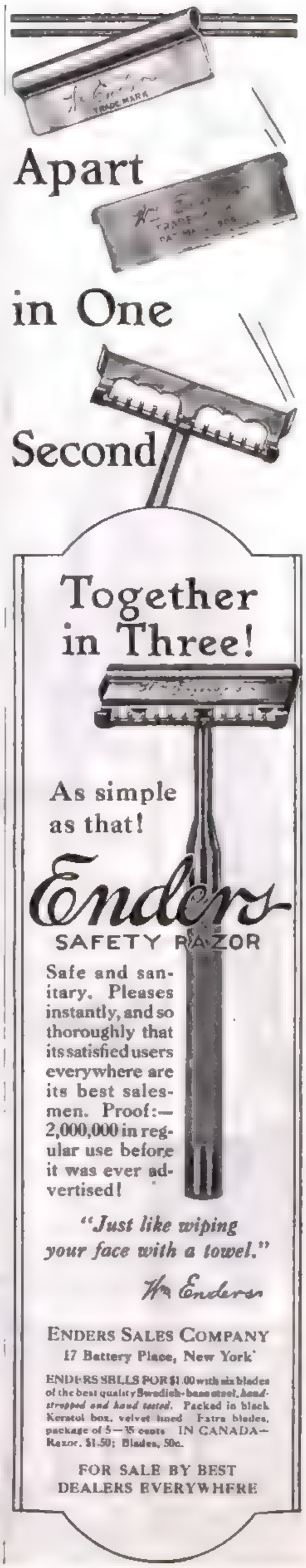
And now from a coign of vantage on the steps of the courthouse of a little Southern country town the general agent of the mighty Weston Combined Uncle Tom's Cabin Shows watched the time-honored parade coming down the street.

"It sure does make a noise," he soliloquized as he cast the eye of experience over the ensemble.

The band in their new uniforms came first. Then there were two Marks bestriding diminutive donkeys. These were followed by a couple of ebony-colored Uncle Toms lolling back in a four-wheeled vehicle. Simon Legree and his double drove a recalcitrant-looking mule, and then came an open barouche in which were seated four separate and distinct Little Evas. They might have been somewhat over the age limit, but Happy had to confess that they were attractive. Behind the carriage containing this galaxy of beauty came the pièce de résistance. Twenty small boys walked in single file and each boy was leading a real, honest-to-goodness bloodhound, guaranteed by one of the most noted breeders in Kentucky to be custodian of the very bluest blood that ever coursed through the anatomy of a dog.

"Makes a real spectacle," commented Happy as the parade swept past. "It sure ought to wake 'em up after the little old dinky Tom shows they've been lookin' at."

"What kind of a show would you call this, mister?" piped an inquiring voice at Mr. Haines' elbow and interrupting his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soliloquy. "Somebody was sayin' it were Ten Nights in a Barroom."

Mr. Haines wheeled about and withered the speaker with a glance.

"It's the greatest Uncle Tom's Cabin show which ever was on the road," he rasped shortly.

"Nope," returned the other with conviction, "this ain't no Uncle Tom's Cabin. You're mistook, young man."

"How so?"

"Where's the bloodhounds?" retorted the other, as one who clinches an argument. "If it was to be what you say, they'd have 'em."

"You wouldn't see a elephant crossin' the street," sneered Mr. Haines. "Can't you see 'em passin' before your very eyes?"

"What? Them? You call them bloodhounds? Why, young man, them funny-lookin' dogs is beagles!"

A little knot of bystanders, attracted by the argument, gathered to listen and, as is generally the case, numbers were speedily augmented. It did not take Mr. Haines long to discover that he was decidedly in the minority.

"I'll bet any man here ten dollars that them dogs are the real thing in bloodhounds," he snarled, completely losing his equanimity.

"I wouldn't want to win your money on no such a foolish proposition, neighbor," returned an ancient citizen earnestly. "I've been lookin' at perades of Uncle Tom's show for nigh onto fifty years, an' I never seen dogs like that advertised as bloodhounds. It ain't the real thing an' I calculate that if the rest of the outfit is like the dogs it's a mighty poor excuse for a show."

Farther down the street Mr. Haines ran into his partner.

"How did you like the parade?" queried that worthy.

"All right," responded Mr. Haines shortly, "but them towners is makin' some squawk about the dogs. I got into a awful argument a few minutes ago."

"Huh, what was they sayin'?"

"Just exactly what I was afraid of. They say they ain't bloodhounds. It might crab the show, at that."

Empty Benches

"Crab nothin'!" retorted Mr. Weston optimistically. "They can't go against the flash we made on the street, Happy. It ain't the first time I've seen guys stickin' around on the sidewalk roastin' a show, an' they was the first in line when the ticket office opened."

But when the time came for the evening performance, and the curtain was rung up, Mr. Weston received the jolt of his managerial lifetime. The house was barely one-quarter filled. The paid admissions amounted to a paltry thirty-four dollars. True, a goodly crowd was on hand when the band gave the preliminary concert on the street, but after it was over it melted away.

"How do you account for it?" he inquired of Mr. Haines as they wended their way back to the cars. "Mebbe they've had too many shows lately, or somethin' like that?"

"Search me," replied the agent. "Nobody knows the show business. When I was with the big one we often landed in a town that looked a hundred per cent an' we didn't get horse feed. Of course, as I said before, it might be them dogs, but——"

"Dogs nothin'!" exclaimed Mr. Weston with heat. "How could they queer it? Can't you find no other alibi, Happy? You wait until we get to the next town and I'll give you a manifestation."

"The next town is always the best one in the show game," vouchsafed Mr. Haines.

But the next town, or the one after that, proved no exception to the first stand so far as cash receipts were concerned. Mr. Weston was always optimistic, Mr. Haines noncommittal. But when the first two weeks had passed and the intake was not sufficient to pay the railroad transportation, not to mention the salaries of the actors, the impresario's manner lost a great deal of its accustomed assurance and his supply of ready cash had dwindled from thousands to a few paltry hundreds.

"You might have been right, Happy, about them dogs," hazarded Mr. Weston one day when he and the agent were holding a debate on the outlook. "There's just a chance that you might've struck it."

"Ain't no chance a-tall," vouchsafed Mr. Haines. "I don't want to pose as one of them I-told-you-so guys, but when you first spoke about gettin' them long-eared calamities I thought you was takin' a chance. Now I know it. I've been around a good deal when the parade was on the street, an' the talk is always the same. 'Where's the bloodhounds?' Every small-town jay has it on the tip of his tongue."

"Well, what are we goin' to do?" voiced Mr. Weston. "Ain't you got no suggestion to make, Happy?"

"If I was you," counseled the agent, "I wouldn't lose no time gettin' to the telegraph office and I'd burn up the wires to Cincinnati to old Al Runyon. He always has a flock of Great Danes on hand. Tell him to ship you four or five of 'em by express. We should get 'em at Greenville Friday. Then I think you will see business take a jump."

Good Old Simon Legree

"But what'll I do with the pack of meat destroyers I have on hand now?" protested Mr. Weston. "They stand me two thousand bucks."

"Get a bottle of red ink an' mark 'em off the ledger," responded Mr. Haines. "Query the feller you got 'em from down in Kentucky and tell him he can have 'em back at half price. If you can't do that, give 'em away."

"It's murder," groaned Mr. Weston ruefully. "But I guess it's the only way to play the hand. If we don't do somethin' we'll die a horrible death right here. Hike for the telegraph office, Happy, an' get busy."

Later in the afternoon a telegram was handed Mr. Haines. As he tore the yellow envelope open and read the message his jaw dropped.

"Bad news?" queried Mr. Weston, who had been watching him narrowly.

"Worse'n that," bleated Mr. Haines; "it's the blow-off."

He smoothed the telegram out on the palm of his hand and read:

"Clean out of dogs of any kind. Sorry.
"RUNYON."

"It sure is the undertaker's gig, Happy," vouchsafed Mr. Weston in the awed tones of one who has to admit absolute failure. "We gotta close the show an' hike home. How fur is it to the big town?"

Mr. Haines drew a fat yellow railroad folder from his inside pocket.

"Four hundred an' fifty-eight miles from the main drag as the crow flies," he gloomed.

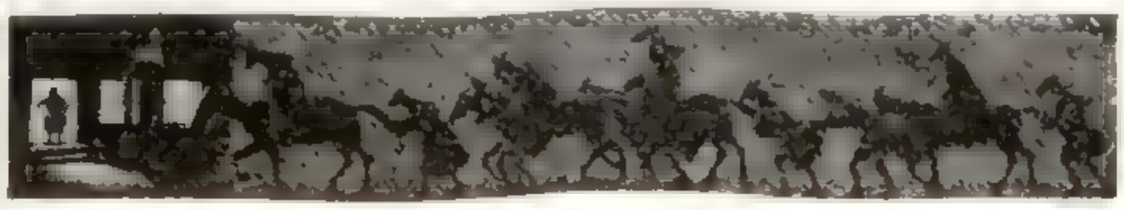
"It's the first time my foot slipped, Hap," ventured Mr. Weston in extenuation. "The very first time they put me on the toboggan, an' to think of it just because I wanted to hand the hicks the real thing!"

But notwithstanding the tragic ending of Mr. Weston's dreams regarding the elevation of the drama, other Tom shows will be taking the road just as soon as the spring days are upon us and the sunny season holds sway.

Some of them will play in tents and others in local opera houses; buckets of tears will be spilled as the various Little Evas kiss the world good-by; while shrieks of appreciative laughter will greet the mistakes of Marks the lawyer, and the antics of the irrepressible Topsy.

The band and the bloodhounds will be coming down the street again. The familiar figure of Eliza executing acrobatic stunts across acres of undulating canvas camouflaged to look like ice will be easily recognized. Simon Legree will be cracking his murderous bull whip over the padded shoulders of an unresisting Uncle Tom. What a forceful and convincing actor the former has always been!

Good Old Simon Legree!



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OUR COUNTRY SCHOOLS

By FORREST CRISSEY

FROM out in Kansas comes a challenge to throw the spotlight on the country school, to forget crop conditions for a moment and consider school conditions, to take our eyes from the blackboard of trade and labor quotations and allow them to rest for an instant on the blackboard of the country school.

The individual who threw this challenge at me is Lorraine Elizabeth Wooster, state superintendent of education for the commonwealth of Kansas, a woman who has done teaching service of one kind or another in every state of the Union save seven and is a national figure in educational circles.

"In these days," she declares, "the farmers of the United States are making themselves heard in the councils of the nation as to the extent in which they are being deprived of a fair profit on their investment and labor in their work of feeding America—not to mention a large part of Europe. Through their National Federation of Farm Bureaus they are getting the ears of the lawmakers and driving home the fact that if this country is to escape a severe attack of hard times the farmers must have a better chance to finance themselves, to distribute farm products in a less costly and wasteful way and to have a squarer and fairer deal all around.

"But I haven't heard any citizen voicing any worry about the country schools. So far as any noise about the little white schoolhouse of the farming districts is concerned you might imagine that all is well with that famous and familiar institution.

"Well, it isn't. There's something decidedly the matter with the whole country-school system of America, and it needs to be fixed or this good country of ours is going to suffer greatly as a result.

"Probably there is not a person in America who will not instantly admit that the foundation of our whole educational system is the country schools. They are the feeders for all the institutions higher up—the colleges, the universities and the technical and professional schools of every kind. The raw materials must come to these institutions mainly from the country schools, in which at least half of the pupils of America are educated, and from the town high schools, which are directly fed by these rural springs of learning."

The One-Room School

"To-day the country schools are being underfed, undernourished, to an extent which scarcely anyone seems to realize. Of the funds spent for education in America 23 per cent goes to the common schools of the cities and only 9 per cent to those of the country districts—the balance, or 68 per cent, to the institutions of higher education. This is something like starving the stomach in order to spend without stint for facial creams, skin foods and other tonsorial luxuries. This comparison is, of course, extreme, and may be offensive to those identified with higher education; but it will serve to drive home the point that as a nation we are spending prodigally in the finishing end of our educational system and starving the end which must be depended upon to give the finishers worthy materials on which to work. Besides, only a small percentage of those at the starting end reach the finishers.

"There are about 200,000 one-room, one-teacher country schools in the United States. Fully 20 per cent of them could be consolidated with great advantage to their pupils, their patrons and the country as a whole. Personally I believe that 70,000 of them should be wiped out in this way.

"By far the larger share of the country schools of America are not doing their work as they should because they are not given the means with which to do it. The money which should go to making them the right kind of foundation builders goes to the city and to the institutions of higher education.

"Put it this way: The educational system of this country is being overfed at the top and underfed at the bottom. That tells the story!

"The number of country schoolhouses in America which are not fit shelters for pupils and teachers is amazing. Those which are not actually uncomfortable and unsanitary are dreary and desolate boxes of the sort which any normal human being wishes to get away from. But the emphasis of the indictment lies against their equipment, their provision for doing the work they are intended to do. Then take the matter of length of the school term—the quantity, not the quality, of instruction. The pupil of the rural school should have at least an eight months' school year. It would be better and fairer if he had a school year of nine or ten months, as does the city child.

"Now as to quality of instruction. The teachers in the rural schools should be as well trained and as well paid as are the teachers in city schools. They are neither. From the viewpoint of the teaching profession the rural schools are the practice grounds. Here teachers take their tryouts. If they survive the ordeal they go into the schools of the towns and the cities. But how about the survival of the pupils under this ordeal of experimentation? They must take what they can get and make the best of it.

"Any discussion of the quality of instruction in our country schools is bound to appear to cast an unkind reflection upon the thousands of teachers in that field who have a high gift for their work, and who are putting their lives into it as devotedly as any missionaries of the gospel. The rural teachers of this class—and it is a large one—are America's true evangelists of education. The marvel is that there are so many of them and that they stick to their rural outposts as long as they do.

"But in the long run in school-teaching, as in industry, the pay and the living and working conditions determine the quality of the work and the workers. The highest price gets the best talent and keeps it longest. When the teacher of a rural school finds that she can double her salary, work and live in far more attractive surroundings—and probably work fewer hours—by going to a city or a large town, why should she remain in the country? The answer is that, save in the case of rare exceptions, she does not. She is in the position of the preacher who has a call to go from a poor little crossroads church to a big and prosperous one in the city. That call is generally a loud and imperative one, and even those who have the teaching spirit which comes very close to being a spiritual gift—have no difficulty in seeing that the call is one to a larger field of usefulness.

"In a word, the country schools of America cannot compete against the town and the city schools in teaching talent until they meet the pay offered by the centers of population. Even then they are left with severe handicaps in the matter of the attractiveness of working conditions. Country schools are seldom, if ever, as attractive and as well equipped as town and city schools. But suppose that they were? The city would still have the call because of the added attractions of its living conditions. Most rural school-teachers are young, and youth invariably responds to the social attractions of town and city life.

"We have been so busy building up the higher institutions of learning that we have given comparatively little thought to the rural schools or to the elementary schools of the villages, towns and cities which are the foundation of the whole educational structure. On the other hand, the rural schools represent that part of our population upon which rests the responsibility of feeding America and a large part of the world."

The Purpose of Education

"As I read it, the Constitution guarantees equal educational opportunities for all the children in America. We are not making good on that guaranty for the children of the rural schools and those of the villages and small towns, for they are not supplied with buildings, with school equipment, and with instruction equal to those available to city children.

"This is one reason, according to my observation, why so great a proportion of country boys and girls leave home to go into the larger towns and cities. Those who go away to college are quite generally of the opinion that they will get better work in the big colleges and universities. As a matter of fact, those who are in a position to know are virtually agreed that the smaller colleges turn out stronger men and women than the big ones. Instruction in the smaller institutions is more intimate and personal, and each pupil in them receives more individual attention and instruction than is possible in the big institutions. Again, the smaller schools are, I believe, much freer from instructors who have freakish ideas and theories.

"The purpose of education is to develop character and teach the child to think straight and to do useful things. This ability is acquired by sincere hard work, and I believe there are few educators who will object to the statement that students in the smaller educational institutions work harder than do those in the big ones. One of the greatest arts in education is that of teaching the student how to study. Once this faculty is acquired it stays with the student after he has left the institution and has gone out into his life work.

"This consideration leads directly to the point that there is too little guidance or leadership and too much quizzing in the present-day school-teaching practice. This criticism applies to the rural schools as well as to those in the city and the institutions of higher education.

"The state or the nation which employs the best teachers for its rural schools at the highest pay will have the best schools and the best governed people and will be financially, physically, mentally and morally the greatest state or the greatest nation of the future."

On this matter of the quality of teachers available for country schools there can be no doubt that the best timber is not now available, and that until the top-notchers turned out by the high schools enroll themselves in the normal schools and take the

(Continued on Page 59)

PHOTOS. BY COURTESY OF THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

Hanging Up Corn. Above—Schoolboys Making Germination Boxes for Testing Seed Corn

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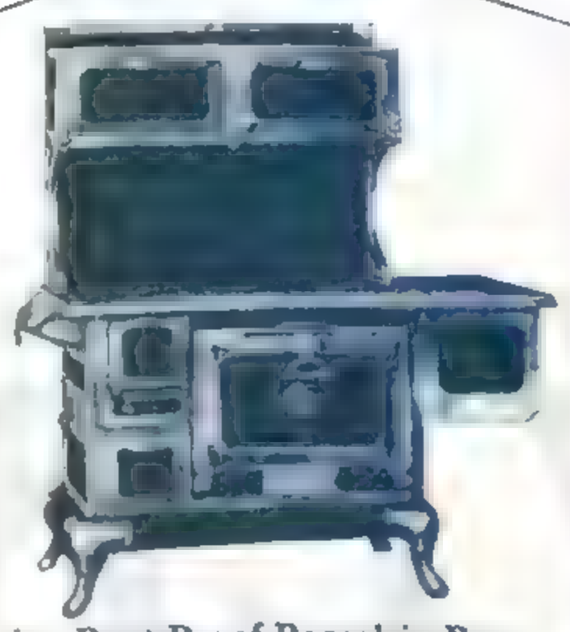

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Wonderfully convenient, not even a lever to move to change from coal or wood to gas. Burn both at once if you wish. Easy to regulate, economical, roomy. A perfect baker.

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(Continued from Page 54)

training to fit them to become real teachers the country schools will continue to suffer in the quality of their teaching. Not long ago an enterprising educator determined to learn to what extent those who dedicated themselves to the profession of teaching by entering a normal-training school represented the best class of high-school students.

His investigation covered a wide field, so that his findings might be fair and representative. He was astonished to find that most of the normal recruits came from the third instead of the first class of high-school scholars. In other words, the first-raters and the second-raters in their high-school performance did not care to become teachers—at least they did not care sufficiently to take a normal-training course.

In discussing this finding Prof. Harry Coultrap, superintendent of schools in Geneva, Illinois, said:

"There are two strong reasons why the keenest and ablest high-school graduates are not attracted to teaching as a career. Other lines pay more generously. This is probably the main consideration. Then they realize that they must begin out in the country, where living conditions are not attractive. Very few farmers appreciate the force of this consideration. I can take you to country schools in this county—which ranks as uncommonly progressive and is thickly settled for an agricultural county—where the teachers have to walk a mile to three miles to and from their boarding places. The farmers in those districts wouldn't think for a moment of asking the men who care for their cattle, horses and hogs to walk such a distance and work at such a disadvantage. Instead, these farm hands are quite generally furnished with houses in which they are able to enjoy that degree of privacy which all wish to have.

"And invariably these farm hands are housed close to their work.

"But when it comes to the living conditions of school-teachers—of those who have the responsibility of training the children of those farm homes for the struggle of life—living conditions come in for slight consideration. In view of this situation, what wonder that the brightest graduates from our high schools side-step the path of the pedagogue and exclaim: 'Not for me! Let those who can't earn more money at something else serve time on the country highways!' If the strictly rural schools paid their teachers as well as do the city schools this handicap of less attractive living conditions would still operate to keep down the quality of their teachers and give the advantage to the towns and the villages."

In order to get a definite line on financial rewards now enjoyed by those following the profession of school-teaching I appealed to the Commissioner of Education. Here is his answer:

"The latest complete statistics now available are for 1918. These show an average salary, for all teachers, of $635 a year. The average for the city school-teacher was $854 and for the rural teacher $479. Reports for 1920 from six states show an increase over 1918 salaries of about 40 per cent. The average salary for high-school principals was $1506 in 1920 - an increase of less than 19 per cent since 1915.

"About sixty-two per cent of all money spent on elementary, secondary and higher education is expended for elementary schools."

In view of these drab statistics the question, "Who wants to be a school-teacher?" seems to be in order.

Grade-School Attendance

If any Federal money finds its way to the elementary schools I'm unable to trail it. Certain Federal funds, under the operation of the Smith-Lever Bill for agricultural and vocational training, do percolate to the high schools for the encouragement of domestic-science teaching, but the pupils must be at least fourteen years old—in other words, of high-school age. To all practical purposes the money which pays for the education of the children in any rural school district must come straight from the pockets of the residents of that district in the form of taxes. The same observation applies, as a rule, to the grade schools in villages and towns.

This situation sometimes lends itself to unscrupulous manipulation.

The indictment brought by Miss Wooster against the present system of educational opportunities—"overfed at the top and undernourished at the bottom"—seems to rest upon a rather sound basis. The man who is in a college town or a university town on commencement day or when a big football game is on, quite naturally feels that the ranks of higher education are decidedly crowded. He can be forgiven for wondering if there are any more at home to furnish employment for the grade and rural schools. But a little research in the field of the lower institutions of learning is sufficient to furnish some astounding facts as to those who have dropped out of the pursuit of education before becoming acquainted with the classic accents of a college yell.

According to one rather careful authority, 4,100,000 pupils are now in first grade in the schools of this country. About 2,500,000 have their first school experience each year. Of course, the presumption is that they will keep on until they have finished grade work. The bulk of state compulsory-education laws are built upon this presumption. It's a fine theory, but the figures show that when we reach fourth grade one child of every twenty-five is missing—absent without leave! The percentage of desertions increases as we continue to the higher grades.

For example, at the sixth grade we find that only 57 per cent of those who started in the primary are still in school. Go on to the eighth grade. Here only 972,000 of the 4,100,000 who started in the first grade are present to respond to the roll call. Of those beginning an education in Grade One less than one-fourth enter high school.

Why Children Leave School

Looking this record in the face it seems difficult to dodge the conclusion that there is something decidedly the matter with elementary education, "as is," in our "good old U. S. A.," as the A. E. F. men say. In other words, the elementary educators must have put on a very sad and dull show, else more of the youngsters would have stuck it out to the finish. Of course, some couldn't stay for the final curtain because of pressing family duties, of premature financial responsibilities. But I anticipate no challenge to the statement that the great majority of those who dropped out could and would have remained if the show had been made sufficiently interesting.

The percentage of parents of children of elementary school age in this country who do not wish their youngsters to finish grade work is decidedly small. They may have their doubts about high school, and a very large part of them consider a college education as a doubtful luxury; but few of them are unwilling to make personal sacrifices in order to see their children through the grades. The appalling percentage of pupils who drop out before finishing grades is not to any considerable extent a matter of parental attitude, but of the disposition of the pupils themselves. This, I think, is the observation and conviction of almost all educators who are dealing with elementary work and conditions.

But the real punch of these statistics of desertions from the grade schools is the graphic way in which they point the moral that the average citizen of the United States is going to be educated in the grade schools, not in our boasted higher institutions of learning. At least he is going to be until there is a decided change all along the educational line.

As a plain business proposition this situation calls for a major expenditure of educational funds in the grades, where the rank and file of our citizens of to-morrow are getting all the education which they will ever get inside of a schoolroom. Instead, the heavy end of the educational costs of this country is in the circles of higher education, to which the exceptional and not the average citizen attains. If the recipients of this higher education contend that they can justify in their performance this scale of expenditure they are certainly accepting a huge responsibility. And if they make good that justification they are going to hand the world a surprise which will not only make it sit up and take notice but will also give it something like permanent insomnia.

This leads straight back to the point urged by Miss Wooster that the institutions of higher education are directly and mainly dependent upon the town and country schools for their raw recruits. These lower schools are the real feeders for the universities, colleges and technical and professional schools. The pace at which the population of this country is increasing may and probably will prevent a falling off in attendance at these institutions at the top, but the quality of the raw materials fed up to them depends almost wholly upon the thoroughness and soundness with which the country schools, the elementary schools in town and the high schools do their work.

If there is a college professor in America who has not at least secretly bewailed the average quality of the educational materials placed in his hands for finishing he should promptly make himself known as a favorite of the gods of good fortune. There can be little question that—if believed—he would at once become the envy of his fellow educators in the upper circles. This observation relates to the average of materials—the mine run, so to speak. It is not a denial or an attempted impeachment of the fact that thousands of young men and women to-day are going up to college with as fine and as earnest a purpose to make the most of a great opportunity as ever fired the first students at Oberlin, Dartmouth or Knox, where the earliest frat was the Chore Boys' Self-Support Club. But it is a pointed inference that the average college student of to-day is not a self-starter and a self-supporter to quite the extent to which the representative college student of a former generation was, and that a college course to him is not a high and burning ambition, but rather a matter of course, a natural expression of family circumstances and position. Possibly it would not be putting too harsh an edge on the matter to say that the universities of to-day are largely peopled with students who are sent rather than with those who go.

At any rate, this inference appears to have support in the expressions of those who have the responsibility of educating these young men and women. Educators are frank to admit that the percentage of college students who are working their way through because they believe that higher education is a necessity to the end of making the best possible use of their lives is decidedly smaller than it has been in almost any period of the past.

No gift of divination is needed to see that America is asleep as to its educational needs and its educational crisis, for that is precisely what the present situation amounts to, sketched in the bluntest terms. One proof of this is found in the almost universal contempt in which the young men of the country hold the profession of teaching, and the young women play a close second in this attitude toward a teaching career. If you think that there is a note of exaggeration in this expression of young America's view of teaching as a career just sound the keenest and most energetic boys in the graduating class of your own high school. But here is the characteristic reply to the question, "Why not become a teacher?"

The Teacher's Influence

"Nothing doing! Teaching is all right for sissies and those who aren't up to jobs for real men, but it's no work for a fellow with pep and punch. In the first place, it's the poorest paid profession in existence. Then there's the matter of standing in the eyes of the public. Where you can find one man school-teacher whose ability is really respected by the men of his community you can find a dozen who couldn't get a decent executive job under ordinary employment conditions."

This view of the teaching profession and of those in it is not highly colored with altruism, but I believe it to be thoroughly typical of the common attitude of the youth of to-day. Moreover, it is quite natural. The young men who are dedicating their lives to great and uplifting purposes regardless of material rewards are not sufficient in numbers to block traffic to any appreciable extent. The only way in which to interest them in the teaching profession is to decorate it with material rewards substantial enough to put it at least approximately on a competitive basis with those of industry and other professions and callings.

There is still another necessity realized by every alert student of our educational situation and every writer who has given attention to this subject. This is the awakening of the public mind to the fact that the future of America is largely in the hands of her school-teachers—her grade teachers. Instead of the feeling that a school-teacher is either a man without the ability or the pep to make good in the world of men's work, or a girl who is bridging the chasm of self-support between the high school and the marriage altar, there should be a universal conviction that the school-teacher has the most important job of anyone in the community—ministers, doctors and editors not excepted. Until church attendance becomes compulsory and the preachers have a cinch on the ears of the entire population of their parishes, the school-teachers will continue to have the edge on them in the matter of influence upon the characters and lives of our citizens of to-morrow. In the grade schools—and especially the country and village schools—the contact of teacher and pupil is one of peculiar intimacy and influence.

This consideration needs special emphasis, because it has been worn threadbare by unthinking and oratorical repetition. It is almost a self-evident fact that the future citizens of this country get their ideas and ideals of citizenship, of government and of morals mainly from the schoolroom, so far as any sources outside of their own homes are concerned. The most effective place to fight Bolshevism and all other brands of loose and poisonous economic thinking is in the schoolroom. That the apostles of these creeds are keen to realize this is evidenced by the fact that they carry on a most persistent and industrious propaganda among the school-teachers of the larger cities and the industrial centers. The public-school authorities of almost any city of this class know this to be a fact, and admit it in moments of frankness.

Professor Holden's Methods

Thus far the outlook for the little white schoolhouse—they are no longer painted red in the best rural circles—would seem to be decidedly dark. But still there are a few shafts of sunlight. One of the brightest of these is the discovery that almost all pupils can be vitally interested in their studies if those studies are tied tight enough to the things of everyday life in which the children have a genuine, spontaneous and personal interest. As I see it, this is the one big idea that has been developed in elementary education in the last decade. The average citizen who has been out of touch with teaching as is in the common schools since the half-forgotten years of adolescence is inclined to exclaim, "Why, isn't that what's been done all along?"

Bless you, no! It's precisely what has not been done so far as common practice goes. Like the most perfect examples of the inventor's genius, it's so simple and natural that one not only wonders that it has not always existed but is inclined to feel that it must have existed by reason of its need and its obviousness. Apparently this new and vital invention in rural-school educational methods must be credited to a former college professor—who is as unlike the traditional prof as can be imagined. When Prof. P. G. Holden saw the light of his simple idea he was shrewd enough to step outside of routine educational channels and to secure the backing of a big industry. Then he went forth as missionary to the rural schools. It is not too much to say that he has revolutionized teaching in the country schools of entire states. A better way in which to phrase it is to say that he has changed the process of being taught in rural schools from a rather dreary and sometimes painful penance to an exciting pastime. Incidentally, the application of his invention has changed the work of teaching from a monotonous drudgery to an interesting pursuit for hundreds of rural and village teachers.

What is Mr. Holden's big idea? Simply that of hitching school studies to the life of the pupils. Instead of giving the youngsters abstract problems in arithmetic utterly unrelated to anything in which they have a natural and spontaneous personal interest, their problems are tied to their home fields of corn, wheat and oats, to the livestock in the home barns and pastures, to the orchards on their home places, to the poultry in their home pens and chicken houses and to the work going on in their home kitchens. This has led the pupils to learn arithmetic, spelling, geography and English, not as tasks but because they were needed for immediate use in working out

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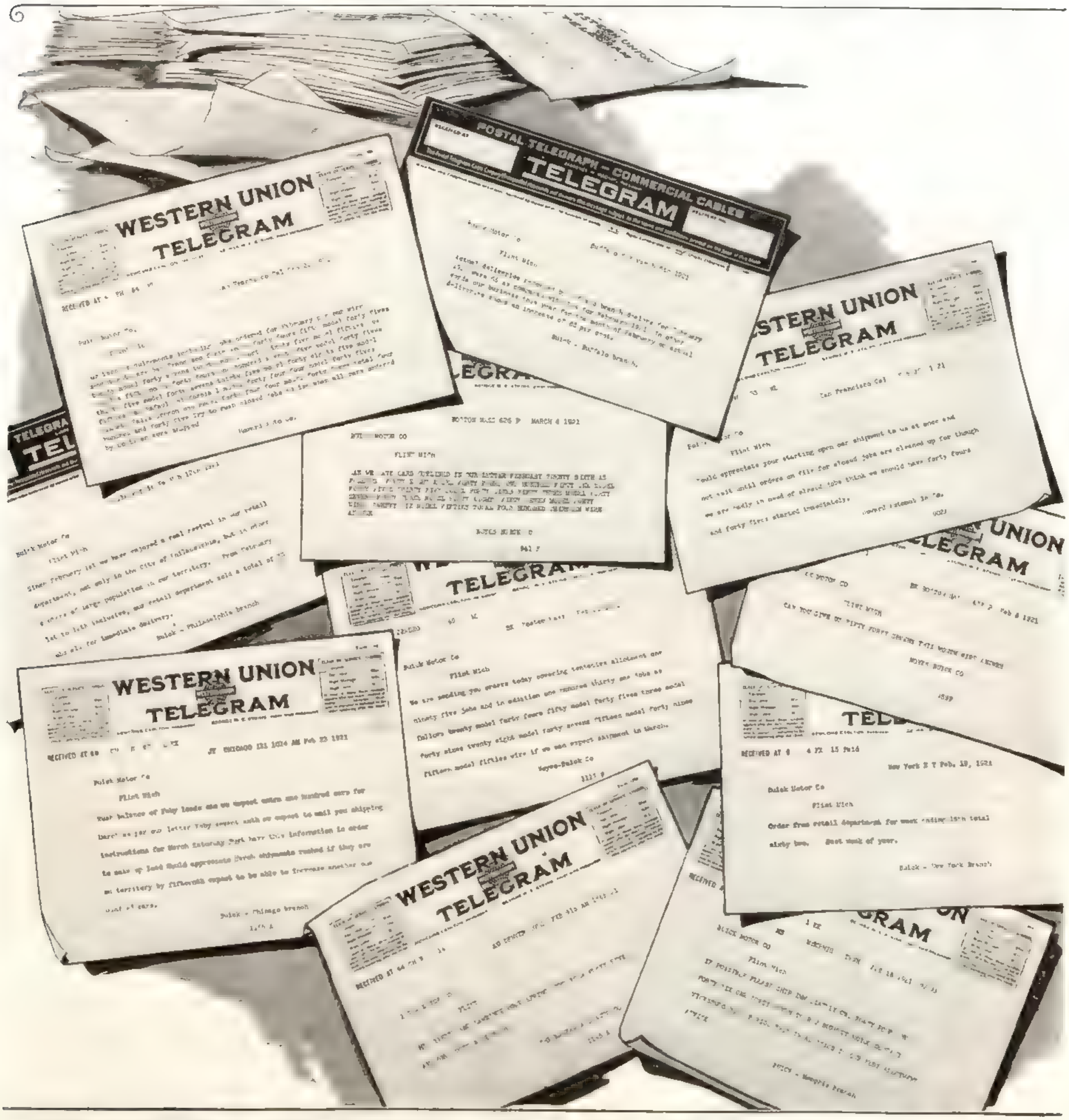

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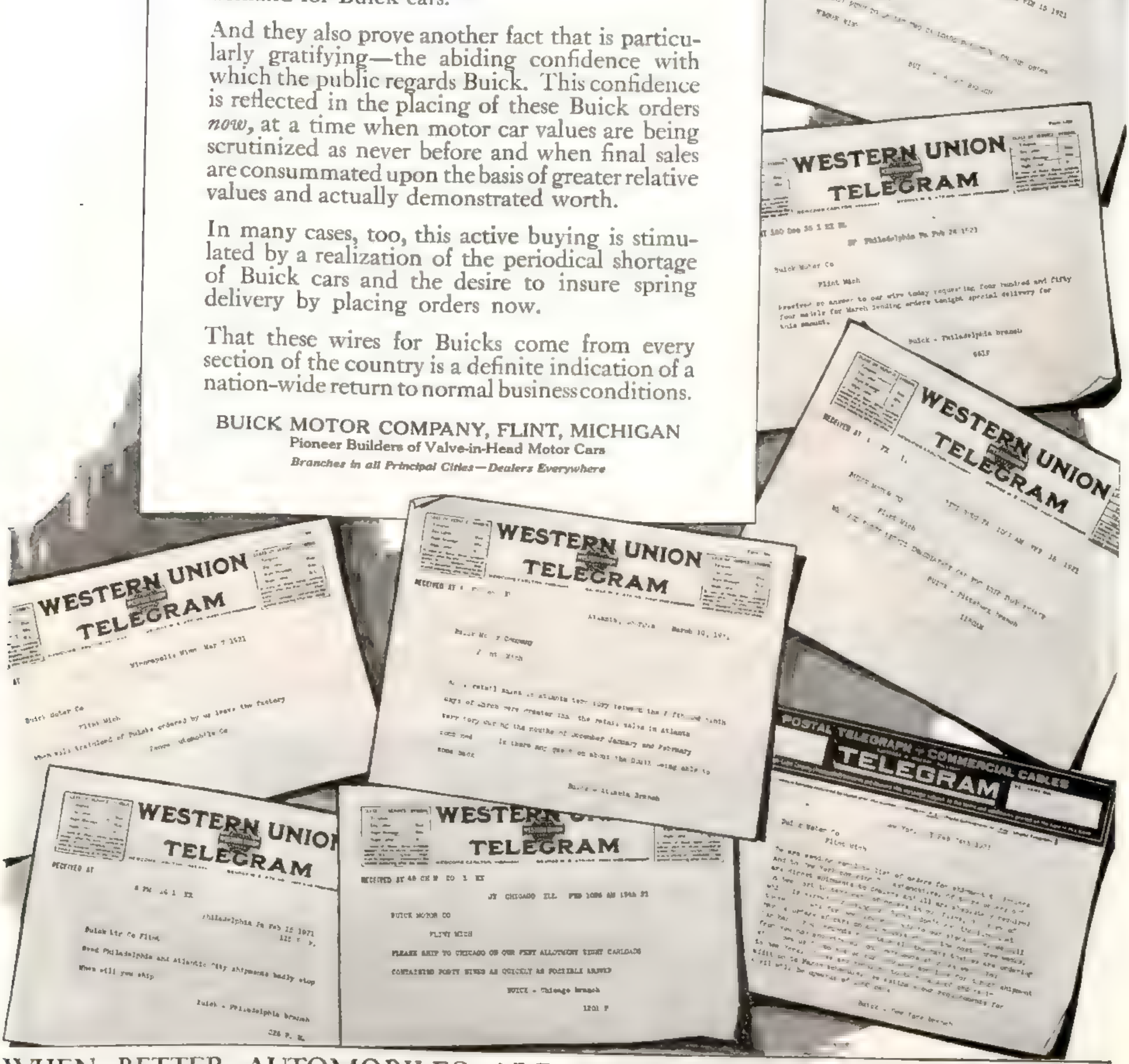

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(Concluded from Page 59)

some alluring problems or in stating the results of work they had completed.

Simple? Almost childishly simple—but it works! In fact, it affords a very practical definition of the difference between the quizzing and the leadership methods of teaching touched upon at the outset of this article. There is no need to go into the remote country regions to see how admirably it works, either. You may see it in practical and daily operation in the county which contains the second largest city of this continent. This is Cook County, Illinois. Supt. Edward J. Tobin decided that the pupils in live rural schools were not really interested in their school work, and that it was largely going over their heads. Therefore he determined to give the new plan a thorough try-out.

First he presented the plan, through its originator, to the county board and awakened that body to an enthusiastic indorsement of a vigorous campaign. The board employed five country-life leaders and placed them at Mr. Tobin's disposal. Heeding Professor Holden's advice, "Don't force agricultural teaching on your schools—grow it into them," Superintendent Tobin selected seven of his rural teachers who were live wires, resourceful and devoted and put upon their shoulders the responsibility of making the new plan go.

And go it did—like a rising tide! Testing seed corn was the first activity introduced, and the making of germination boxes and rag-doll testers enlisted the interest of both boys and girls. They made short work of proving that their interest could be quickly and surely aroused by doing things and making things which had a direct and practical relation to their home life. The study of arithmetic, for example, became a pastime when the lesson was not a theoretical problem but was figuring out something to be made. Then came the results of the germination tests in connection with the corn raised in their home fields. As one boy put it:

"I always hated percentage, but when I used it on dad's corn it was simply pie! It was just fun to show him how many hills he had in an acre and how many more stalks he'd have in his stand if every kernel planted grew. Why, we figured the thing out every-which-way on the kitchen table at home, and he got so interested that he never misses a chance to go to the schoolhouse when parents are invited to a demonstration or a meeting."

Results in Cook County

Soon the rural sections of Cook County became an excited arena of contests—contests between pupils in the same school and contests between schools. There were corn-testing contests, pig-club, poultry-club, canning-club, garden-club, cooking-club and sewing-club contests. Then as a capsheaf came the achievement-club contest, which resulted in sending a boy from a rural school on a trip round the world.

The new plan spread throughout the county like an old-fashioned scourge of measles. Schools which had been in a state of twilight slumber awakened into a life of vigorous and intensive action.

"It is putting it mildly," declares Superintendent Tobin, "to say that the rural schools of Cook County have experienced a genuine resurrection under this plan of teaching—of instructing children in terms of the things of their own lives. To go back to the old method of abstract teaching would seem to us like a return to the Dark Ages. It simply couldn't be done. Neither pupils, teachers nor parents would stand for it. But the big thing about this new method is that it demonstrates that there is a way in which to make the routine of country-school life a thing of absorbing interest instead of a deadly and irksome task. It has put pep and vitality into study, into teachers and into pupils.

"But we've only started to demonstrate what a live and alluring thing can be made of going to a country school. Having hit upon the principle of arousing and holding the spontaneous interest of pupils, we cannot yet see the end of its development—and we shall not reach it for many years."

The Wanderlehrers

"One of the latest things we have tried is the *Wanderlehrer*. Years ago THE SATURDAY EVENING POST published an article on the work of these tramp teachers of agriculture in Germany. The idea appeared to me to be decidedly practical, and I determined to experiment with it. When I found a man who seemed to be adapted to that rôle I hired him to teach the year round—in a schoolhouse for nine months and on the farms for three months of the year. A visit from Seth Shepard, the *Wanderlehrer*, is the big vacation event in the lives of our farm boys. He drifts from farm to farm, inspecting the gardens and the growing crops and giving the boys—and incidentally their fathers—personal instruction in their home fields, garden patches and barns. He started the *Wanderlehrer* system with us and put it on a firm and growing basis. It's one of the best things that ever came out of Germany. No matter what we may feel or say about that country, we must admit that it has the lowest percentage of illiterates of any country in the world, and that it teaches boys and girls to know how to do their work and do it well. We now have seven of these *Wanderlehrers*."

This testimony from Superintendent Tobin could be substantially duplicated by hundreds of educators in country-school work where the new plan of rural teaching—in terms of the pupil's home life and personal interests—has been given an intelligent trial. Leadership—not mere quizzing—is its keynote. And almost invariably the result of the establishment of this system has been better teachers, better pay for teachers, new or remodeled schoolhouses, properly heated, lighted and seated, and thoroughly modern and sanitary equipment throughout. In very many cases, too, it has resulted in the building of cottages for the teachers close by the schools. Unless all reports are misleading there is no trouble for the directors of a district of this sort to secure the best teaching talent on the market—as good as that prevailing in the grade rooms of city schools.

Now for a look at the family skeleton in Uncle Sam's educational closet. Until lately I have complacently hugged the conviction that ignorance in the United States was a comparative term and that the real article was decidedly scarce. But the war draft speedily exploded that illusion by revealing the fact that this country contains about 700,000 men of draft age unable to read or write in English or any other language, and there are nearly, perhaps quite, 6,000,000 illiterates in this country who are twenty years or more of age and 8,500,000 persons ten years of age or above who cannot read or write the English language.

On whose shoulders must fall the job of lifting this huge burden of illiteracy? The grade teachers must do this work as far as it can be done. Naturally, inevitably it falls upon their shoulders, for it is elementary work. In the Southern States, where this cloud of illiteracy is thickest and blackest, it is a job for the country teacher. In one state, for example, the percentage of illiterates is twenty-nine.

When the matter of illiteracy is mentioned to the typical American he naturally thinks of our foreign-born population. But the fact is that less than a fourth of our illiterates are of foreign birth. This doesn't afford a very firm or plausible basis for passing the buck to other countries. The bulk of our illiteracy bears the brand "Made in America," and we may as well face this fact, ugly and disagreeable as it is.

Of course, the problem of dealing with our imported illiteracy is not a small task. But who are tackling this job? Again the answer is: The grade teachers of our common schools. Go to any factory or night school where foreign-born workers are being taught to read and write English, and whom do you find on this basic job of Americanization work? Teachers from the grade schools. And it is probably well within the facts to say that they are paid a lower rate for this work than their pupils receive from the industries which employ them!

The Immediate Need

Cora Wilson Stewart, president of the Kentucky Illiteracy Commission, sketched the menace of our illiteracy condition by quoting these lines:

"There is a poor blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound with bonds of steel,
Who may in some grim revel raise his hands
And shake the pillars of the commonweal."

The peril of our situation was never portrayed in truer or more vivid lines than these. Any adequate discussion of possible and promising remedies for this situation would require not one article but several. But the first practical step is to get the message across to the taxpaying, lawmaking, school-supporting public that elementary education in the United States—the only kind that the most of our citizens of to-morrow will enjoy—is in a bad way and must have immediate first aid.

Pulling the public purse strings tighter is the order of the day—it must be! But the elementary schools, and especially the country schools, must have more nourishment, not less. The little white schoolhouse is the most important edifice in our national landscape, and it demands serious attention—pronto!

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AN ESCAPE TO GENEVA

(Continued from Page 9)

queer, and rather pitiful, how anxious he seemed to atone for his previous roughness by the tenderness of his way, now that she had come back. Once he kissed her hand when it rested on the tea table by his side, and he buttered some toast for her and said: "You're not eating a morsel! You'll fade away to a shadow if you don't keep your spirits up."

She smiled at him curiously, as though glad of his tender mood but not trustful of its continuance. To Venning she talked of the dismal state of Europe after the war, and of his own work to safeguard the future peace of the world. He was pleased to find that she had read some of his speeches, remembered sentences in them and was proud of his success.

"You're a great man now," she said. "The whole world acknowledges your work for the league. One day this little house in Kensington will have a medallion outside—'Here the Right Honourable Matthew Venning took tea with unknown friends in December, 1920.'"

"You exaggerate the importance of newspaper publicity," said Venning; but he liked her tribute. Somehow in her presence his honor, as he was sometimes pleased to call it, seemed of less importance to himself, except as something which gained her praise as good work done. He could hardly understand that, because she was not a great lady in the sense of exalted wisdom, and her judgment on subjects like the League of Nations could not be based on wide knowledge of international policy. Why, then, should he feel more satisfied with her approval than with that of more distinguished women, which had come to him easily? Perhaps it was her sincerity—so clear and simple, so honest.

Harington did not join much in the conversation. He made amends a little for his previous remarks about Venning's work by hoping that the world would back his efforts. Venning noticed that all his irritability had vanished, and that his body seemed more at ease, so that the whole character of the man had changed. He made some humorous remarks, good-natured, without a touch of bitterness, and looked pleased when Margaret laughed at them. Not such a bad fellow, after all, thought Venning, and repented of his former feeling of hostility.

Then an absurd incident happened which disturbed the tranquillity of this tea hour. There had been a ring at the bell and some murmured conversation in the hall. The maid appeared, embarrassed, and asked to speak to the mistress.

"Who is it?" asked Margaret.

"The grocer, ma'am. He's called for payment."

"Tell him to call again," said Margaret very calmly, but with a look of dismay which did not escape the eyes of Matthew Venning.

The maid hesitated.

"I'm afraid he won't, ma'am. He's rather—rude."

Harington sprang up from the table so violently that he knocked over a cup and broke it.

He uttered a frightful oath, permissible only in time of war, not permissible in a London drawing-room in the presence of his wife.

"Tell the scoundrel that if he doesn't leave the house at once I will come out and thrash him within an inch of his life."

"I will go and talk to him quietly," said Margaret, rising.

He grasped her arm and pulled her back roughly.

"You will do nothing of the sort! Have I no authority at all? Do you think that I'm such a weakling that I cannot defend this house from dirty blackmailers? To hell with the fellow!"

Margaret pulled her hand from his grasp. She was white with anger and disgust.

"Get back to your sofa!" she said. "How dare you use such language and behave so like a brute! Have you forgotten that you are a gentleman and my husband?"

"I only know that we were fools to marry," said Harington, and there was anguish in his voice, and he trembled with a kind of ague.

Margaret went out to the hall, and seemed to pacify the grocer. Anyhow, he left after a minute, during which time Harington had recovered himself and apologized to Venning for making such an idiot of himself over a trifling matter.

"The fellow will have to wait for his money," he said, "until I can earn some. That's another torture to Margaret. Unpaid bills and a husband who bangs his head against the wall for ideas which won't come. What a life for the sweetest girl in London! How she sticks it I can't imagine!"

It was not long after that when Venning took his leave under a plea of work. In the hall under the light of an old-fashioned lantern he held Margaret's hand and kissed it. Perhaps it was that gesture of his, expressing understanding and sympathy and respectful love, which broke her down a little. She wept, with her hands to her face, very quietly because of that husband of hers behind the closed door of the room they had left.

"My poor Margaret!" said Venning.

"You can't think what I suffer!" she said presently. "I loved him with all my soul—and love him still—and yet sometimes I think I must die or go mad because of his unkindness. It is all nerves, nerves, nerves. Physically he is perfectly well. All the doctors say so. It's another case of shell shock. Sometimes I'm afraid of my life with him. And we're so poor, I don't know what will happen. We owe bills everywhere! It's months since he has earned a shilling. I must get some kind of work to keep the house together."

"What can you do?" asked Venning.

She raised her hands, and then let them fall with a gesture of despair and smiled in a pitiful way.

"What do English girls learn to fit them for a living? Music, French, a little German, light literature, water-color painting—rubbish!"

"I'll try to think of something," said Venning. "Meanwhile you'll let me lend you some money for old times' sake?"

She shook her head.

"That will only make one more debtor. Help me to earn something."

Venning did not walk back through the Gardens. It was past closing time, and he struck through a little alley into High Street Kensington, and then picked up a passing taxi and told the man his number in Curzon Street. A heap of papers waited for him in his room. His secretary was worried at the mass of them. But Venning went first to his desk and wrote a letter which kept the secretary waiting for what he knew would be a long dictation. It was a letter to Margaret Harington, and contained an idea that had come to him like a flash in the taxicab.

"I am going back to Geneva on Monday," he wrote. "You would be extremely useful to me there as an additional secretary, especially because of your knowledge of French and German. I can offer you fifteen pounds a week, in addition to expenses. You will earn every penny of it, for I shall work you hard. But it will be interesting work, and for the good of mankind, if there is any use in any work. You need a change. This is a good chance. No doubt your husband has some friend or relative to look after him while you are away. Let me know how the idea appeals to you. Wire yes if you can manage it, and I will book your place on the train leaving Charing Cross at 8:30 in the morning."

The answer which came next day was yes. Venning's face flushed as he read it, and he said to himself, loud enough for his secretary to hear, "I wonder if it'll be all right."

He saw that Mrs. Harington was very pale when he met her at the station on that Monday morning, and he guessed that there had been a painful scene with Kenelm. Probably the fellow had raged and stormed at his wife's decision to play this independent part for his sake. Perhaps he had wept weak tears, poor devil! Venning had a pang of pity for him, being sensitive to human pain. Yet more of his pity was for this lady, who bore on her face the traces of painful hours overnight. It must have been a desperate resolution for her, this acceptance of his offer. He did not say much to her at the station, only glanced at her clothes, and said, "Are you warm enough? It's a very cold in Geneva."

She touched her fur coat and smiled, but did not speak. Then he introduced her to his secretary, Captain Harker, who was

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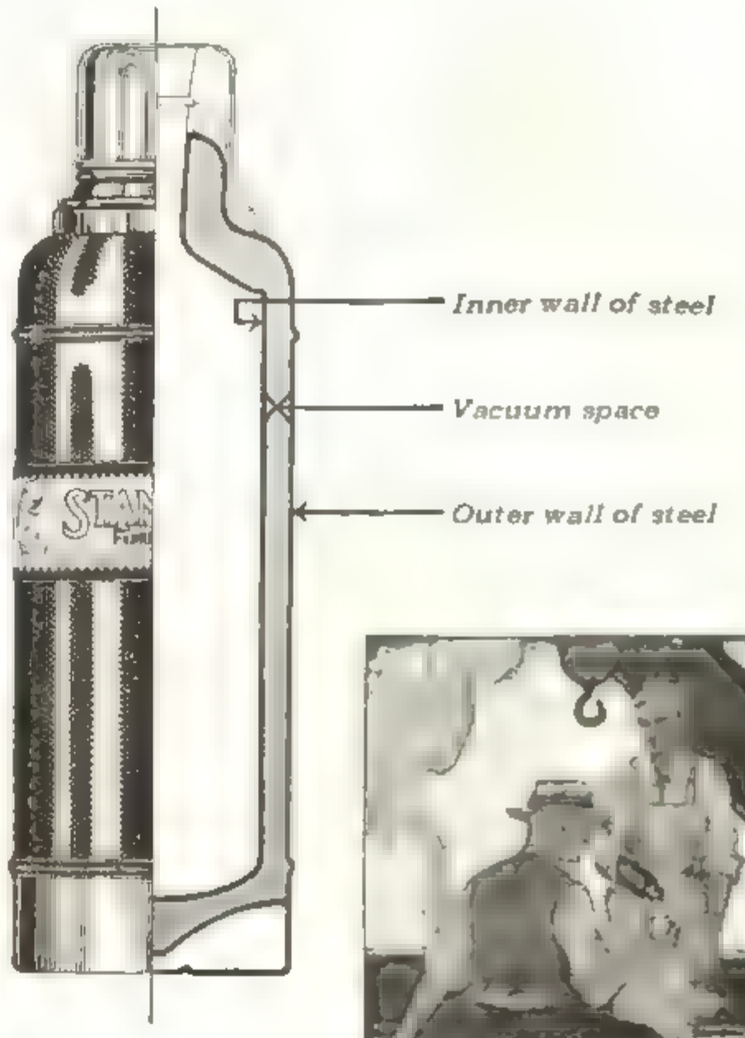

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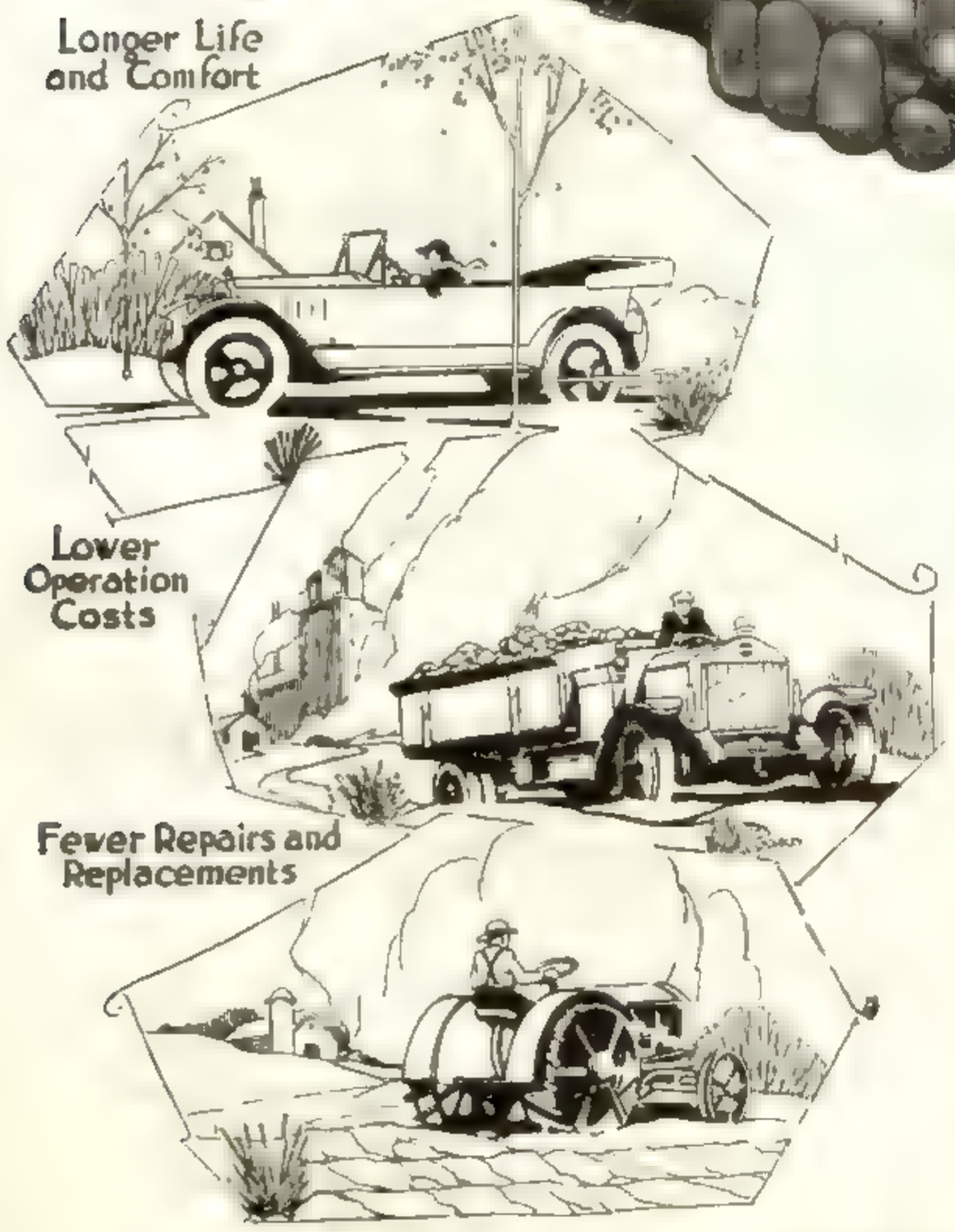

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conventionally polite and fussy for her comfort in the train: afterwards to Mrs. Curtis, an American lady who was in charge of some department in the economic section of the league at Geneva. A Foreign Office man was at the station with some papers which he asked Venning to read and return. Various delegates to the assembly traveled in the same carriage and monopolized Venning's conversation on the way to Dover. Once or twice he glanced over at Margaret Harington on that journey and saw that she was thinking back to the husband she had left behind—remorsefully, perhaps, by the look in her eyes, by the tears in her eyes as she stared out of the carriage window. He admired her pluck when the American lady fired rapid questions about her line of work in Geneva and her views on the international situation. No suspicion seemed to cross the mind of Mrs. Curtis that she was plucking the sensitive nerves of a human creature who wanted silence and time for self-control.

Captain Harker twisted his little black mustache and made sprightly remarks about theaters and dancing places, disappointed to find that the beautiful lady opposite was hopelessly out of date about the latest plays and the more expensive haunts of pleasure. But he was comforted when he found that she was the niece of Admiral Sir Neville Harington and the cousin of Bishop Clandon. Anyhow, he was obviously pleased to think that Venning had chosen as an additional secretary a lady of her style and charm. His eyes approved her dress and the blue hat she had bought at Lucile's.

It was not until they were on the boat nearing the coast of France that Venning had a private word with her. She was standing among some boxes in the bow looking towards Calais, which was visible through a glinting mist, and Venning saw that some color had crept into her face again and that she was smiling to herself. When he spoke to her and she turned to him he had an idea that the remembrance of domestic tragedy was passing. There was in her eyes, he thought, the same look of adventure which he had seen in the old days—expectation of things to come which would be pleasant and exciting.

"It's eight years since I've been to France," she said. "Before the war and all the horrors. I'm longing to breathe the air of Paris again."

"Not time for much of it," answered Venning. "We shall only be there an hour or two."

In the taxi from the Gare du Nord he sat opposite her—Captain Harker was next to her, nursing one of her hand bags—and she stared out at the passing crowds hurrying homewards after their day's work, all the little *midinettes* and swarms of pallid clerks; and when the cab hurtled round the Place de l'Opéra, with its cosmopolitan throng in the Boulevard des Italiens, where the lamplight shone through purple mist, she gave a deep sigh and said "Paris!" as though it were heaven.

They dined together at Henri's, and Venning was struck by the homage paid by the waiters to Margaret's beauty. It was clear that they took her to be Venning's wife, and that amused him at first, and then stung him with a sense of his loneliness. Life would be different if Margaret were his wife. It would give reason and color to his work for abstract justice. Under her fur coat she wore a black dress, extremely simple, but giving her a look of elegance. She was aware of the waiters' homage, and glad of it. There was a brightness in her eyes which had dispelled the shadows of overnight. Captain Harker, with his little black mustache—which struck Venning as ridiculous—was playing the cavalier industriously, and succeeded in making Margaret laugh, which was a good deed, for it was sweet in tone, and Venning saw that she attracted the favorable attention of people at other tables, and especially of two French officers in the dark blue of the Chasseurs Alpins, who tried—and failed—to get a glance from her. It was the privilege of a pretty woman, and Venning was glad that it had come to her again, after the dreary time she had had in that stuffy little house in Kensington, with a sick, neurotic husband, violent in his tempers, menacing even, and too poor to pay the household bills. She was too good for that squalor of life, that nagging of soul.

On the night run to Geneva she retired early to her sleeping berth, and was fresh and bright next morning at the customs examination on the Swiss frontier, laughing gayly at Captain Harker's rage because the customs officers utterly ignored his shouts of "*Passeport diplomatique!*" with a claim of divine right to pass through the luggage without inspection.

"It's an international scandal!" said Captain Harker.

"It's part of the fun of traveling," answered Mrs. Harington.

At Geneva, Venning had booked rooms for her in the Hôtel des Nations, a smaller, snugger place than the Beaurivage, where he was staying; and Harker and he went upstairs with her to see that all was comfortable. She was delighted as a child with her bedroom, spotlessly clean, and dainty in its decoration with water-color drawings of the Alps. The sitting room was a tiny place, with four armchairs of wickerwork and a lace-covered table.

"Is this good enough?" asked Venning.

"For a princess," was Margaret's answer.

Harker said "*Au revoir, madame,*" and went downstairs to order up the luggage.

Venning stood for a moment alone with Mrs. Harington.

"I'll let you know about work tomorrow," he said. "But come round and lunch with us at the Beaurivage. You'll be amused by the crowd."

"I'm here to work," she told him, and then suddenly she put her hand up to her throat and said: "I feel guilty in leaving Kenelm like that. I feel I've no right to be so glad at coming here, away from him."

"It'll do you good," said Venning. "Did he take it well?"

"He took it badly," said Margaret; and he could see in her eyes the remembrance of some dreadful scene, but she did not say more than that.

"It may do him good, too, to be alone awhile."

Mrs. Harington agreed with that. The words seemed to comfort her.

"Yes, we have been too much together. He relied on me for everything. Anyhow, I could not stand it any longer—not a day."

She spoke those last words with a tightening of the lips, and there was a quiver in her voice which made Venning afraid of tears. She had been tortured, he thought again, and hated that husband of hers who had been broken in the war. Better if he had died at the end of the nose dive.

"Well, at lunch then," he told her, and went downstairs to join Harker and walk with him down the Rue des Alpes to the Hôtel Beaurivage.

He had a suite of rooms in that hotel which he used as offices, and all the morning he was busy with interviews and the dictation of letters and reports. It was his usual routine, and he did it mechanically, forcing his mind to the attention of detail and his manner to the necessary courtesy with important visitors. But he was aware of a subconscious pull and distraction that made his work difficult. The personality of Mrs. Harington stood between him and these foreign delegates, and her face was clear to him on printed reports which it was his duty to read. He was annoyed with himself for this mental weakness and lack of self-discipline, and once or twice regretted having asked Margaret to come with him. It was too much of a responsibility, he thought, and then knew that this way of putting it was hardly honest.

"It's too much of a temptation," he said to himself, though not in spoken words, and that startled him so much during a conversation with a Japanese delegate that some reflection of his thought must have been visible, for the little Jap said in his soft purr, "Have I been indiscreet, my dear sir?" imagining that the look on Venning's face arose from their discussion.

Earlier than usual Venning went to wash his hands, as a sign to Captain Harker that the morning's work was done, and then went down into the hall. His excuse to Harker was that he wanted to see Lord Richard Crayshaw on his return from the assembly, but he knew that the real reason was to meet Margaret.

She was not in the hall yet, and he sat in one of the big leather chairs reading Le Temps of the day before in such a way as to discourage conversation or questions from the journalists, who were always anxious to waylay him for a word of news or a point of view. He was aware of them now watching for this chance, and nodded to a famous American war correspondent—not out for news or opinions, and therefore safe—who was watching the peace meetings of the League of Nations with the

(Continued on Page 70)

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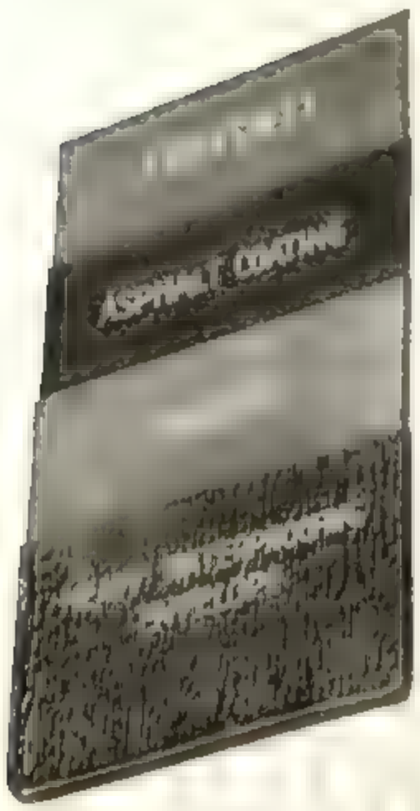
The PRODUCT

Three impervious coatings, (1) Asphalt (2) Asbestos (3) Waterproofing, stand between the metal and its many enemies. Each coat protects the other, and together they perfectly shield the specially annealed steel within.

Refined Robertson asphalt forms an air-tight moisture casing first. To this protective coating a thick layer of asbestos felt is firmly bonded by powerful machinery. Because of the fibrous-rock character of asbestos it is indestructible. It cannot rot or decay. Acids and alkalies cannot affect it. The entire sheet is then enveloped and fully sealed by a thick weather-resisting coat. All metal parts of Robertson Skylights are made of Robertson Process Metal. Ducts, hoods and exhaust systems are also made of this enduring material.



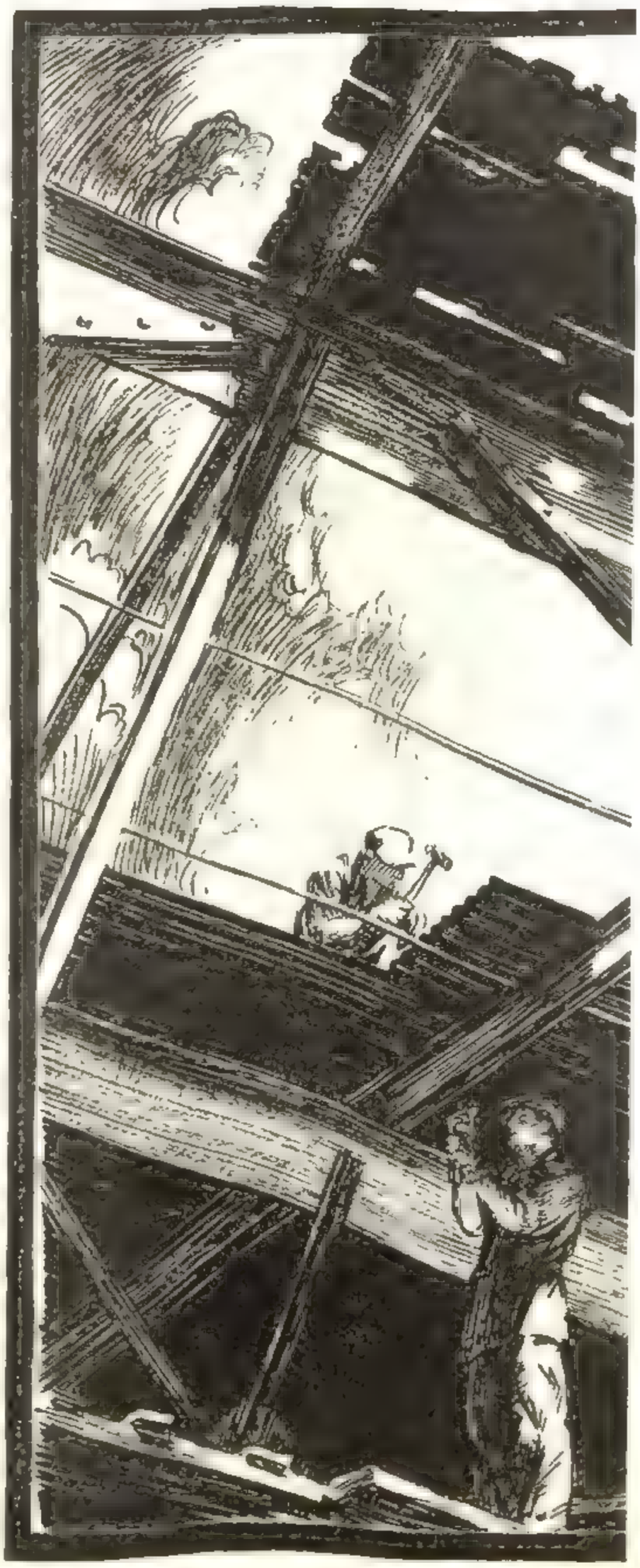
Made in Black and Maroon

Robertson Process Metal is made in corrugated, flat, beaded and mansard sheets for roofing and siding. It is also built into trim, flashing, gutters, downspouts and ventilators. It is made in both maroon and black.

The illustration opposite shows each step in the Robertson Process. A process sample will be gladly sent upon request—also practical literature which should be in the hands of every man who buys building material.

H. H. ROBERTSON COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

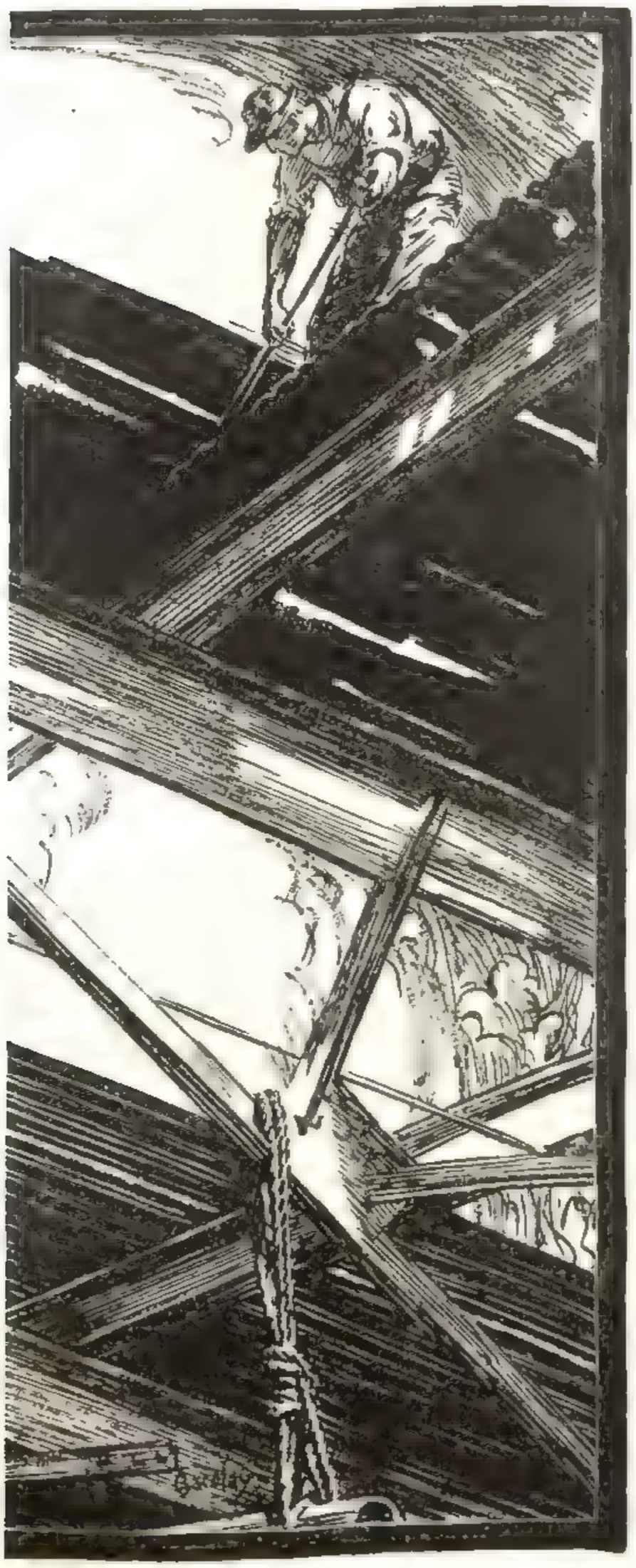
Branch Offices in all Principal Cities. *For Canada:* **H. H. Robertson Co., Ltd.**



ROBERTSON
FOR PERMANENT

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Replacement



In the Banker's eyes the permanent substantial building represents an equally permanent and safe investment. The quick depreciation of ordinary steel sheets in comparison with long-lived protected metal is a point not to be overlooked by bankers, investors and business men generally. They invest in "building life," and because Robertson Process Metal has a *sure future* it has found its greatest opportunity for service *in new construction*.

Besides the savings in maintenance costs, in the cost of paint and repairs, the original cost of Robertson Process Metal is less than that of any other material of equal permanency. It makes possible the employment of lighter steel frame work and more economical foundations. By its speedy construction it effects still further savings.

You will find evidence of these facts in the experience of the users listed below. Some of these corporations have used Robertson Process Metal in building operations more than one hundred times. The purchasing agents, the factory superintendents, the officials of these companies do not buy with their eyes shut. They are scientific buyers of building materials. "Repeat Orders" give assurance that Robertson Process Metal has earned its reputation by actual performance.

The EVIDENCE

This partial list of users is significant because of the prominence of the various corporations and because *all of them have used Robertson Process Metal repeatedly*. The date of the original order is shown after each name. Surely experience covering many years' usage is evidence of true value in this Robertson Product.

	First Order	
American Car & Foundry Company	1913	20 orders
American Locomotive Company	1913	14 orders
Anglo-Mexican Petroleum Company, Mexico	1919	16 orders
Armstrong Cork Company	1912	34 orders
Bethlehem Steel Company	1910	38 orders
Butterworth-Judson Corporation	1915	22 orders
Crucible Steel Company of America	1913	48 orders
Davison Chemical Company	1908	73 orders
E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company	1909	50 orders
Eastman Kodak Company	1919	11 orders
General Chemical Company	1909	119 orders
General Electric Company	1915	10 orders
Hudson Coal Company	1919	37 orders
Jones & Laughlin Steel Company	1913	28 orders
Keystone Driller Company	1912	67 orders
The Koppers Company	1918	86 orders
Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company	1914	41 orders
Packard Motor Company	1915	27 orders
Pennsylvania Lines	1909	104 orders
Public Service Corp. of N. J.	1911	12 orders
F. S. Royster Guano Company	1910	35 orders
Semet Solvay Company	1910	63 orders
Standard Oil Companies and Subsidiaries	1912	100 orders
United States Steel Corporation	1908	272 orders
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.	1916	8 orders

H. H. ROBERTSON COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

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PROCESS METAL

ROOFS, SIDING AND TRIM

"Come at once"

HAVE you ever received this message in the middle of the night?

Perhaps it concerned someone dear to you lying ill in the hospital.

Messages like that have a way of arriving in the middle of the night. Grim, urgent, fearsome messages!

But the fact that it is night does not cripple your quick answer to that call.

Instantly, with one movement of your hand, your house is lighted, making great speed possible. On the way to the hospital the streets, with their brilliant lamps, give you encouragement. The world is not so dark a place after all.

The great hospital itself is throbbing with activity.

Science, surgeons, nurses no longer wait for daytime to aid them in relieving pain—in saving lives.

The operating room, with its great white lights and the X-ray apparatus, is as busy at two in the morning as at ten.

The marvelous advance in delicate surgery is due in no small degree to the recent application of electricity to the needs of science.

Out of your anxiety on such a night comes a realization of how electricity is helping you, and helping that loved one in the hospital.

Behind all this light—what? Every single electric bulb in the country glows against the background of huge dams and water turbines (in the case of water power), or the tremendous boilers, turbines, engines and generators (in steam plants), and against the wires of high-tension transmission lines and the innumerable smaller wires stretching like a web from your very bedside out over the whole country.

And still behind these—what?

A thrilling story of thrift and investment. The story of some 1,450,000 men and women who by their thrift are investing millions of dollars in the electric light and power industry. These investors not only provide for themselves a steady income, but for their fellow citizens a service that today is an absolute necessity to our business and social life.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 67)

hopefulness of a man who had seen seventeen nations at war and understood the world's need of peace.

Through the swing doors of the Hôtel Beaurivage came the extraordinary crowd which this meeting of the league had brought to Geneva: Little Oriental women, Chinese and Japanese, beautifully dressed in European style, as pretty as painted dolls, with their neat little husbands; Paderewski, with his shock of white hair and pale, sad eyes; French delegates, once representative of revolutionary labor, now immaculate in the silk hat and frock coat of bureaucracy; Italian delegates, with black-eyed, vivacious ladies; a Persian in an astrakhan cap and long gray overcoat; two Turks wearing the red fez; some American ladies for the administrative offices of the league; a former Prime Minister of England, silver-haired, bland of expression, apparently unconscious of the eyes that were turned to him as he entered; an English Labor Member of the House of Commons, like an English general in mufti, with two old-maid sisters who seemed to have stepped out of Mrs. Gaskell's books; and a cutthroat fellow with a black beard and surly eyes, from one of the Slavonic states. What a mixture of humanity! What a babel of divers tongues!

When Venning lowered his paper to glance once more at the swing door he noticed that many of these people were glancing at him, and he heard his name spoken by someone, followed by the words "international court of justice." He wondered what they would think if they guessed that he was not absorbed in the idea of international justice, but in a foolish desire to see a woman's smile, to hear the sound of her voice, to smell the fragrance of the scent she used. They would not believe it! To them he was an ideal figure removed from common human emotions. For some years he had almost believed so himself, blinded by vanity and self-delusion. Now something had happened underneath the crust of his self-discipline, beneath that mask of lofty self-conceit, to warn him that common human emotion had not departed from him, that human nature was alive in him. Perhaps he had better heed the warning. What was it that had happened to him? Mrs. Harington had happened, coincident with some call back to the realities of life. Rather dangerous, perhaps, to a man of his age—not so old, after all—and his position.

She came through the swing door and he rose from his chair and went to meet her, regardless of the watchful eyes about.

"Have I kept you waiting?" she asked rather breathlessly.

He smiled and said, "I was impatient for lunch."

She told him that she had been down by the lake, and had had a first glimpse of Mont Blanc, with its shining snow above low-lying clouds of gray mist.

"I feel a new woman. I'd begun to stale for a sight of the great world."

The cold air of Geneva, intensely cold at that time, had whipped her cheeks so that they glowed, and there was a bright sparkle in her eyes.

"Come into the *salle à manger*," said Venning. "I expect you're hungry after your walk."

Captain Harker joined them, paid a compliment to Margaret's recovery from the night journey, held a chair for her.

She was excited by the company in the room, those funny little Eastern ladies, those famous diplomats, all those international workers.

"In this room," she said, "are the people who are going to build a new world out of the ruins."

Captain Harker was cynical

"Most of them are overeating grossly. Geneva is a wonderful place for feeding. Long dinners follow long luncheons with distressing regularity and meanwhile Central Europe starves to death."

That thought distressed Mrs. Harington and took her appetite away so that Harker reproached himself and said: "Our abstinence won't help the rickety babes of the world, and we must keep up strength to work for them."

Venning listened and did not talk much. His silence, indeed, became noticeable, so that Mrs. Harington accused him of brooding too much over his draft of international justice.

"It's not quite that," he said, smiling at her. He did not tell her that he was thinking how good it would be to have her always by his side. He wondered what she would think if she guessed that thought of his.

After luncheon the former Prime Minister of England buttonholed him, spoke a few words about the league's chance of success, and then blinking a little in the direction of Mrs. Harington he asked what he wanted to know.

"Who is that devilish pretty woman with you, Venning? Not the Duchess of Standon, is it? My old eyes are getting dim."

"No, sir. It's one of my secretaries, Mrs. Harington."

"One of your secretaries? Ah! I have long made a rule to employ only men secretaries. It's a safe rule, young fellow."

He went away smiling, and in the next day's papers there was a report that the former Prime Minister was in the best of spirits over the settlement of all outstanding difficulties with France on the question of disarmaments.

Venning was not a young and reckless man. Nor was he a man of spiritual or moral weakness. Always he had schooled himself to caution, to the safe path of honor, to the amount of sacrifice necessary for the character of an idealist which had been given to him by his friends and the world. So now he was careful with Mrs. Harington—very careful. For several days, for more than a week even, he avoided all private talk with her, even at table. Mostly he dined out at other hotels with various delegates, and more often than not ate only a few sandwiches for lunch in his working room. From Captain Harker he was glad to learn that she had made acquaintance with other women in Geneva—Mrs. Curtis, the American lady, had introduced her to a miscellaneous set—and had found one or two friends of her own in the administrative offices, so that she was not lonely after office hours.

During the day she worked in his room, or in the room next to him, transcribing some of his reports for the typists, translating French and German documents, and now and then interviewing some of his foreign visitors. He noticed the quick way she had, the admirable accuracy of all she did, and above all the tact with which she dealt with people who called to waste his time. She was worth the money he had agreed to pay. She was worth more than that to him. Her presence in his room, so quiet and unobtrusive, gave him a sense of well-being. He liked to hear the rustle of her frock. He liked to see the light on her hair as she sat at a desk near the window overlooking the lake. He liked to see the little pucker on her forehead as she pored over German script.

Captain Harker was nearly always in the room with them, a fussy, industrious, humorous little man, who often expressed his sense of satisfaction with life by saying in an ecstatic way, "Well, this is better than the dirty old ditches round Ypres!"

It was Harker who suggested to Venning one afternoon that he was working too hard and ought to knock off for an evening and hear some good music.

"Where?" asked Venning.

"Mrs. Curtis collects a jolly crowd in her flat every night after dinner. Good coffee, remarkable females, a violinist who plays like an archangel, and Mrs. Harington at the piano. It would do you good, sir."

"Yes, come," added Mrs. Harington. "It's real fun, and all the people are kind and good."

"I'll come to hear you play," said Venning.

That was the first night in Geneva that he had any private talk with her. He came in rather late, a few moments after Mrs. Curtis had said "Our great man thinks better of it." Mrs. Harington was playing then some melody by Chopin, and Venning stood inside the room, motionless, after a whispered greeting from Mrs. Curtis. It was a queer crowd, he thought. There were two or three Polish women with their hair cut straight round the nape of the neck, several American men sitting on the floor with their knees hunched up, a young French officer, and queer-looking specimens of unknown nationality, but probably Italian or Greek. Margaret Harington sat at a rosewood piano on which there was a shaded lamp. Although he had entered the room silently, she was aware of his presence, for she looked towards him and held his eyes with a little smile for a moment. That smile of hers with some message in it made his pulse beat queerly. She looked very happy, younger than when

she had met him at Charing Cross, extraordinarily charming. He had no idea she could play so well

A silence followed the end of her melody, then a murmur of applause, a little clapping.

"You're wonderful, my dear!" said Mrs. Curtis.

One of the Polish women led her from the piano and kissed her hands, speaking in French:

"*Mais c'est merveilleux! Vraiment, madame, je vous félicite! Quelle sympathie! Quelle émotion!*"

"It was a real treat, Mrs. Harington!" said one of the American men.

"I'm ashamed to play in the presence of a great master," replied Mrs. Harington, smiling at one of the Slavs with a mass of uncombed hair above his limp collar.

"On the violin I am something," said the man in French. "On the piano I am a little baby."

It was then that Mrs. Harington greeted Venning. He bent over her hand and kissed it, and it was only Mrs. Curtis who opened her eyes rather wide at this homage of a great man to his secretary. The Poles and other foreigners accepted it as the right way of behavior to a lady of talent and of beauty. Margaret herself was not embarrassed, though she smiled and remarked that he had learned foreign ways in Geneva.

They sat together on a low sofa, but did not talk during twenty minutes, while the violinist was playing—wild and marvelous things in which Venning fancied he heard the cry of hungry peoples and the spirit of revolution rising to madness, and at last the death of a race. It might have been that, or Nature in travail, or this man's soul in agony. Strange and haunting stuff anyhow. In the buzz of conversation that followed he talked to Margaret.

"Are you happy in Geneva?"

"Wonderfully happy," she told him. "It's a great adventure, and England seems a world away. I'm beginning to forget the little house in Kensington."

"Forget it!" he said.

Some contrition seemed to take hold of her after that, for she spoke of her husband.

"If only Kenelm were well again, so that he could join me here!"

"Do you want to go back to him?" asked Venning. He spoke the words brusquely, almost sharply, though she did not seem to notice his tone.

She lowered her head a little when she answered: "I think I should die if I went back to the same conditions. That's an awful thing to say, isn't it? Am I wicked in thinking it?"

"You've had a bad time," said Venning, a great pity in his voice.

"It was always worse for Ken. He hates himself for being so—irritable and all that. Cries and blames himself. When we married he was the sweetest boy in the world. It's war that altered him—so much that I am sometimes terrified. The curse of war! The cruelty of war!"

"The cruelty of life!" said Venning.

They had no more private talk that evening, and Venning had to go early because of a late meeting with the British delegates.

"It was perfectly charming of you to come," said Mrs. Curtis. "A great honor for all of us."

"A great treat for me," was Venning's answer, and that was utterly sincere, and he hated to go from this place where Margaret stayed.

As he walked back along the lakeside with his fur collar tucked up to his ears because of the biting cold, he thought back to her words about her husband—"I think I should die if I went back." He would see that she need not go back. Perhaps ——

He did not finish that "perhaps," but stood still for several minutes in the black shadow spaces beyond the electric lights outside the Beaurivage, with his hat pushed back from his forehead as usual, and his hands thrust deep into his pockets. His reverie ended with a sharp word that was almost a groan, perhaps almost a prayer—"Lord!"

Then he went in to the meeting of British delegates, and none of these men had the thought that the Right Honourable Matthew Venning was troubled about his honor or concerned with anything less international than the international court of justice.

The days passed, and there was nothing to report, as the official bulletins used to say during the war, when men were dying in great numbers. Venning knew, though, that in his own soul there was active warfare, breaking down his will power, smashing down all the barricades which he had built in years of respectable routine against the barbarian and the primitive man. Now the primitive man was winning, though sometimes he called it common sense and freedom from conventionality and pity and the human right to joy and other fancy names. Once in office hours, when Margaret touched his hand inadvertently as she handed him a paper, he had a quick thrill as though touched by some vital spark, and his hand trembled so much when he took the paper that she noticed it and questioned him.

"Are you unwell?"

He shook his head and told her that the room was stuffy.

The most curious thing happened to him when he was addressing an assembly of delegates on the completed plan for the court of justice as it had been approved by the law officers of many advisory committees. All his life's work was summed up in this address, or at least the crown of his career was there. He was perfectly master of himself. Every point was in his mind, well ordered. He could see the approving glances of his audience, heard one or two of their whispered comments as he paused now and then.

"The sincerity of the man is what is so convincing."

Those words were spoken by one of the colonial delegates.

The sincerity of the man! The sincerity of the man!

Venning's thoughts seemed to be fixed by those words. What was his sincerity? He had posed as an idealist. In every newspaper they called him that, wrote slush about his austere and blameless life, set him up as a spiritual leader of men. Now he wanted Margaret Harington. That fellow Kenelm had no right to her. He was a neurotic creature who tortured her by his passions. It was ridiculous that she should ever go back to him. It would be good to take her to Italy in the spring. They would wander among pictures, perhaps spend a week or two in Florence, and then in Venice. She would look exquisite in a gondola. How she would laugh at the serenades of the *gondolièri!* How she would—how she ——

It was Captain Harker who whispered to him, "Are you ill, sir?"

Good Lord, he had forgotten all about the court of international justice and lost the thread of his speech! Where was he? He fumbled with his notes, which till then he had not used. Oh, yes, the application for judicial remedy! Venning picked up the broken thread, went on to a good and clear end, received the applause of the delegates. By Jove, a near shave! He had been in a daydream, ridiculous and inexcusable.

It was some nights later when he spoke to Mrs. Harington in the hall of the Beaurivage before dinner.

"Let's dine together in some quiet restaurant—on the other side of the lake. I want to get away from the crowd."

"That would be splendid," she said. "You're looking worried, quite haggard. Is it overwork?"

"I haven't been sleeping well," he told her as an excuse, and it was true enough.

They went together across the lake, and Margaret Harington liked the look of the lights on the water and leaned over the ferry to watch the little black ducks scurrying out of the way of their bow.

"Aren't they funny!" she exclaimed with a note of laughter.

He held her hand as she stepped out of the boat and offered her his arm when they walked along the quay side towards the restaurants in which lights were gleaming across the lake.

"I'm worried about Ken," she said presently. "He hasn't written for ten days. In his last letter he hinted at another operation. I cabled to him to-day."

"An operation?"

Venning spoke the words calmly, but some vision came to him of this girl's husband lying dead. That would be a good thing. That would make all things easy. There would be happiness again for Margaret, and all he wanted for himself. So he thought, and then realizing what he thought was shocked at this vision of his. Was he going altogether wrong? Was he going to prove all his life a lie?

Yet, after all, what was wrong? Wasn't it hideously wrong that Margaret should

(Concluded on Page 75)

Which heating plant is best for you?

THE heating system that keeps your friend's house snug in winter may be the wrong one for you.

Different houses require different kinds of heating. There is no one heating plant that will answer all heating requirements.

Consequently, we make all types—vapor, steam, hot water, warm air, pipe and pipeless—and among them is the one type and size that will heat *your* house at least expense.

NOVELTY heating plants are built with the same fine consideration for fuel economy as for heat production—based upon 74 years' study of heating problems in all kinds and conditions of buildings. Easy to maintain, require little attention and will keep you comfortable through the coldest winters.

All *NOVELTY* goods are made of Flex-O-Tuf Iron, possessing extraordinary toughness and elasticity, thus resisting stresses due to wide temperature changes. Flex-O-Tuf Iron is a discovery of *NOVELTY* engineers and explains the long life of *NOVELTY* products.

Put your heating problem up to the *NOVELTY* dealer in your locality. Meanwhile, write for the *NOVELTY* booklet today.

ABRAM COX STOVE COMPANY

General Offices: PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK *Established 1847* CHICAGO

Makers of NOVELTY Hot Water, Steam and Vapor Boilers, Warm Air, Pipe and Pipeless Furnaces, Coal and Combination Ranges, Laundry Stoves, Hot Water Supply Boilers, FORTUNE Gas Ranges and Gas Water Heaters.

NOVELTY BOILERS-FURNACES-RANGES

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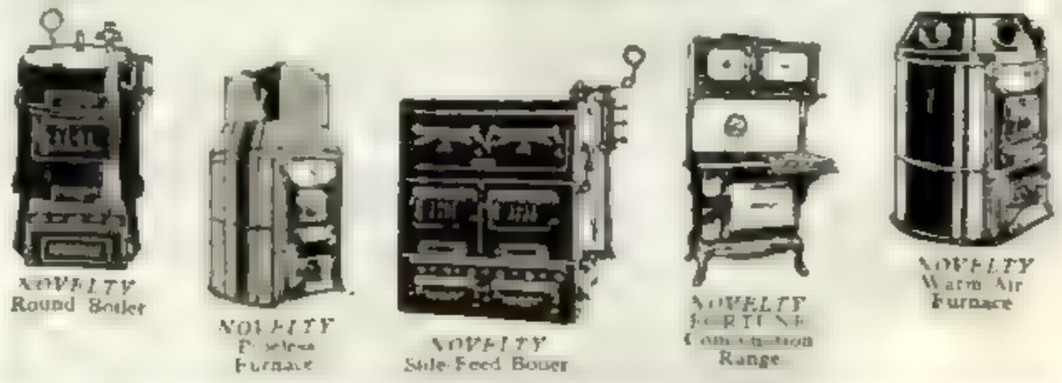


Torch Bearers of Industry

What Oxweld has done for others—

Oxweld can do for you.

WHAT the Goddess of Liberty's torch means to America the thousands of oxwelding torches at work throughout the land mean to American Industry.

Every industrial plant can and should be absolutely independent of the usual causes of delayed production.

The intense heat of the oxy-acetylene flame, under which metals of all kinds and in any form are easily handled, has solved the problem of uninterrupted output in modern industry.

Breaks, cracks and worn surfaces such as keep your machines idle for days and even weeks can be re-made as good as new, on the spot and in a few hours' time, by applying oxwelding and cutting to reclamation work in your plant.

Why lose time and money waiting for new parts? Thousands of your fellow manufacturers, the country over, have eliminated profit-eating delays through oxwelding.

And how about your production?

If what you make is of metal, oxwelding can almost certainly simplify your manufacturing problems. In hundreds of plants producing many different articles the process has been successfully applied to reduce costs, lessen time and improve quality.

Talking machine records, glassware and other products—seemingly as foreign to the oxy-acetylene flame—are among those successfully handled by oxwelding.

Ask for the book, "Oxweld Can Do It," which tells how oxwelding is daily saving time in thousands of American plants.

Oxweld Service Engineers, stationed in more than fifty centrally situated cities, are ready, at your request, to demonstrate in your own plant how oxwelding and cutting can be applied to your profit.

A word to the nearest address below will receive immediate attention.

OXWELD ACETYLENE COMPANY

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Sales Representatives in the Principal Cities of the World

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF EQUIPMENT FOR OXWELDING AND CUTTING METALS

LINDE
OXYGEN
MEYER

90% of all washing is the plain and heavy things

"Dora, whatever will we do with these dirty overalls?"

"Why, ma'am, I'll just *put 'em in the Maytag.* They'll come out clean as a whistle."

Dipping will cleanse a dainty linen handkerchief or a bit of pink chiffon. But *force* is needed to get the ground-in dirt out of the heavy and plain things.

In the Maytag all-aluminum cylinder the hot, sudsy water is activated. It gushes in through the *five millrace gates.* The millrace action flushes it through and through the dirt-clogged meshes. In a few minutes the dirtiest wash comes out beautifully clean.

Go to the local dealer and see for yourself. Note how the Maytag is built and finished. Inspect, too, the beautiful *all-metal* swinging, reversible electric wringer used only on the Maytag. If you do not recall the Maytag dealer, write us for his name.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, Dept. 100, NEWTON, IOWA
Branches at Philadelphia, Pa., Indianapolis, Ind., Minneapolis, Minn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Portland, Ore.; Winnipeg, Man., Can., and The Maytag Company of Eng., 323 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London
Makers of Maytag Multi-Motor, Electric, Belt and Hand Power Washers (161)

Maytag

Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER

The Millrace Principle

The famous Maytag aluminum cylinder has only five openings—each one designed on the principle of the millrace. As the cylinder revolves, the water rushes through these openings with greatly increased velocity, which produces the flushing action.

"The Gray Machine with the Red Stripe"

(Concluded from Page 71)

have to endure misery all her life with a man unworthy to be any wife's husband? Was it not a lie for him to pretend to inhuman superiority to the desperate need of men's souls, which is love and the beauty of life? His conflict began again, tearing him.

Mrs. Harington was quite unconscious of this struggle in the man beside her. She only thought him preoccupied with exalted thought.

They went into one of the lakeside restaurants—a quiet, shabby place, almost deserted.

A Swiss waiter came forward, bowing, and desired to know whether the gentleman would like a private room.

"Yes," said Venning.

Mrs. Harington smiled and said in her chaffing way, "Your food will cost you more."

Venning helped her to take off her fur coat in a little room with paneled walls, furnished in the Empire style, though some of the gilt had worn off the mirrors and the carpet was frayed. They sat together at table, and the waiter was obsequious in his suggestions for dinner.

"Not so much talk about it," said Venning coldly. "Bring us something to eat."

When the waiter had gone for a time he put his elbows on the table, with his chin propped on his folded hands, and smiled at Margaret Harington.

"This is good," he said—"this peace and quiet, alone with you."

She smiled back at him.

"You might be dining with the great ones of the world. It's kind of you to condescend to Cinderella."

"Condescend?" He mocked at the word. "I suppose you know you're the prettiest woman in Geneva. Younger men would envy me."

She was amused by those words of his, and a little blush crept up her neck.

"The prettiest woman? Then there must be a dearth of beauty here."

"There is," said Venning.

Margaret Harington seemed to be thinking of all the women she had met since her coming to Geneva.

"Yes," she admitted, "they're mostly rather plain. But what does it matter? I think I dislike pretty women. I like the kind and ugly ones. Prettiness! It's a hateful word."

"Beauty," said Venning.

"Oh, beauty! That's different."

"You're different," said Venning.

"Different from what?" she asked.

"From other women—all of them."

For the first time Margaret Harington seemed to be aware of something in Venning's look, something in his way of speech which startled her. There was adoration in his eyes, and hunger, and a kind of primitive look. Kenelm had looked at her like that sometimes before their marriage and afterwards.

"It is close in this room," she said. "I would almost rather dine in the larger restaurant."

She rose from the table to open the ventilator, and Venning stood beside her and caught hold of her hands and spoke rapidly.

"Margaret, don't be frightened! I'm not going to do anything foolish. But I want to tell you that you need never go back to that poky little house in Kensington, to the misery of your marriage. I love you, my dear, and I want only your happiness, and mine as part of it. After this league business we can go away to some good place, some beauty spot, and then ——"

He did not say what would happen then. She pulled her hands out of his, not with any violence, but firmly, and turned away from him. He saw that her eyes had filled with tears and that her face was white.

"I had no idea," she said. "I thought you were only very kind, and sorry for me."

"I want to be kind," Venning answered her, "and I'm enormously sorry."

"You forget Ken," she said.

"He deserves to be forgotten. He has dragged you down to squalor and wretchedness. He's breaking your spirit. You say yourself you can't go back to him."

"Did I say that?"

She stood there, white-faced, large-eyed, not looking at Venning, but looking, it seemed, away from Geneva, across Europe to that poky house in Kensington where her fretful husband lay. She saw the months of wretchedness there, felt again the strain that had reached breaking point, considered the life that would lie before her when she went back again. Venning seemed to read her thoughts.

"Is it possible?" he asked. "Your return to all that?"

A slight shudder shook her. Venning came closer, took hold of her cold hands, kissed them with a sudden, released passion.

"My dear," he said huskily, "we could be so happy together! We could do good work."

"No," she said, "it's madness—and wickedness."

"It's the call of life. My love and yours—the divine right of love."

"Dishonor!" she said, speaking harshly. "A forfeit of all you have worked for, your reputation!"

"I'm sick of reputation, the false pose of public life. I want happiness."

"This is not the way," said Margaret Harington. "There would be no happiness for either of us if your name were dragged into the mud and I knew myself to be the cause of it. Besides, there is always Ken—and my vows to him, and the boy I remember in him."

Venning was silent for a minute. Her words echoed the thoughts that had been working in his own mind in conflict with other thoughts. But he challenged them sharply.

"My name is nothing compared with your love, if I might have that. As for your husband, he has broken all need of loyalty by his treatment of you. You say there is always Ken. How do we know that? Perhaps he will die soon and make you free."

It was astounding that he should have said that brutal thing, but the vision of Margaret's husband lying lifeless stood before him again, strangely clear.

"It would be the best thing for all of us," he added. "For him as well."

"Perhaps for him," said Margaret, and she spoke in a pitiful way.

"And for us?"

He asked the question eagerly, and waited for her answer. But that answer did not come, because the waiter interrupted it with bowls of soup, which Venning would willingly have poured over him.

"Let us be sensible," said Mrs. Harington, and she sat at table again and signed to him to take his place. She was glad of the waiter's fussiness, his questions about wine, his elaborate etiquette of service. He took them to be man and wife, or he would have been more discreet, perhaps, with his presence.

Venning answered abruptly, wished the fellow with the devil secretly, and once in his absence sought to get the conversation back to where it had ended with an unanswered question. She shook her head.

"Don't let us spoil everything."

"I want to arrange all our life," said Venning.

She became very pale again and begged him not to make her cry in that public place.

"I love you," he said. "Are you not glad of that? Tell me once you are glad, and I won't say another word to worry you—here."

She looked at him as though she saw to the depths of him.

"I'm sorry," she told him. "I thought your kindness was—for kindness' sake."

It was then that something happened which seemed to both these people at the time like an apparition, frightening and accusing. Quick footsteps, not the waiter's, had come up the staircase, and Margaret was the first to see a figure standing in the doorway. It was the figure of Kenelm Harington, her husband, in an old rainproof coat which he had worn in the war. For a moment his eyes seemed dazzled by the light in this room. Then he came forward with a joyous laugh, and called out her name.

"Margaret!"

She stood up at the table, deathly pale, not believing at first that her eyes told the truth. Venning had swung round in his chair and had his masklike face.

Harington pulled off his cap, dropped it on the floor and seized his wife's hands.

"Harker told me you were here. Do you see a change in me? Something has happened! I'm fit and well again!"

"Well again?"

"Cured!" he said. "It wasn't my spine. It was my silly old head—a bit of bone pressing against the brain. 'Kill or cure,' said old Hartley. You remember Hartley, the Harley Street man? 'Kill and be damned to you!' I said. 'I'll take the chance—for Margaret's sake.' Peg, sweetheart, I'm just as I was before. Do you forgive me all the rest—those miserable years?"

Even Venning could see that the man was changed. His boyishness had come back to him. He seemed ten years younger than when he lay on the sofa in Holland Street. There was a brightness in his eyes, a new vitality in all his manner.

"Ken!" cried Margaret. "Oh, my dear boy again!"

She wept, with his arms about her.

It was extraordinary how changed he was. Some evil spell seemed to have passed from him. In the days that followed, when Margaret still worked as Venning's secretary, he stayed in her hotel, writing a novel which went easily and well, and now is known by the public. He was unstinting in his gratitude to Venning for all his kindness to Margaret, and to his wife his tenderness was unchanging in devotion, rebuking her secret apprehensions that the evil spell might come back again. Happiness came back to her.

"It's a second honeymoon," she told her husband, "and better than the first!"

The Pipe And Easy Chair

In almost every home, there's one place sacred to the head of the house where he is accustomed to settle down and take his comfort.

There is a big, comfortable chair—a Morris chair, or some sort of an upholstered, shaped-to-his-figure seat such as used to be called an easy chair.

It's usually lodged near the fireplace.

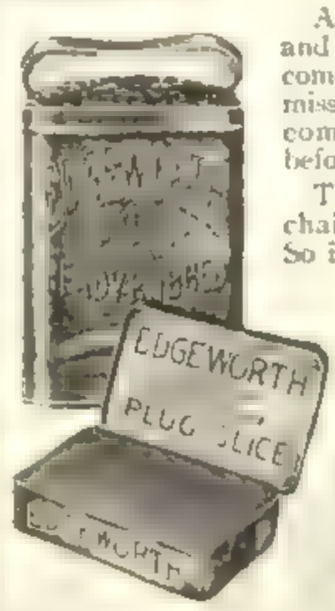
At any rate, it's always stationed at just about the most comfortable spot in the house.

And right near at hand you inevitably find—what?

Pipes and tobacco, don't you?

Men are likely to be just as comfort-loving as they are hard-working.

They know that rest is necessary to renew their powers. They know that after a pipeful and a short rest in the old easy chair, their minds work more clearly; they can think things out that baffled them no little during the pressure and confusion of the day. And so—they take their comfort, wisely take it.



And so—his pipe and tobacco have become tickets of admission to a man's comfort as nothing before or since.

The pipe and easy chair are necessary. So is one other thing.

A man must have the kind of tobacco that absolutely suits his taste.

If you happen to lack this, it may be Edgeworth.

You be judge and jury and allow us to submit our case. There will be no appeal from your judgment.

Simply write down on a postcard your name and address, together with that of the local dealer supplying your smoking needs. By the next mail we'll send to you postpaid generous samples of Edgeworth Tobacco in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by sharp knives into very thin, moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands. It makes an average pipeload.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is ready to pour right into your pipe. It packs nicely, and burns freely to the very bottom of your pipe, getting better and better.

When the mail brings Edgeworth to you give one of your pipes a thorough going over and load it to the brim with Edgeworth. Drop into the little old easy chair, stretch out, letting your feet rest high or low, and light up. Puff-puff-puff—now you know whether or not Edgeworth is the pipe tobacco absolutely suited to your taste.

It is either the pipe tobacco you have been hoping to find or it isn't. You'll be able to decide that with your first pipeful.

If it isn't exactly what you want, you're out one cent, spent for a postcard. But if it is—well, you're likely to feel that you never invested a cent to better advantage.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples upon which we request your judgment, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

WORLD-WIDE

For Railroad Transportation

Electricity has demonstrated its success in railroad transportation. All existing electrifications point the way to greater accomplishments.

The flexibility and utility of electric power are destined to be the controlling factors in the development of our country's transportation requirements.

Experience with this subject points to the necessity of careful and open-minded study of the particular installation for which the plans are being made.

Recommendations of Westinghouse engineers are based on thorough study and analysis of the operating conditions. Into such studies are drawn not only the railroad engineers familiar with the problem, but also the broad ability and experience of consulting engineers.

Westinghouse engineers, the pioneers in high-voltage electrification in this country, coupled with the broad experience of the Baldwin Locomotive Company and The Westinghouse Air Brake Company, insure a most comprehensive solution of all electrification problems the world over.

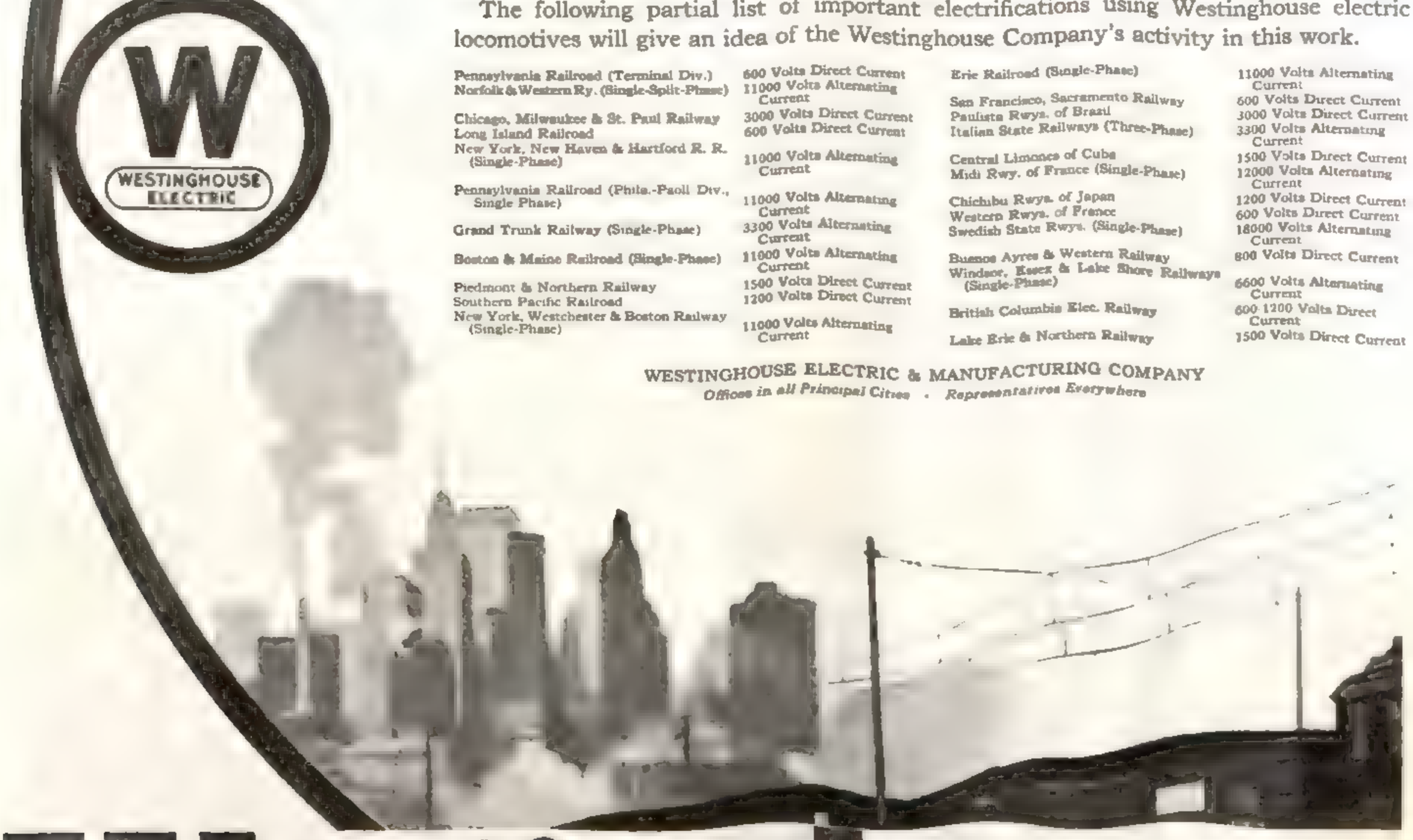
Baldwin-Westinghouse electric locomotives are operating on most of the major electrifications in this country as well as in Sweden, Italy, France, Japan, Brazil, Cuba and other countries where their great value has been fully realized.

The following partial list of important electrifications using Westinghouse electric locomotives will give an idea of the Westinghouse Company's activity in this work.

Pennsylvania Railroad (Terminal Div.)	600 Volts Direct Current
Norfolk & Western Ry. (Single-Split-Phase)	11000 Volts Alternating Current
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway	3000 Volts Direct Current
Long Island Railroad	600 Volts Direct Current
New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. (Single-Phase)	11000 Volts Alternating Current
Pennsylvania Railroad (Phila.-Paoli Div., Single Phase)	11000 Volts Alternating Current
Grand Trunk Railway (Single-Phase)	3300 Volts Alternating Current
Boston & Maine Railroad (Single-Phase)	11000 Volts Alternating Current
Piedmont & Northern Railway	1500 Volts Direct Current
Southern Pacific Railroad	1200 Volts Direct Current
New York, Westchester & Boston Railway (Single-Phase)	11000 Volts Alternating Current
Erie Railroad (Single-Phase)	11000 Volts Alternating Current
San Francisco, Sacramento Railway	600 Volts Direct Current
Paulista Rwys. of Brazil	3000 Volts Direct Current
Italian State Railways (Three-Phase)	3300 Volts Alternating Current
Central Limonca of Cuba	1500 Volts Direct Current
Midi Rwy. of France (Single-Phase)	12000 Volts Alternating Current
Chichibu Rwys. of Japan	1200 Volts Direct Current
Western Rwys. of France	600 Volts Direct Current
Swedish State Rwys. (Single-Phase)	18000 Volts Alternating Current
Buenos Ayres & Western Railway	800 Volts Direct Current
Windsor, Essex & Lake Shore Railways (Single-Phase)	6600 Volts Alternating Current
British Columbia Elec. Railway	600-1200 Volts Direct Current
Lake Erie & Northern Railway	1500 Volts Direct Current

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Offices in all Principal Cities · Representatives Everywhere

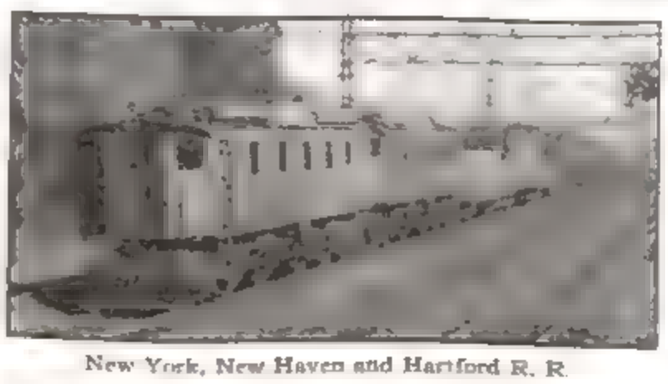


Westinghouse

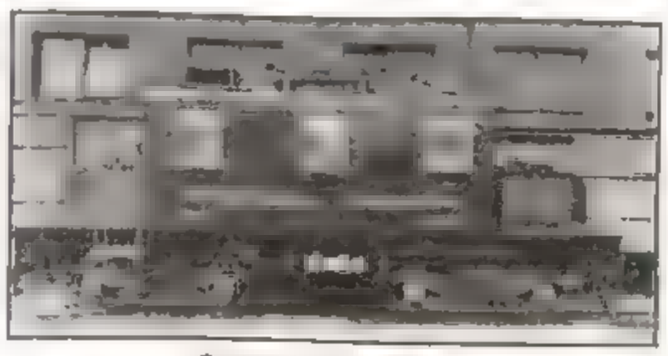
ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES, LINE AND POWER PLANT EQUIPMENT

ELECTRIFICATION

Southern Pacific Railroad

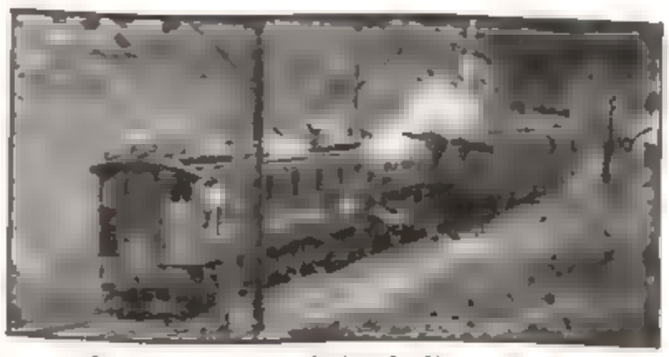


New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R.

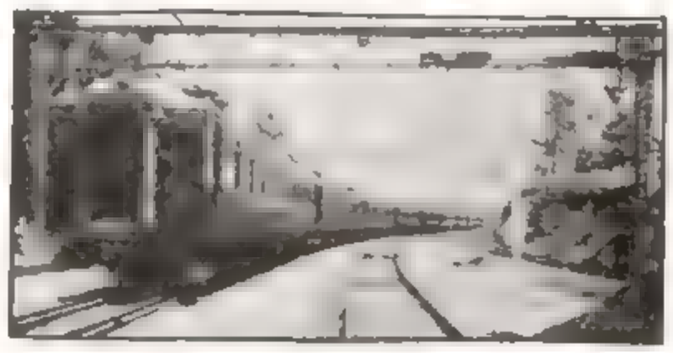


Central Limones, Cuba

Norfolk and Western Railway

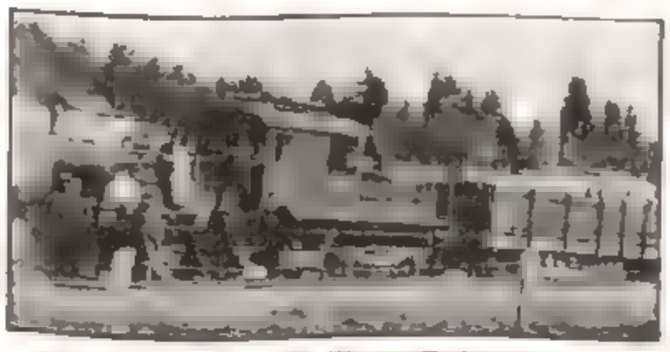


Boston and Maine Railroad—Hoosac Tunnel



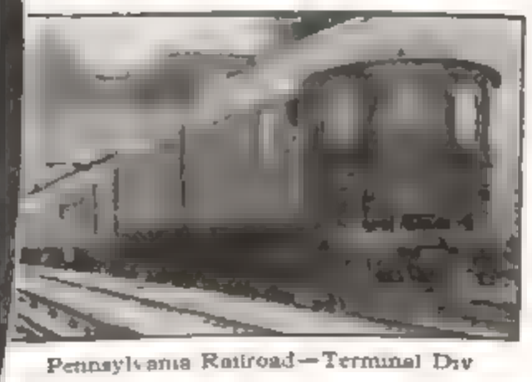
New York, Westchester and Boston Ry

Grand Trunk Railway

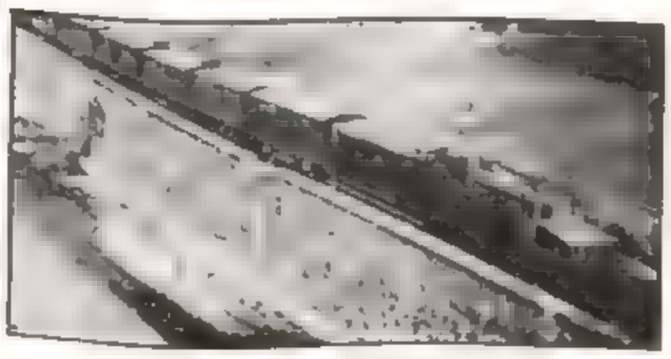


British Columbia Electric Railway

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway



Pennsylvania Railroad—Terminal Div



Italian State Railways

Pennsylvania Railroad—Phila. Paoli Div.

The Deadly Bite Of A Garter

ONE good bite and the damage is done—a garter run. Down, down it goes all the way into the shoe, and your stocking is ready for the rag man.

But here is hosiery that guarantees against such annoyance, such waste—

True Shape

HOSIERY
STOPS THE GARTER RUNS

Our patented cross-stitch below the garter top stops the garter run—holds it where it is harmless and out of sight.

Discriminating women everywhere are demanding *TRUE SHAPE* No. 564 because of the cross-stitch—because of the heavy, lustrous fabric—because of the comfort that the flare top affords.

Remember the name and number—*TRUE SHAPE* No. 564.

TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is also made for men and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.

TRUE SHAPE

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO., PHILADELPHIA

PEACHY WALKS THE WEARY

(Continued from Page 15)

new picture with Remsen Richardson—yes, Remsen himself!—and I'll send you a ticket when it's released. Oh, not at all! Thank you! Good-by."

Out into the tide once more, the inner gnawing appeased temporarily, her little black satin slippers dancing over the crowded pavement. What a good old street was Broadway! How full of well-known faces, possibilities, stimulations! She caught the sad and beautiful smile of Remsen Richardson high up on a billboard, and she saluted it with a gay wigwag of her hand. Who knew but what some day her face would be up there alongside his? Who knew, indeed?

"But not if he sees me first in this old tam-o'shanter," she thought. "I positively must have a new hat. A new hat! A new hat!"

She made it into a little song, and singing danced into the big millinery shop of Ivan Millet. She had no definite plan as she entered, but when she had gone upstairs to the French salon—passing scornfully by the humble domestic output—the beginning of one came to her. At the moment she had on her head the most desirable hat in the whole known world, and the saleswoman said to her, "Forty-eight dollars, with your professional discount off. Wonderful value. Straight from the Rue de la Paix, dear."

"U'm-m—— Is Mr. Carol in the shop this afternoon?"

It was a random shot. Vaguely she recalled having once danced at a party with a Mr. Carol who was said to be the head of Millet's. The saleswoman looked as surprised as Peachy felt when her guess proved right. Mr. Carol, it seemed, was upstairs.

"Ask him to be so good as to come down, will you?" suggested Peachy with firm sweetness. "Tell him Miss Margot Merriman. And tell him I'm rather rushed for time. I have to meet Remsen Richardson about our new picture in half an hour."

In a brief space there stood in the doorway, with an expression of curiosity on his face, a round little man, elegantly tailored, in gray spats, with a face so meticulously shaven that he resembled a pink piglet that had just been scraped and hung up by the heels. His palely prudent eyes took in every detail of Peachy before he advanced affably but with some caution.

"Ah, Mr. Carol," trilled Peachy, "can you ever forgive my interrupting you? Don't tell me you've forgotten the lovely dance we had at the Ritz! Oh, dear me, I believe you have!"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Carol, and repeated it several times as he held the hand Peachy extended to him. "Remember you perfectly. And what can I do for you, Miss—er—Merriman?"

"You see, it's about this hat." A plaintive note came into Peachy's voice. "They're asking a shocking price for it. Now I'm quite willing to pay anything in reason ——"

This was true, for she had decided if worse came to worst to lower the life raft. But there was quite a difference between ten dollars and forty-eight.

"Don't you think it's becoming, Mr. Carol? See it from the side!" She danced down to the other end of the room and smiled at the now deeply interested Mr. Carol over one shoulder. "Don't you think this will look well in Remsen Richardson's new picture? Yes, dear Remsen. You don't mean to say you've never met him? I'll introduce you sometime. I'm sure you'd like each other."

Mr. Carol, to whom the mention of a celebrity of any sort was as the scent of catnip to a cat, followed her up. They sat down on a strawberry-pink settee and conversed animatedly about dear Remsen, while the saleswoman waited with a smile that tried not to be pained. At last Mr. Carol beckoned her.

"Ridiculous price, this hat, Miss Pearl. Make it twenty."

"But, Mr. Carol, it's an imported hat—well, at any rate the stuff is imported. I'm afraid that Mr. Jacques ——"

"Well! Well! Bring another hat—bring six! Go up to the workrooms and see what they have there!" ordered Mr. Carol testily. The woman departed, tightening her lips.

"Please, this is the hat I want!" murmured Peachy timidly. "But I really can't pay more than ten dollars for it."

Mr. Carol laughed.

"Ten dollars for an imported hat from Millet's! Tell you what! Have dinner with me to-night and we'll talk it over. Eh? What do you say?"

Peachy hung her head and hesitated, and the more she hesitated the prettier she became.

"I really must have a new hat," she murmured. "Remsen said to me the last time, 'Peachy, don't let me see that old tam-o'shanter again!' But ten dollars is all ——"

"It's yours at ten!" cried Mr. Carol as if generosity burst uncontrollably from him, "if you'll have dinner with me to-night. Say seven, at the Claridge, eh?"

The hat was still in Mr. Carol's hands, adorable, absolutely necessary for the subjection of Remsen Richardson. In its black and silver meshes seemed to lurk her whole future destiny, her career, her glory. Peachy's fingers nervously fished for the life raft, brought it out to the light and held it out to Mr. Carol, the while her other hand clutched the hat.

Mr. Carol made a gesture that bestowed the pin-pricked ten-dollar bill back upon her. It seemed to cling to Peachy's fingers, as if having lived so long in the fragrant safety of her bodice it shivered before a bleak world, and Peachy herself shivered with a premonition of evil luck. She was of ten minds to accept Mr. Carol's gesture and tuck the life raft back into the safe harbor of her blouse, tell Mr. Carol that he was a pink pig and walk out of Millet's. But with every second the conviction grew in her that her whole future hung upon that hat. Firmly she pressed the ten-dollar bill into Mr. Carol's left hand. Mr. Carol's hand closed upon it from habit, while with the other he held the adorable hat just out of her reach.

"You haven't promised to have dinner with me yet, you know!"

Desperation was masked in Peachy's eyes by a bright smile.

"Oh, that's all right. You'll have a little guest for dinner."

As she fled past the long mirrors they cried to her that the black and silver hat made her a beauty.

It gave her sophistication and chic—the two qualities Remsen Richardson always got into his pictures.

"I'm a made woman!" thought Peachy.

Gayly she went into the nearest telephone booth, and the murmur of her voice could be heard.

"That you, Dolly? Well, listen here! Want to have regular eats to-night at the Claridge? I know! I get that way myself. String attached? Nothing you can't get away with. You're so smart, Dolly. No, no, dear, I didn't mean that—keep calm. Would you let a five-dollar dinner float away from you because of mere temper? Right-o! Be at the Claridge then at seven, and watch out for a little geezer in gray spats who looks like a pig that has just come from a Turkish bath. He won't be expecting anything so stunning as you, dearie, so have him paged—Mr. Carol. What? Oh, tell him I couldn't get away from Remsen Richardson. Yes, dear, didn't you know? His new picture. I must run—have an appointment with Remsen at four. Thank you so much, old dear. Give my love to Piggy."

Out into Broadway again, her spirits high, each plate-glass window reflecting the magic of the new hat. It lacked fifteen minutes of her appointment, so she crossed the street to pass the shining windows of a lordly motor salesroom. Although she walked as one abstracted and intent on her own affairs, the corner of an eye told her that a young man stood in one of these windows, his hands in his pockets, glooming out at the passing throng. The instant he caught sight of her he charged out of the door.

"Peachy!" he exclaimed, detaining her with an eager hand. "I've telephoned you three times to-day. I wanted you to come out to lunch. Peachy, I'm darned sorry about yesterday—didn't mean ——"

"Don't mention it, please!" Peachy's tone had the cool sweetness of iced claret. "Doubtless you meant well. Anyway, I am far too busy to waste energy on unimportant things. You might call me up sometime—next week, perhaps."

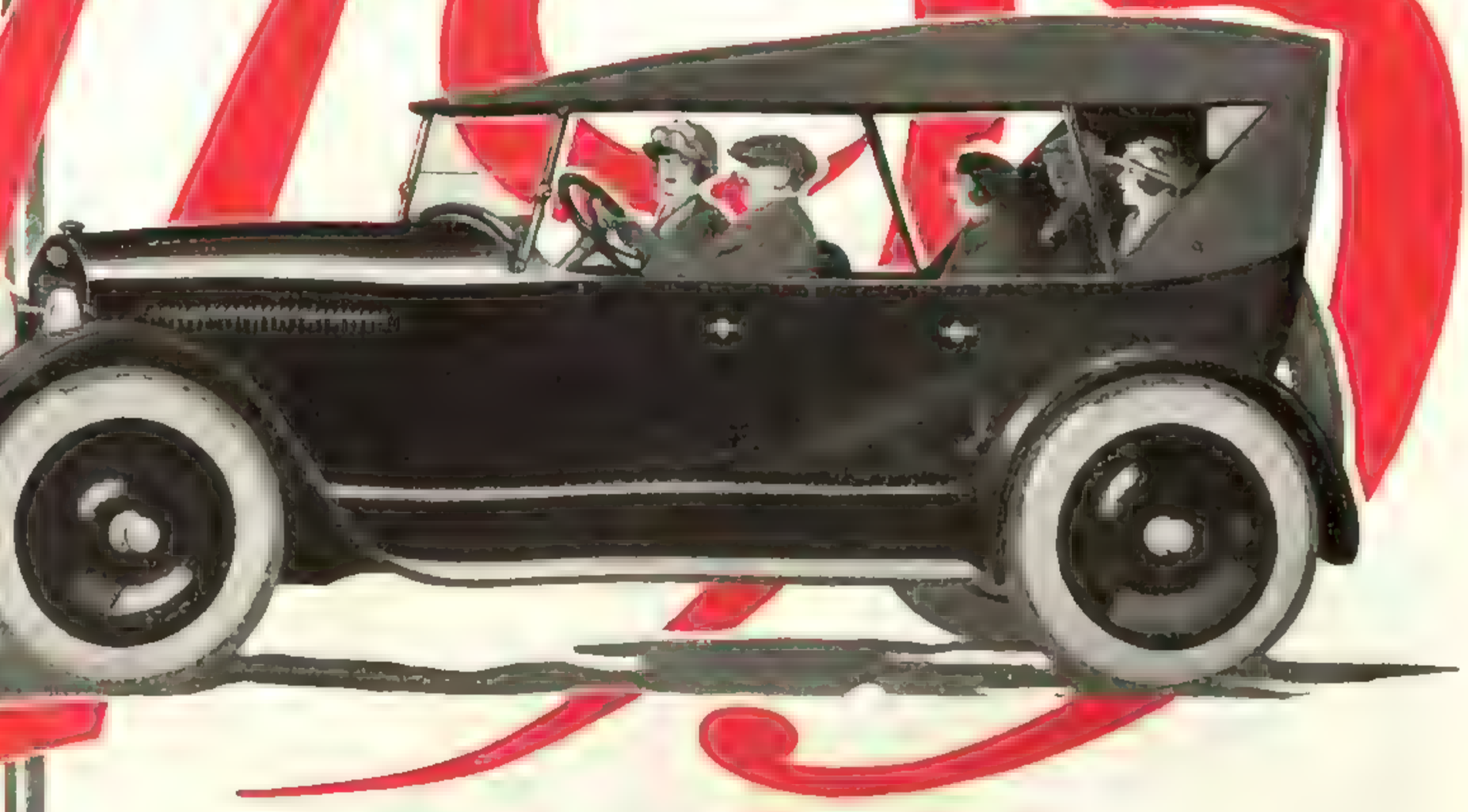
Her victim's mouth fell open in piteous astonishment.

(Concluded on Page 81)

MOTOR
GARDNER
CAR

"IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF"

$1105



TOURING CAR.....$1195
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THE GARDNER LIGHT FOUR AT $1195

A TWELVE MONTHS INVESTIGATION THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES PROVED THAT 97 PER CENT OF THOSE INTERESTED IN AUTOMOBILES WANTED A LIGHT, EASY-TO-HANDLE, STYLISH CAR WITH QUALITY AND DEPENDABILITY—COSTING LESS TO RUN.

THAT'S WHY THE GARDNER LIGHT FOUR WAS DESIGNED AND BUILT TO SELL FOR $1195.

IT HAS PROVED ITS VALUE AND WON POPULAR FAVOR THROUGH ITS SUCCESS IN THE HANDS OF THOUSANDS OF OWNERS WHO KNOW FROM ACTUAL DRIVING EXPERIENCE THAT THEY HAVE A BETTER CAR AT A LOWER PRICE.

A FEW DETAILS

115-INCH WHEEL BASE. 3½x5 —4 CYLINDER L-HEAD MOTOR WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT DISC TYPE CLUTCH, TIMKEN AND HYATT BEARINGS, VANADIUM STEEL SPRINGS. TIRES 32X3½ NON-SKID REAR. HAND TAILORED FULL GYPSY TOP, BEVELED GLASS REAR WINDOW, DOOR OPENING CURTAINS, STRAIGHT LINE GARDNER BODY, BLACK ENAMEL FINISH THROUGHOUT. WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY.

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC.

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Planters Pennant

Man-Oh-Man!

Planters Jars for Home Use
Everywhere in the
5¢ Glassine Bag

(Concluded from Page 78)

"Next week! This is only Tuesday. Look here, Peachy, what's the game? You're sore on me, I know. But why this—this million-dollar manner?"

"Really, Bobby, I can't stand here discussing it with you. Possibly if Remsen Richardson doesn't make his new picture at Palm Beach I may have time to see you earlier. But one never knows, in the pictures, does one? I have an appointment with him at four."

"Remsen Richardson! Great Snakes! But, Peachy, do you have to freeze me out just because ——"

"My career comes before everything, Bobby. Good afternoon."

It was a grand line to exit on, and she did so, stepping lightly, but with dignity. She was acutely aware of Bobby's unhappy face, and her tender heart hurt her badly. But her face was turned toward the sad and beautiful smile of the most wept-over hero in the world, and her new hat gave her assurance of the future. In a few weeks when the name of Margot Merriman, a new film star, had pricked its way through the Broadway firmament she would drive up to Bobby's place of business one afternoon in a suède-lined limousine, and she would send in her chauffeur with a note saying ——

At this point she caught sight of a clock, and started forward. She was only a few minutes late in entering Bamberg's waiting room. Thirty-six minutes later there burst in a nervous young man whom Bamberg introduced as Moseby.

He stared at Peachy as if he had never seen her before.

"It's the hat," thought Peachy. Aloud she said, smiling up at him as they went down in the elevator together: "Do you think Mr. Richardson will like my type?"

Moseby looked at her discontentedly, smiled palely and said nothing. But he could not daunt Peachy. The short walk to the Richardson studio at the top of the tallest building in sight was one floating promenade toward glory.

She was kept waiting twenty minutes that were so many hours. Then Moseby reappeared and waved her into the holy of holies, a large room grisly with teakwood furniture and clandestine lighting. Remsen Richardson, sad and beautiful, was leaning against the mantel. He did not take his weary head from his hand, but muttered, "How d'you do? Walk up and down, please."

Peachy trailed, living up to her knowing hat.

"Thanks! Ah—do you like mushrooms?"

Remembering in time that she was sophisticated and elegant, Peachy looked bored and inquired "à la Musorgsky?"

"Quite so! Thanks, so much. Moseby will see you outside."

It was with the sensation of having been caught in a revolving door that Peachy found herself again in the anteroom. Moseby was idly smoking a cigarette and shooting craps with himself on a flat-top desk.

"How'd you get along?" he inquired without interest.

"I don't know."

"Did he ask you if you liked mushrooms?"

"Yes, he did. Why?"

He put the dice back in his pocket with a firm air of finality.

"I was sure of it, my dear girl. You won't do!"

"I—won't—do? What do you mean—I won't do?"

"Not the type."

"But you said when you saw me the other day ——"

"Ah, the other day! But don't you see, my dear girl, the other day you were the type? To-day you're something quite different. I can't tell what you've done to yourself, but you've certainly done it."

A ghastly premonition slugged Peachy's heart until it dropped like something stunned.

"You don't mean my hat, do you?"

"Ah, ha! That's it! The other day you had on something sort of ingénue-looking—you know!" He twirled his long fingers about his head.

"That old tam?" wailed Peachy.

"I guess so. Anyway, you looked five years younger, and sort of simple. Exactly what Remsen was looking for. No, no use doing anything about it now. Better go away, and when he's forgotten you—say, in six months or so, come in again."

Peachy wavered toward the door. There was a frightfully gone feeling, tinged with intense bitterness within her. In the strip of mirror in the elevator she eyed the insolent opulence of her new hat with a glance of hatred.

"Jinxed!" she sighed. "The trouble is, I never pay any attention to my hunches until it is too late."

Along Broadway that phenomenon which takes the place of twilight was occurring. Electric signs in all their monstrosity were leaping out against the deep-blue wonder of the sky. Motion-picture palaces and offices alike were disgorging Subway-bound crowds. Early diners were arriving in taxicabs at the doors of hotels and restaurants. Actors with and without engagements greeted one another and stood gossiping on corners. Peachy caught their familiar phrases as she passed. Now and then she nodded to one of them. When she saw someone she knew she put a jaunty spring into her step and a smile on her lips, but when she had passed on the light died out of her face and the black satin slippers were as heavy as lead.

She was aware of the hardness in the faces she looked into. All the joyous activity of the street she had known so long became a brazen clamor. The electric signs hurt her eyes.

She was as lonely as she would have been if she were dropped off the observation platform of the Overland Limited on the edge of the Mohave Desert.

"What a life!" she sighed.

It occurred to her for perhaps the first time in her courageous and optimistic existence to wonder why she kept on with it. Much of the gilt had been rubbed off it. Whatever illusions she had started out with now hung in shreds. What a life—forever skirting the edge of shabby subterfuge and risky adventure!

"I hate the whole rotten game!" thought Peachy. "I hate this hat! I'm hungry, and nobody loves me!"

She stumbled on toward home. She looked toward the entrance of the Claridge as she passed. What a dinner Piggy would probably order! But she did not pause. Mr. Carol was part of the catastrophes of the day, and she prayed never to see him again. She crossed the street to avoid the bright windows of Bobby Malcolm's place of business, and in a block or two she reached the shelter of the Sheridan Arms.

In the semidarkness of her room stood one of Millet's ornate hat boxes containing her old black velvet tam. The sight of it was the last straw. Tearing off the hat that had ruined her day, she sent it volplaning toward the bathroom, while at the same time she kicked the Millet box into the opposite corner. Then she fell upon the bed, face down, a pillow hugged to her, which received her tears and smothered her sobs.

Slowly darkness and complete silence fell upon the room. Peachy, having exhausted her tears and herself, was a mere huddled blur on the bed, a soggy heap of misery. Then through the silence the telephone bell tinkled sharply. Peachy sat up electrically, pushed the hair out of her eyes and felt for the receiver.

"Hello! Yes—oh, Bobby, is that you?"

Two minutes later she slid from the bed, switched on the light, darted to the mirror. Her eyes were reddened, her face tear-stained, but the old gleam was coming back. Hot water, followed by cold, fingers flying in and out of the little jars on the dressing table, a hasty brushing, burnishing, patting. Then a dive at the bruised Millet hatbox in the corner and out came the black velvet tam-o'shanter. On it went, quite contentedly, bright curls raying out from under it. One last glance and Peachy flew out the door.

At the corner she saw him standing in the light of the tobacco-shop window, just as he had stood so many times and so patiently. A sense of warm security floated through Peachy. She skimmed up to him before he saw her coming and caught to the full the radiant joy of his face as he started and turned around.

For a moment they clung to each other without a word, as if some depth of feeling hitherto unknown to them had been stirred. And Peachy rested her cheek for an instant against his shoulder.

"I'm tired, Bobby," she said soberly.

His arm went protectingly around her shoulder.

"Old dear, I never heard you say that before. What's the matter, sweetie?"

She was quiet for a second, as if she liked this feeling of having anchored, for the moment, at least, in a safe harbor. Then she raised her head and the twinkle came back to her eyes.

"Hungry? I guess! Where do we eat?"

He laughed happily, tucking her hand under his arm.

"Anywhere you say, Old Peachums. The town is yours. How about the Claridge?"

"Oh, my heavens, no! I mean, not to-night. Some quiet place, Bobby, where we can have a good old chummy talk."

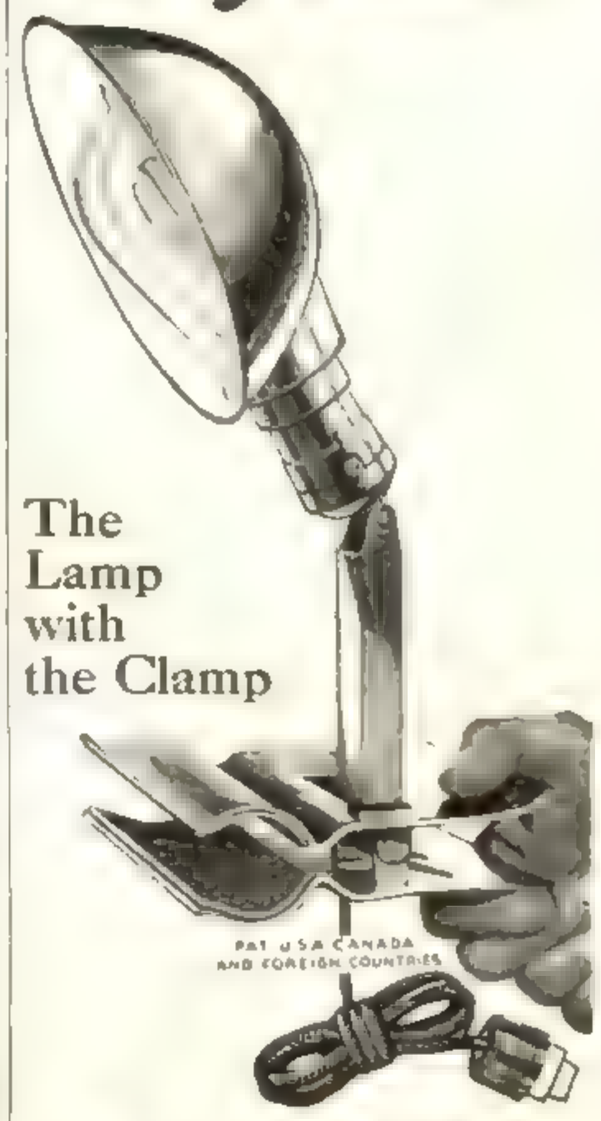
"Right! I know just the place. Lord, Peachy, but it's good to feel your little old hand on my arm again. Don't you feel sometimes, dear, as if you needed me just a little bit when you're skipping around this old town alone?"

Peachy glanced up at him quickly.

"You wouldn't need to ask that if you'd ever walked the weary, Bobby!"

Then she poked the velvet tam-o'-shanter to a more dashing slant, tucked her hand in his arm again, and with fingers entwined and eyes shining they dived into the waters they knew so well, the evening tide of Broadway.

"It Clamps Everywhere"



Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Adjusts to any position

A NEW, wonderful invention, ADJUSTO-LITE, a lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Stands perfectly wherever an ordinary lamp is used. Throws the light exactly where you need it most. Prevents eye strain. Cuts lighting cost.

Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact. Durable. Solid brass. Guaranteed for five years.

Price $5.75

Ask for Adjusto-Lite at the store where you usually trade. If they don't carry it, order direct.

S. W. FARBER
141–151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket: Brush Brass finish, **$5.75**; *Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish,* **$6.25**. *West of Mississippi prices,* **25c** *per lamp higher.*

Eight on the

(1) *Right Swing*

Get enthusiastic about your selling. It's harder to sell right now than it has been for years, but the real salesman is in his element. Get behind him with everything you can think of, and let him know about it. The more his house does, the more he'll do, and the better he'll do it.

Right now, salesmen are particularly keen about direct-mail advertising.

(2) *Left Hook*

Concentrate on the likeliest prospects. Stay with the people who have the power to buy. Let your men make fewer calls, if need be, so as to make the calls they make, count. This will mean larger orders and lower sales costs.

Cover the less active prospects with care, by direct mail. Give them every attention. Let them see that they are not forgotten, and that you want to keep their good-will.

(3) *Right Cross*

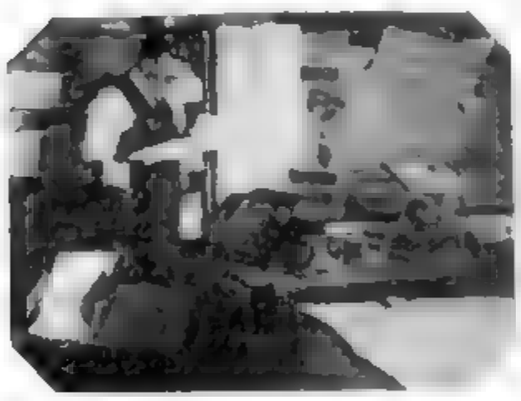
Go after the small order by mail. People who have never tried it do not realize how much merchandise can be, and is, sold by good correspondence. Customers who know that the credit will be given to the salesman they like can readily be induced to place many of their smaller orders without waiting for him to call, with consequent gains to both you and the buyer.

Use the mails to tell your entire market of the care and earnestness with which you attend to mailed orders.

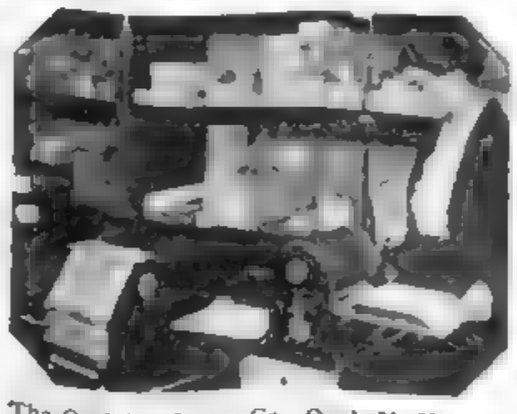
(4) *Uppercut*

Spend more time with your prospects. To the time the salesmen give, add the times when your entire list can be reminded of your objects in life through the sensible, practicable use of the mails. You can call as frequently as you please, *by mail*, and never wear your welcome out.

There are many times in the affairs of every business man when the door is closed to all interviewers. *But never to the postman.*



The Walker Smith Clothing Co., Skowhegan, Maine, use the Multigraph, in addition to its many other functions, to publish a weekly "Service Bulletin."
They say: "Why is it that more clothing stores are not using your machine? It must be that they are not really awake to the possibilities that are theirs for the asking."



The Ovid Hardware Co., Ovid, N. Y., uses the Multigraph to print letterheads and circulars, as well as for imprinting and various other uses.
They say: "We find the machinery easy to operate, and by doing the work in our own place save money over the cost prior to its installation."

The Multigraph Department of The Hub, Clothiers, Baltimore, Md.

SELL with the

Print it on the Multigraph

The Multigraph is a *small*, compact, *rapid rotary printing press*. It *prints* from real type, or from curved electrotypes, with real printer's ink. Colors if desired. And you can use illustrations. Electrically driven or hand operated.

It is also a *multiple typewriter*. Reproduces highest grade typewritten letters in quantities, through a ribbon or direct from type.

The equipment includes an *easily operated typesetter*, which sets typewriter and other type faces.

Equipments to Fit Every Business

There is such a wide variety of equipments and attachments to choose from, so many different combinations that can be made to meet the peculiar needs of any business, that it is impossible to set up hard and fast standard equipments.

The simplest way to find out exactly how the Multigraph will *sell* and *save* and *earn* for *you*, and just what sort of equipment *your* business needs, is to check the list on the opposite page, fill in the coupon and mail to us at once.

Sales and Advertising Portfolio

With every Multigraph Equipment for Retailers we furnish, FREE, a portfolio containing valuable business-building suggestions and 50 sales letters written by Frank Farrington, the well known authority on retailing.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

Offices in Principal Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO. (Britain) Ltd.
London, England, 15–16 Holborn Viaduct, E. C. 1

THE MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada, 54–58 Bay St.
Offices in Principal Canadian Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO.
Paris, France, 34 Boulevard des Capucines

Solar Plexus

(5) *Right Jolt*

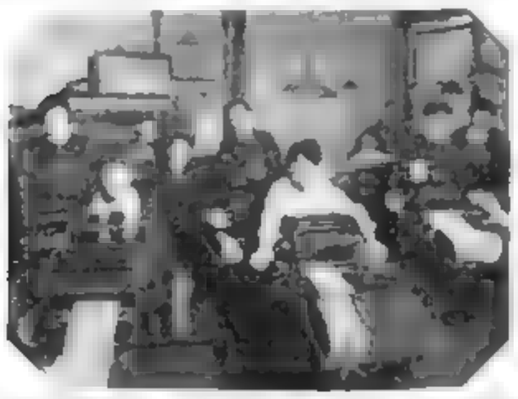
Put your story on record. A man will usually remember one or two of the things the salesman stresses, but there are often times when *the thing he doesn't remember is just the thing he wants to know.* Give him *all* the information about your products and your methods, in such form that he will want to keep it. Buying is going to be done once more on the basis of the figures and the facts, and the only facts that count are the available ones.

No reason why you have to serve facts up like cold boiled potatoes. Make 'em tasty, as well as nourishing.

(6) *Left Swing*

Be quick with price changes. Get the news of a change in prices to your prospects as quickly as possible. It will take weeks for your salesmen to pass the news around, and it costs too much to phone or wire. Get the story into print rapidly, and send it through the mails. *Get the cash values out before your competitors change their figures to meet yours.*

Perfectly legitimate to say a few good words for the product at the same time. Maybe what you say will do as much good as the terms you quote. People don't buy what they don't want, at any price.



The Multigraph Department of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn., which uses seven Multigraphs. They say: "We are printing about 60 per cent of all our Home Office Stationery, envelopes and forms, also practically all our Agency printed matter. We would estimate the number of impressions for the past year at 5,000,000, and about 750 different forms."

THIS is a time for fighters, when the prizes go to the man with the best punch, a time for all the science and head-work and foot-work and endurance available. It's a fight to the finish.

In every city and village and territory in this country today, wherever men engage in trade, this is the battle that is occupying the minds of all business men who feel that they have a right to exist.

Regardless of the size or kind of his business, whether large or small, retail, wholesale, manufacturing, financial, or whatever, every fighting business man needs today a sales plan that is full of *courage* and *determination* and *consistent effort.*

The Multigraph cannot provide these, but, if you are a fighter, if you have faith in your business and yourself, it *will* help you to capitalize them, *to get every last drop of militant value out of them.* In the "Eight on the Solar Plexus," listed here, you will recognize the many good stiff wallops which the Multigraph will enable you to deliver, powerfully and quickly.

Put yourself in the way of useful business-building ideas, whether you are a Multigraph user or not, by sending in the little coupon below.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

(7) *One-Two*

Make sales by service. Old stuff, but it still goes big. Your customers are hungry for help, for the little big things, besides good values, that you can give them. You can't make real service by just talking about it, but it *is* right for you to talk about the service you really give.

Out of the things they see and do on the road every day, your salesmen can furnish you the material for any number of service ideas, and these, broadcasted by mail, will help your customers, and you.

(8) *Haymaker*

Sell Optimism. People are in need of all the sane, healthy, wholesome confidence they can hold. "Be a bull on America." And America, for *you*, is *your* company, *your* salesmen, and *your* territory. Pessimism about the immediate future may have been warranted eighteen months ago, but not today.

Do you suppose there is anywhere a man who will not thank you for a sound and sensible word of cheer in his morning's mail?

Mitchell and Church, Dry Goods Distributors, Binghamton, N. Y., use the Multigraph not only for mail selling, but for obtaining local representatives. They say: "Altogether we are very well satisfied indeed with the investment which we have made in the Multigraph. We are convinced that we have merely scratched the surface of its possibilities."

MULTIGRAPH

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

The Multigraph, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio—Send me, without obligation, the free booklet, "How to Sell in a Buyers' Market," and full information about the Multigraph. I am interested in the Multigraph for printing the various items checked below.

Manufacturing Department

Shop Forms ___ Bulletins
Time Cards ___ Stickers
Delivery Slips ___ Tags
Shipping Notices ___ Wrappers
Special Notices ___ Labels

Sales Department

House Organs ___ Dodgers
Mailing Cards ___ Booklets
Envelope Enclosures ___ Folders
___ Form Letters ___ Price Lists
___ Circulars ___ Imprinting
___ Bulletins ___ Post Cards
___ Order Blanks ___ Sales Letters

Office and Administrative Departments

___ Letterheads ___ Office Forms
___ Envelopes ___ Post Cards
___ Invoices ___ Memo Pads
___ Statements ___ Blotters
___ Collection Letters ___ Notices

Firm _____

Our Line is _____

Name _____ Official Position _____

Street Address _____

Town _____ State _____ S. E. P. 4-16

The Critic's Car

Your Velie dealer invites you to examine Velie Six *from the inside out.* It is the Critic's Car. On *Construction* and *Performance* it is set apart from the ordinary by overwhelming testimony from all sections.

With a close-up view of every feature and a try-out on any road, you will understand—*Why* it responds with convincing power for the steep climb, or speed on the smooth highway. *Why* it gets more miles per gallon out of the kind of fuel supplied to motorists these days. *Why* it keeps its style and mirror finish through hardest use. A lifetime of Velie engineering perfectly correlates in Velie 48 such features as these:

7-R Red Seal Continental Motor, Continental's greatest power plant; with internally heated vaporizer perfectly burning low-grade fuel—four-bearing crankshaft—enduring bronze-backed bearings everywhere—Timken Axles front and rear—Timken Bearings all around—Borg & Beck clutch—Bijur starting and lighting—every unit just as superior. The equipment is superb.

The roomy seven-passenger Velie 48, here illustrated, has 122-inch wheel-base. Cord tires are regular equipment. Restfully upholstered. Extra seats fold forward into individual compartments. Roomy lockers in the back of the front seat covered with beautifully designed mahogany doors. New ideas everywhere.

There are seven other 1921 models: Five-passenger Touring, Sedan, Roadster and Speedster in this "48" series, and five-passenger Touring, Sedan and Roadster in the smaller Velie Six "34" series. Catalog for the asking. "Some day you will drive a Velie."

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
MOLINE, ILLINOIS

In these days of changing conditions Velie stability and sound financial position make the ownership of a Velie Six doubly desirable.

Velie
48

FERN SEED

(Continued from Page 5)

way led through a lane past the blacksmith's. A small tidal stream, curving between two broad, low hills, it ran deep with the ebb and bent round a crag into the hidden sea; with the flood it crept up shallow, pale, spreading inland among green-wooded points and fields whitened by daisies.

Young flood had set in, grown toward half tide as Corsant went down the lane.

"Good morning, sir," called Peacock the blacksmith from his cavern. A big, swart man, he grinned and saluted with his hammer between blows. "Fine day!"

In the darkness an old white pony stood half asleep, with a tool box under his heels. Perched on the edge of the water tub, a long-legged man sat and played with a rasp, brooded, or thoughtfully gossiped, while Peacock bent a horseshoe, the soft red iron muffling the ring of his anvil.

"A very fine day," said Leonard.

The bitter smell of burnt hoofs drifted after him in the sunlight and hawthorn shade. A wall crossed the foot of the lane; a stile mounted the wall; and beyond these a path descended green fields to the river. Near the stream Leonard turned and looked back as though someone called. No one had made a sound, but far uphill by the blacksmith's door two small figures stood watching him—the aproned Peacock and his taller gossip. Though distant, they had somehow the air of men watching long and sharply. It was not Peacock, but the other, who raised one arm overhead and waved a genial flourish.

"Strangers in these parts," thought Leonard, "must be a rare sight."

He answered the flourish, turned and struck into another footpath which rambled along the river bank. Passing behind a screen of branches, he caught his last glimpse of village and lane. The two little figures remained there still, watching him go out of sight.

"This is a good time," he reflected lazily, "to try father's project. We'll walk through the thirls and freshen our family luck."

But the sea, when he climbed round its barrier crag at the river mouth, did not favor this plan. The lonely curve of yellow sand was narrowed as if drawn taut by incoming tide; a great azure pool, fordable, yet holding infinitely deep reflections of summer cloud, poured smooth across it into the river; and though everywhere alongshore the water line lapped nearer in tiny waves that glittered and sank almost foamless, whitecaps were bursting round the rocks beyond. A hundred yards out, black, ugly, pierced by two fantastic arches, towered the Devil's Nose.

"No walking through that for a while."

The dark surf-worn pinnacle stood ringed with spray, which gleamed as it came surging through the two holes, veiled their shadows halfway up, fell, and spouted landward into sunlight again. The rock sneered at this peaceful shore, thought Leonard, like a reminder of evil fury hidden and disguised.

"You might swim through it." Basking on warm sand, he dallied with the notion. "Why not? Rather fun."

No breath of air stirred, but the waves in the thirls maintained a hissing roar, continuous, like winds tearing through a forest. The longer he heard the less he liked it.

"Well, by George!" He sat up angry. "Where's your nerve gone? Growing invalidical, eh? We'll see about that!"

The beach was then, as on all his former visits, deserted. He pulled off his clothes and ran down naked into the sea.

"Here goes for luck!"

After his first plunge the water seemed glorious. He shot forth into a region of fresh life, with body and mind rejoicing, the world growing young to eyesight cleared by sea magic. A good swimmer, Corsant put his power into a few strokes, found it all there again ready at call, and then went romping forward, burying his face for mere wantonness, and staring down through the cool green void where sunshine faded into quivering mist and network shadows. A cold streak suddenly checked this play. He roused and glanced ahead. It was not a streak. He had left the tempered surface water behind, and now swam in a chill ocean current near the rock. Green hollows round him began to seethe white.

"Roughening up a bit," he said. "Right! Now we come to the pretty part."

Viewed at close range from sea level, the rock drew aloft, magnified itself and became wonderfully grim. The splintered spire, jagged from top to bottom with lumps and crockets; the two wild arches that dripped, yawned, sucked in wave after wave to fling it out like snow and thunder; the base, carved by ages of storm—all these details and the gloomy color gave Corsant a strange uneasiness while he gathered himself for the tussle and steered cautiously into the foam. No wonder this thing bore the devil's name. It resembled the stump of some Gothic ruin; some unholy church blasted and driven into the sea.

"Well, old man," cried the swimmer, "if this is your belfry, I'm going plumb through like a bat."

It seemed to lurch and rush toward him, roaring an answer. Leonard chose his moment, whirled into the right-hand arch on a retreating slope, was deafened with bestial throaty noises, dived under the next wave and came up treading water in the sunlight. He caught breath, shook the brine from his eyes and saw looming above him the seaward front of the rock, uglier than its back. He had performed half his journey; but that swift, violent passage had beaten out of him all the fun, all the high spirits, all desire to boast. He dreaded the return. Those booming, wallowing holes were loathsome.

"Get it over with!"

A ridge of surf slapped him across the face, left him blind, choking; and even while he fought for air and light another ridge heaved him up, coiled round him and flung him sidelong. As through green glass that suddenly blew up into lather, the septum of the rock rushed by like a prow. It grazed his left side. Then came darkness, a prolonged hissing, the cough and spew of a glutted abyss, in which malignant forces mauled him, churned him round and round; and then a hollow crash, with a flare of soft light inside his head.

"Busted!"

How long he remained stunned Corsant never knew. He must have gone on swimming, for he woke to find his limbs in motion, the water still and warm, the shore not far away. Water, sands, hilltops and sky reeled in a colorless glare.

His skull ached.

"Wah! Sounded like the sea serpent gargling!"

He crawled up the beach, to lie by his clothes. Forty winks and a sun bath would restore him. As the pain gradually left his head he dozed and began to smile.

"Wonder what dad would think of that performance? We've been through, anyhow. First time in a couple of hundred years. Did our part. Now bring on your good fortune."

Sitting up, no worse but for a lump over one ear, Corsant grinned at the Devil's Nose. It looked quite harmless and romantic, refined by distance. The foam in the thirls murmured like a summer breeze.

"Oh, yes, very sweet, my friend! Playing the *Cathédrale Engloutie*, aren't you? No go, no can do! You're an old gargling gargoyle, and a fraud. Now bring on your luck!"

While thus engaged with fancies he became aware that he was not alone on the beach. To his right near the inward-flowing river a tall man led a white pony down to wade. They had come from Peacock's, of course. He watched them idly. The man, stooping, bared his feet and rolled his trousers above the knee. Somehow the movements were very smart, very trim.

"Must be a sailor," thought Leonard.

The pony, having no use for sea water, began to fight and cavort. With the same neatness, quick, devoid of effort, his leader had him in belly-deep.

"No; must be a groom."

Man and beast waded together along the shallows, their figures—black and slender, white and chunky—in sharp relief against rippling sunshine. Leonard gazed after them dreamily, and when they came ashore he sat watching the reflection of their legs appear and vanish with each wave, now mirrored in a glaze of sky blue, now lost on dark sand. He had fallen half asleep, when footsteps trampled near by.

"Well, sir," called a voice, "I see you went withershins!" It was a deep, rich voice, carrying like a good actor's.

Leonard sat up again—quickly, for it was the same voice that had talked horses with the girl at the White Hart.

"Went where?" he said, blinking.

The tall man stood before him, holding the white pony with one hand and in the other his boots tied together, crammed full of stockings.

"Withershins—contrary to the sun." He laughed and swung his footgear toward the Devil's Nose. "'Twas a sight for sore eyes, that. I said to myself, marking how you swam, 'He remembers the lucky way round of it!' Yes, indeed."

Words, laughter, an ardent shining of his bronze face declared the man to be supremely happy, jubilant. In his emotion was a queer trait—namely, that he seemed to regard Leonard as the cause of it all.

"Why, are you bringing me some luck for a change?"

"Give us half a chance to, sir, and you'd see!" The stranger laughed again. He was very dark, with eyes like a sparrow hawk's, humorous lips that curved boldly, and a thin, thoroughbred beak of a nose. Barefoot, he stood about six feet two, clean and springy, in old clothes which he wore as trim as a soldier. His face, his whole frame, contained such energy that while waiting there, quiet enough, the man appeared restless, alive with flickering wildfire.

"Ted Peacock said it was you, passing his door. I'd heard rumors you were at the inn. Didn't believe 'em till now. You surprised us a bit, didn't you?"

He studied Corsant with a keen and cheerful eye, paused, then added: "Can't tell how glad I am, sir. It's good to see you so fit, so much better than—than we might expect, if you don't mind my speaking out."

Leonard stared up at him.

"Look here, my friend, you're mistaking me for somebody else, I believe."

At this reply the stranger's face underwent a rapid and curious change. A shock, an alarm, spread across it; the welcoming glow died instantly, a tinge of pain troubled the eyes. Then, looking grave, he turned to hang his boots in the crook of his elbow and pat the old white pony's neck, with the air of a man tiding over some embarrassment. When he looked round again he was smiling, but differently.

"Right if you say so." He spoke with a forced heartiness. "I didn't mean to put my oar in."

So saying, the man shortened his grip on the halter and began to lead his drowsy beast away.

"Wait! Let's clear this up," said Leonard. "Who did you think I was, please?"

The other looked back and laughed.

"Anybody you like," he answered cheerily, as though humoring a sick person. "I'll stay mum. You can find me at the Ship on Ways, or a word left there will fetch me." He hesitated. "Of course, you have your reasons for it, I know. But Lord, sir, other folks could tell at a glance—'Corsant o' the thrulle hath lookeys crulle'—as the old rime goes; made, I take it, before the sea had drilled the second hole clean through out there. And it's true of all the fair ones. You'd need to shave your head or buy a wig, and even then ——"

He moved off, chuckling.

"How did you know my name?" asked Leonard.

The dark man's face became a study, a droll enigma.

"It was revealed to me in a dream, sir."

With that he and the pony went up the beach toward the river path.

"What a strange meeting! That fellow looked like—somebody. Who was it? I want to hear the rest of this affair."

Leonard, so thinking, rose to follow the stranger, but sat down again. He remembered that he was naked.

IV

LATER in the week a fine sunny-morning ramble took him through another hamlet near by. A brook ran past it, under a little old gray-stone bridge. The church tower, built of the same stone and weathered to the same aged color, rose from a cluster of cottages; and these, quiet as though deserted, lay snugly in a bower of apple blossoms that brightened the air. Bees hummed. From the pink-tinged clouds of bloom, petals here and there snowed lightly over stone walls into the lane.

(Continued on Page 88)

SILK SOCKS *that really serve-*

SILK socks are not a luxury if you buy those which are durable and reasonably priced. Iron Clad No. 699 is just such a sock.

It is pure silk—luxurious looking, sheer and smooth. It wears because it is re-inforced—in the heel and toe with extra strong "special twist" yarn—in the whole sole and high splice of heel with mercerized cotton yarn.

You'll admit that seventy-five cents per pair (east of the Rockies) is a reasonable price.

Ask your dealer for them, or if he hasn't them, order from us, stating size and color and enclosing remittance. Sizes—9 to 11½. Colors—black, white, gray, navy, hunter green, African brown, cordovan brown and Palm Beach. We'll send them to you promptly, postage paid.

Cooper-Wells & Co.,
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

Iron Clad

YOU can make $500 to $1,000 a Month Milling

"Flavo" Flour in your community on this new wonderful mill—no previous milling experience necessary. BE A MILLER and have a dignified [illegible] business that will [illegible]

Our customers are given the privilege of using our nationally advertised brand—

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WILL

Threaded Rubber

Why did the makers of the cars listed on the opposite page select Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation?

First— because many years of actual service on thousands of cars have proved that Threaded Rubber Insulation outlasts the battery plates and consequently adds to battery value and car value.

Second—because they know that every piece of Threaded Rubber Insulation is exactly like every other piece—an assurance of uniformity impossible with ordinary insulation.

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The successful combination of rubber and threads in Threaded Rubber Insulation—found only in the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery—is the why of its *more miles of uninterrupted service per dollar.*

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

Willard

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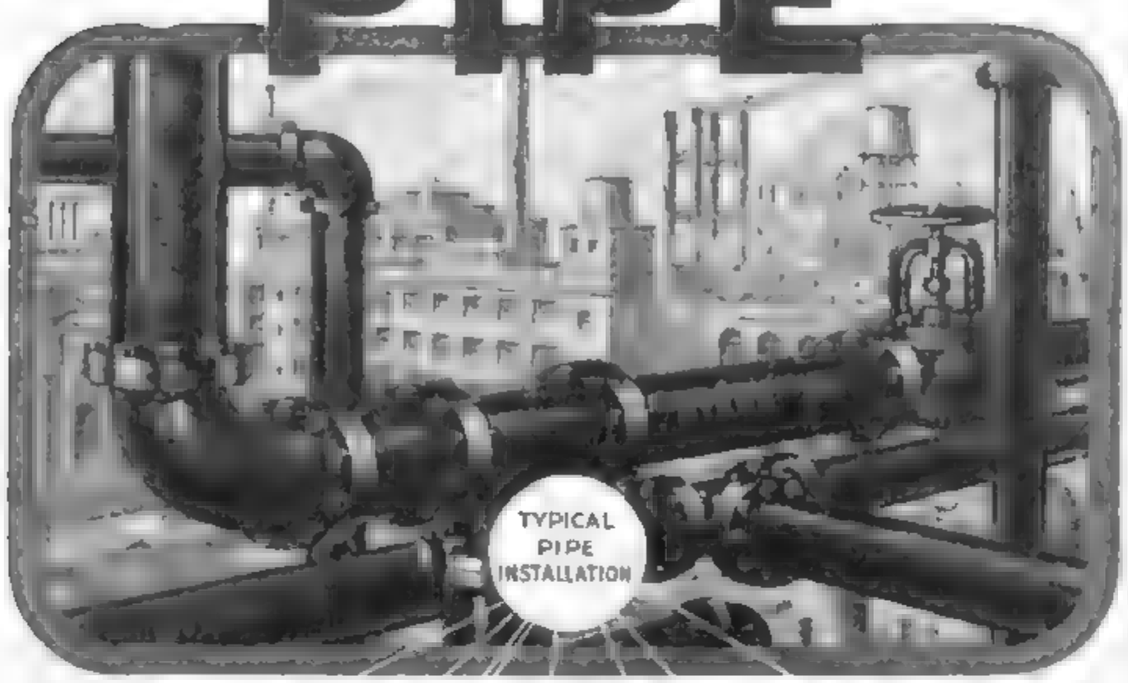

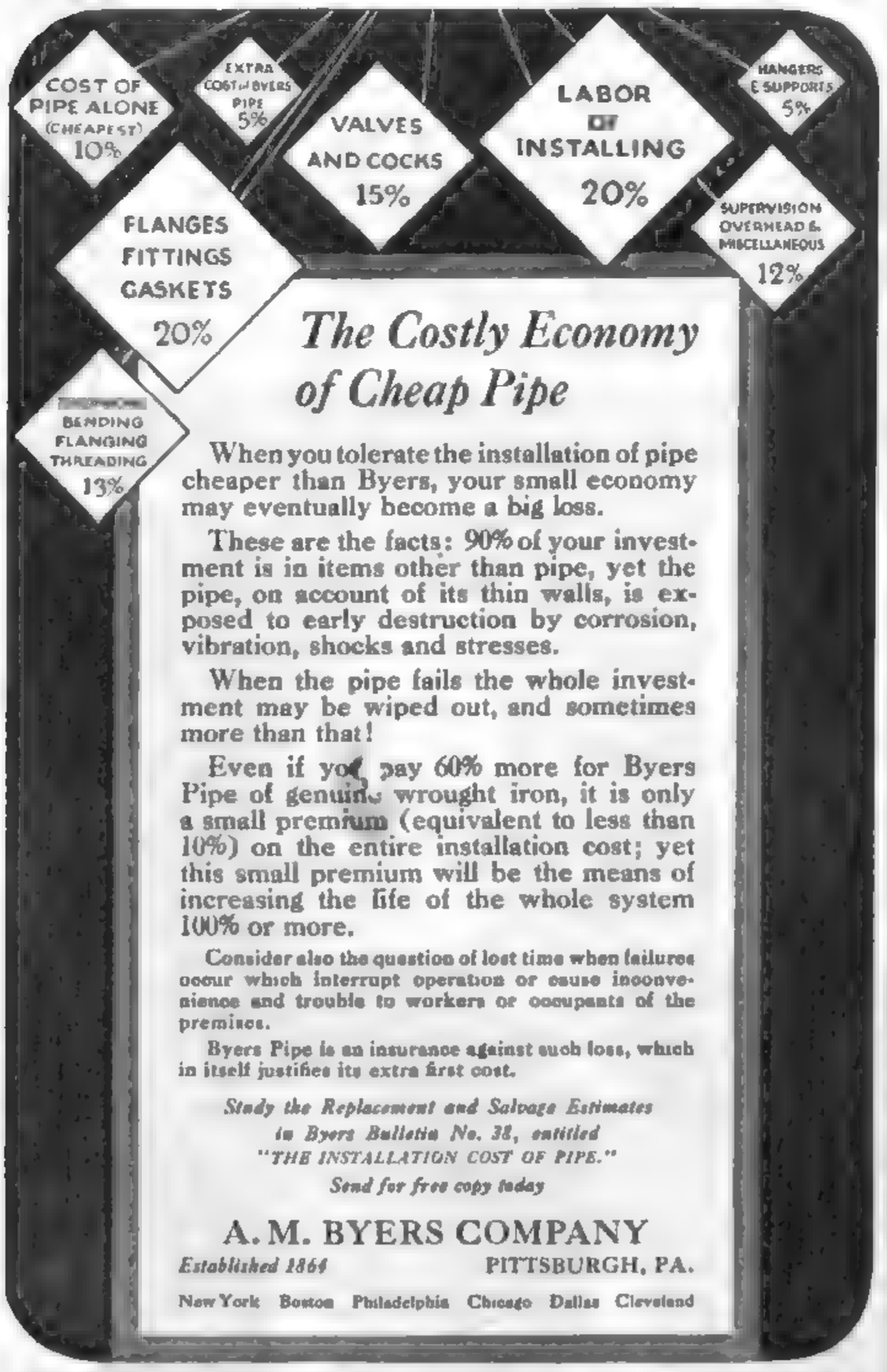
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(Continued from Page 85)

Opposite the church a whitewashed front with tiny windows and low doorway bore a sign proclaiming it to be the Ring of Bells, kept by one R. Grayland. This, while Corsant paused to smell the apple blossoms, reminded him of something.

"My washerwoman hangs out round here," he thought. "A heavenly neighborhood. Let's pay her a call and thank her for the wallflowers."

The Ring of Bells, when he had stooped through its open door, appeared silent. A dark little room contained three or four chairs, a bench, some jugs and bottles behind a counter, and a three-cornered spittoon full of sand. By the window hung an engraving, badly foxed, of some gloomy scene from Captain Johnson's Lives of the Pyrates and Highwaymen. The silence in this room gradually stirred with faint music as the humming of bees drifted in. Beyond the counter a passageway and a back door stood open, so that Leonard, looking straight through the house, could see the dapple-green shadows of a garden. He knocked on the counter and called aloud. No one came or answered. While waiting, however, he heard movements and a voice that muttered as in soliloquy outside the back door. Stepping through into the garden, he found there a little old broad-hatted woman.

"Good morning!"

She seemed an odd little creature, wiry and bent like a witch; perhaps deaf, for she did not look up at his greeting. A few beehives of the Cheshire pattern stood in rank under a high hedge. The light-green shade of a vast beech covered half the inclosure, mingled with brightness reflected from a neighbor's apple trees; and aloft in the warm, scented air bees darted to and fro, glinting like crumbs of brass. A tranquil Tityre-tu kind of atmosphere, thought Corsant, brooded over the place.

"The sweet honey bees, some folk do murder 'em with fire and smoke," grumbled the old woman. "I'd never the heart to do so. My pretties, you won't be smothered here. No, no! They make good honey and good mead, they shall have good kindly care at the Ring o' Bells. 'Tis a bargain, dears."

Maundering thus, she looked about her in a vague, downcast way, as though perplexed by the cares of age. She wore her sleeves rolled above the elbows, and what appeared to be long brown gauntlets.

"They do smell angry." Her dull gaze roamed aloft, passing the young man without heed. "So they do, but let 'em alone and they'll come home to their lady queen, never you fear."

Coming closer, Leonard saw that her gauntlets were of living bees. They covered her hands and forearms with a crust of brown scales. On the brim of her hat—a flapping wreck of straw, some laborer's cast-off headgear—bees crawled or hung in clusters like worn-out trimming.

"They know their Mother Grayland. Yes. Good kindly care."

"I'm sure they do, mother," said Leonard.

The old body gave no sign of hearing, though her eyes wandered over him and came down to study the earth again. They were black eyes, dim, smoky, sunken among the wrinkles of a dark and withered face.

"Some folks do let foul brood come in, the sluts." She brushed from her arms the living scales, plucked them off like currants, and scraped them from her fingertips into a box on the ground. "Not I, sir. Not here. The dear honey pets, no, never! Their habitations be sweet as babe's breath."

Corsant watched her operations for a while in silence. They were slow, fumbling, but uncannily wise. Of a sudden she startled him by drawing herself quickly up as if waked from a dream.

"Of course you want to try it, sir." And she bobbed away toward the house, beckoning. "Come in, come in."

Over her bent shoulders and the flapping hat still trimmed with bees he saw as he followed that the Ring of Bells had wallflowers on its roof. They blazed in the sun, a hanging garden upheld by great flags of rock four inches thick.

"Sit down, sir, sit down." In her dusky room the bee woman slipped behind her counter and bent underneath, rummaging and mumbling.

"'Tis the best mead only, the old ancient mead, to be sure. None of them can make it like Mother Grayland's. No, sir. A secret. Ah she's lots of secrets in her crazy head, as they miscall it. Yes, yes! A secret—and the white ale too. Who remembers the proper ancient grout for the white ale, sir? Not them who talks most. No, no! But the mead now. Where is it again? Aha, here 'tis! Here it comes forth from hiding."

Something clinked while the voice ran on; then Mrs. Grayland crept into view, holding a bottle and a goblet. She had merely walked past the counter without unbending her back, but this feat made her appear more than ever like a witch, a dark old crone stealing from some cave to administer a philter.

"Taste that, sir, do now!"

Filling the goblet carefully, she placed it by him on the bench and shuffled away.

"Thanks. To the Ring of Bells, and your good health!"

The glass, discolored by age or imperfection, had a purple tinge, so that the mead as Corsant held it between his eye and the window shone like amethyst. He took a sip. It was cool, sweet, very mild. He took a pull and praised it.

"Delicious, mother. Refreshing on such a warm day."

The woman perched on a stool before her shelves, doubled over, a gloomy sibyl.

"Any day," she muttered, "warm or cold. Gentlemen do say 'tis heady."

Corsant lighted a cigarette, and while smoking and resting he drained his goblet. The room seemed very cool and comfortable, quite homelike, as Pickwickian as his bedchamber at the inn. It had really been hot outside. He felt sorry for this old creature, and must do something benevolent.

"The sample was good. Let us try another, Mrs. Grayland."

She came round the counter again, refilled his goblet and went back to her perch.

"They say 'tis heady," she repeated.

Leonard smiled. This mead was pleasant, nothing more, and his head fairly hard. Her warning somehow called up a droll memory—how Saint Louis gave a temperance lecture to the Sieur de Joinville, seneschal of Champagne, and how that valiant worthy boasted of a large head and a cold stomach, not to be overcome. It seemed far-fetched, this bit of the past. He sat wondering why such a thing had drifted through his mind, when suddenly the humor of it surprised him into laughing. At the same moment he felt a genial, insidious glow within.

"The combs I take, and put to them water from Tobler's Well," droned his hostess, discoursing at vacancy under her hat. "Good fair water, with rose leaves, a little brandy, and cinnamont and secret arts. It comes out sack mead, sir, of the best."

Her words ran on, endless and inconsequent, like the humming of her bees in the garden. This little room had grown too comfortable, too cozy altogether.

"By George, she was right!" thought Leonard. "The sly old drink, it has a wicked recoil."

He had better do his errand and get out into fresh air. Pondering over this inspiration very sagely, he roused with an effort.

"Mrs. Merle, at the inn, said my laundress lived hereabout. Do you know her? She sent me some beautiful wallflowers—like yours on the roof."

He rose and stood waiting for an answer. It did not come. To his amazement, the old woman slowly turned, climbed down to the floor and, leaning across her counter, peered at him, her eyes wild and sharp as a bird's, her face no longer blank but crafty, writhing with an almost terrified doubt.

"Is it a dream, sir?" she whispered.

Leonard stared at the transformation.

"I begin to think so," he replied—with truth, for her mead now worked in earnest, turning the whole scene merry and unreal.

Her lips moved, but no sound came from them. Gripping the woodwork like a bat, she craned forward to search his face.

"You're never young Mr. Corsant!"

He laughed.

"Yes, that's my name."

"The Lord be good to us!" she cried in a fright, and, letting go her hold, shrank backward as though to run from the room. "It is!"

"Why? What of that?" said her visitor.

She remained speechless again, watching him narrowly, edging toward the passageway. But as Leonard, unmoved, quite benevolent in fact, and rather dizzy, gave

(Continued on Page 90)

Erase Waste from Your Oil Bill

Consider the *ultimate* cost of oil and you will not countenance barrel storage at this time when costs must be conserved.

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(Continued from Page 88)

no sign that he should try to corner her, she gradually took heart.

"You've been abroad, sir?" she ventured in a coaxing whine.

"More or less," he agreed, smiling.

"And come here, and bear me no grudge?"

Uncertain that he caught the words right, Leonard was puzzled.

"Grudge? What? None in the world, mother! Not a bit! Why should I?"

The landlady of the Ring of Bells fixed him with a long stare, then, kneading her hands together, began to smile darkly.

"Why should he? Hark!" she mumbled. Her smile had the cunning of dotage, and yet other qualities crept into it—something shrewd, something bitter and regretful, something kindly. "Hark to the grand nature! They all do keep it. Free-handed, all—open-hearted! Why should he, the poor lamb!"

She made a step forward, paused, began some awkward gesture of appeal, broke it off and stood hesitating. Under the absurd wreck of a hat her withered face drew into the oddest puckers, and the gleam of her eyes appeared to change. For a moment Leonard thought this queer old body was pitying him.

"I can't bear to think of it!" she cried, and, turning suddenly, hobbled away down the passage. "Why shouldn't he, more like!"

What she brushed from her cheek as she went might have been a tear or a honey bee. At any rate she closed the door behind her and did not return.

Moderately astonished, Corsant remained for a time waiting. Among the whimsies frolicking in his brain, however, came once more the desire for fresh air.

"'It is my opinion, Brother Tadger,'" he told himself, "'that this meeting is drunk.' Eh? Shocking! Out you go!"

Sunshine, after that gloom in the Ring of Bells, blazed white. It pained his eyes. Yet the world outdoors had grown wondrously gay, filled with charming details all fresh and new, a perfect Vanity Fair of them outbidding one another. He surveyed the street, where nothing moved but a few petals that snowed, as before, lazily down over stone walls. The beauty of it dazzled him. He had never seen or smelled flowers like those. Across the bridge he fell into another muse before a gatepost on which a family of snails had gathered to sun themselves. Admirable! The very marking of their shells—that train of thought arrived nowhere. His study was, nevertheless, profound.

"'In the merry month of May!'"

He became aware that he was humming rather loudly.

"Oh, that mead!" he groaned. "Plain maudlin! I must walk it off."

He shook himself and set forward briskly, choosing a pleasant cover of green leaves where a path wandered along the brook. With cool sounds the water accompanied him through thickets dense enough, quiet enough, shadow hidden, to seem the heart of a forest. Birds darted up from bathing and left tiny rings that widened on the pools. He could have gone on with delight, mile after mile. It was all too soon that the brook ran forth into open fields, turned commonplace, and stagnated as a kind of ditch between rounded banks.

Yet the fields were pleasant also in their way, broad green slopes to right and left, streaked with misty white acres of daisies, a notch of sea water sparkling at the far end. Some sheep trotted off before him.

"Not so bad." Corsant followed them and the sunken brook. "They grow plenty of sky round here. The merry month of May."

A rough wooden bridge connected the banks. Beyond it, to his left, a red flag waved limply in the circle of a putting green. A fat ewe stood alone there and bleated for her child across the water. Past her the landscape ran upward in long hollow curves, to where the top of a church tower peeped over the sky line.

"Miles of it, and nary soul in sight!"

Something whizzed by his head like a bullet. He dodged.

A golf ball hopped on the farther bank, hit the ewe fairly in the ribs and rebounded. She ran bundling away, while the ball rolled down under the bridge.

Leonard turned to see where this missile had come from. On his right hand a low but steeply rounded hill rose bare against the sky.

"A good shot," he considered.

For a time nothing happened. Then over the hilltop some bit of metal flashed against the sun, and a man's figure heaved into view.

It was a young man. He came walking rather carefully, with a limp or hobble, and used his golf iron to ease himself down the green slope.

V

THE young man was alone, carried but a single club, and came scanning the ground below him negligently, as if not more than half absorbed in his game. He wore loose old clothes of reddish-brown tweed.

"Good morning," said he with a casual nod. "I'll swear that was headed straight. Went off clean as a chip."

The golfer had a pleasant voice. He was of about Leonard's height and age, but more slenderly built, or perhaps worn by illness, for his face looked rather pale.

"A beauty! Hole high!" said Corsant; and rehearsed the fate of the ball. "She's under the bridge."

"Oh, thanks! Glad I didn't hit you." The man's keen blue eyes were busy admiring the whole sweep of country. "Good old prospect, isn't it? I'd forgotten how ripping."

He spoke half to himself, moved by and, tossing his iron among daisies, climbed down the bank. Leonard retained an impression that the chap was rather handsome, and that they had met somewhere before. Presently, under the bridge, his voice rang hollow:

"Mucky down here. Dark too."

Reappearing for a moment, he threw his jacket up beside the iron, then stooped and vanished again.

"Quite sure it rolled under, are you?"

Leonard answered this by taking off his own jacket, dropping it near the other and scrambling below the far side of the bridge. Thus in a dark hole the two men faced each other, bent almost double.

"Your ball should be right here."

It was not or stayed well hidden. For a time they spied about in mud, watercress, footprints of sheep and cobwebby corners, all confused with juggling sunlight from the brook.

"I can remember round here as a tot," said the stranger. "Ali Baba, Robinson Crusoe and Ben Gunn used this place by turns. It was Jean Valjean's sewer at one time; the old Macumazahn—what's his name, Quatermain?—met some frightful kind of monsters on this underground river."

"Giant crabs," quoth Leonard. "A dead swan ——"

"Right, by Jove!" His contemporary laughed. "And the flower of light, and the burnt canoe and the parboiled nigger! All comes back now. Alph, the sacred river. Odd to think—humph!" He went on searching, then added gruffly: "Good deal of water's flowed under these old planks, I fear."

Next moment he spoke again, in a different tone, quickly, as though surprised.

"I say, here's a rum fancy! It strikes me—did we ever do this same thing together before by any chance?"

In the half light, crouching like a pair of conspirators, they eyed each other closely.

"Why, you know," replied Leonard, "it does seem—well, familiar. Can't say how."

The other nodded slantwise, like a man puzzled.

"You felt that too? But—do you live about here, by the way?"

"No," said Corsant, "my first visit."

"Ah, then we haven't," said the stranger lightly. "Curious though. Some former incarnation. This mud is hopeless. Let's give it up."

"Afraid so," began Leonard. "No, here she is! Have got!"

The golf ball lay drowned at the bottom of a tiny pit, one of the sheep's footprints. He fished it out.

"Never fails," remarked its owner. "Many thanks."

He straightened up, and brought his head sharply against their roof.

"Ouch! Alph, the sacred river, has shrunk like everything else. Bumped my stately pleasure dome, eh?"

All this while the mead had exercised a benign though failing power. It made their talk under the bridge seem to Leonard an affair of great humor, lawless charm; and now as they crawled forth into sunlight it moved him to laugh at the man's words more than they demanded.

(Continued on Page 93)

IDEALS

The image of a great accomplishment presses against the consciousness of every man. It is the vision of his one supreme ideal; the sum of his desire. Time may dwarf, warp or devitalize this ideal; or faith may carry it to a glorious reality.

From the pyramids to the modern industrial organization, men have set up monuments to their ideals; and the value of these ideals to humanity is the measure of the greatness of those who have erected them.

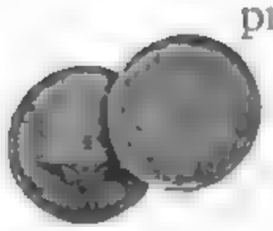
The man who becomes a master in industry sees his ideal in ever-enlarging proportions. He sees increase in workers, expansion in buildings, widening of distribution, and an extending position in a consuming nation, through service proclaimed and explained by advertising.

The new ideals arising in industry owe much to advertising. There has entered our business life a desire to win through merit rather than through artificial advantage. Advertising has been a powerful motive force in this advancement.

Advertising has delivered no small benefit to both producer and consumer in developing an appreciative market. It has shown its strength in raising the quality of products and in stabilizing and expanding production.

The highest ideal and surest reward are gained through service. Advertising has made Public Opinion industry's court of last appeal. For advertising tests as well as heralds service.

Because advertising has ideals of its own it requires ideals of those whom it serves.



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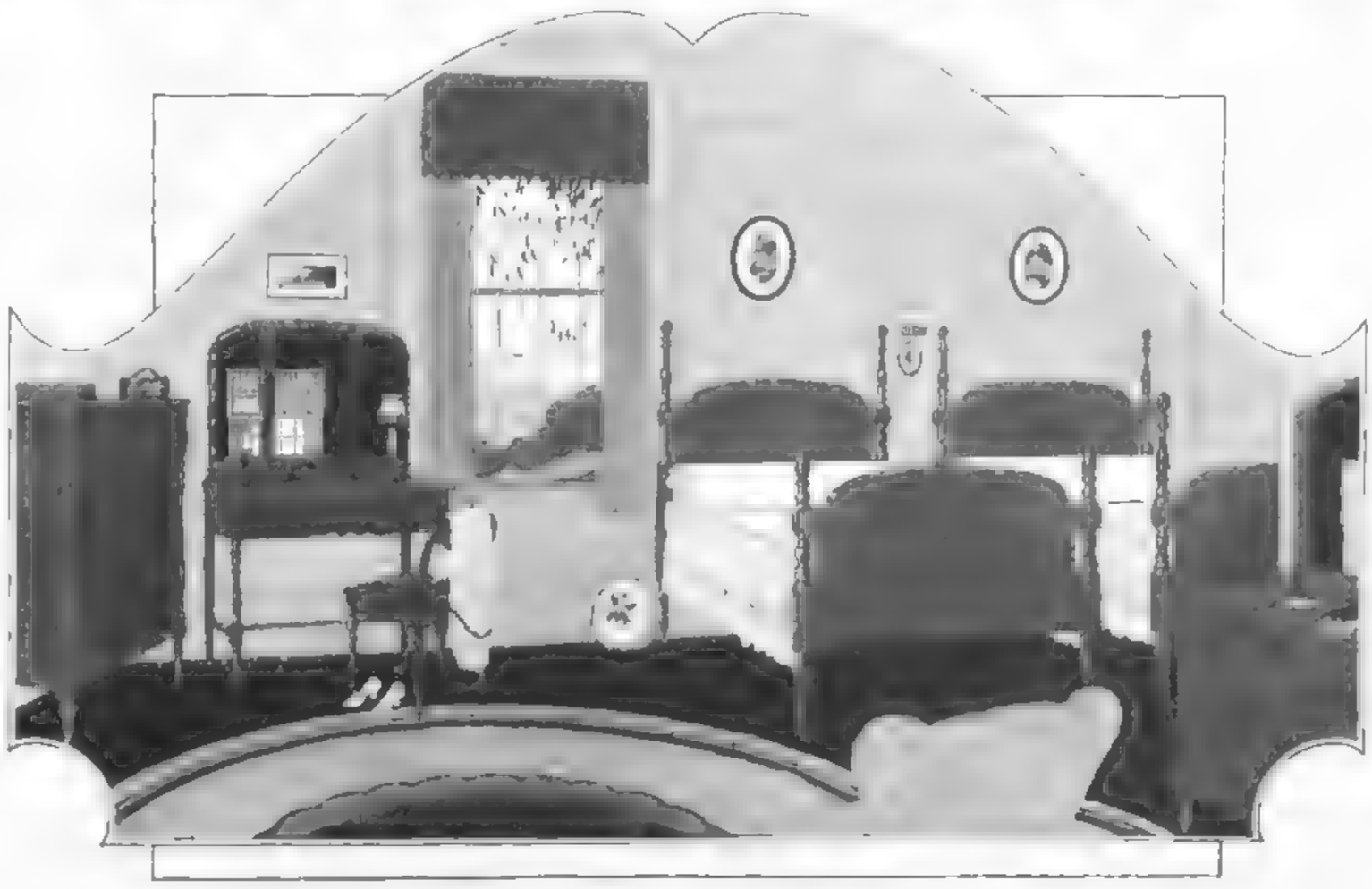
SHOWERS



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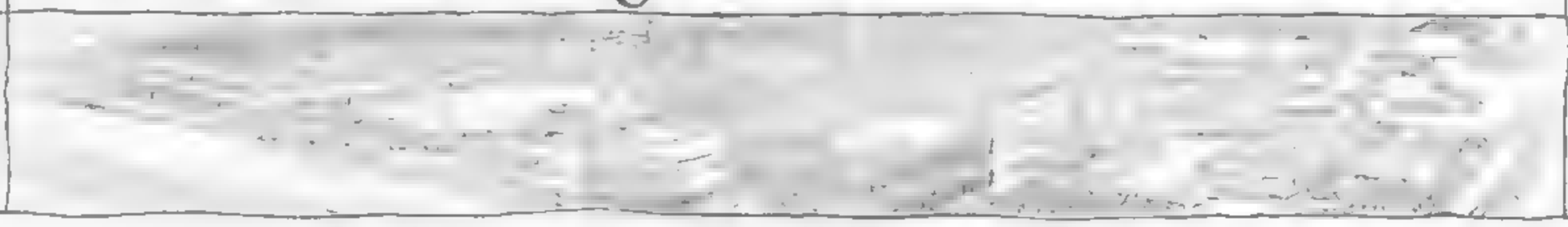

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(Continued from Page 90)

"Pleased you, did I?"

Conscious of a mild scrutiny, Leonard spoke out. Something easy and frank in this chance acquaintance drew his confession.

"Don't mind me. I took a drink back there, and for some reason it turned out to be an old ancient whopper. Looked tame enough, but stood right up on its hind legs afterward and neighed."

The golfer picked up his iron, dropped the ball over his shoulder, paused and glanced round with a tolerant smile.

"It will happen to us, won't it?" he said kindly.

"It will," returned Corsant, "when an old woman by the wayside circumvents you with mead."

No sooner had he uttered this maxim than the keen blue eyes regarding him flashed once, hardened, and lost all friendliness. Their lids drooped as though weighed down by sleep. The stranger's face turned scornful, then let every sign of emotion whatsoever die.

"Ah?"

He might have been about to answer, but did not. Instead he addressed the ball, stopped, bent down, lifted it, snatched one of the coats from the grass, whirled it over his arm and without a word marched angrily away, limping. He crossed the bridge, to follow the other bank downstream. The baize-green circle of lawn where the red flag hung fluttering he passed as if it were contaminated.

"Now what on earth did I say?" Leonard stared after him. "Temper? Golly, what a temper! And a good chap like that. None better, you can see! What got into him?"

The thing outstripped conjecture. He could only watch that indignant form striding into the distance, conquering its limp, and visibly fretting in haste to be gone out of reach.

"Gave up the hole too."

He saw the man stop by a green-painted box, tee his ball, shrug himself into the jacket, drive cleanly, mark some invisible flight and set off to follow up the long field streaked with daisies. His club head twinkled in the sun. He never looked back.

Puzzling over this encounter, trying to recall their talk and sift out the offense, Leonard went his own way down the brook. Mother Grayland's liquor ceased its inward prancing; that inordinate cupful of mischief passed from his mind.

"A strange kind of morning altogether," he reflected. "And the wind-up strangest of all."

For coolness, he let the jacket hang down his back, carrying it by one finger hooked through the collar tape. At home again, upstairs, he tossed it upon his bed. That afternoon he spent in Mrs. Merle's honeysuckle bower, which, at the far corner of her little garden, furnished a sweet-smelling retirement. Nothing disturbed him here but now and then a whitethroat slipping among the starry flowers or darting over hedge and wall with a rattle of song. His landlady's pet sheep—once a cosset lamb, now aged and purblind—came to lie down with the old white bull terrier on the grass beside his chair. In their innocent company, like part of an Æsop fable, he was accustomed to write his few letters, doze, read or take tea. A pocket map of the country engaged him to-day. He measured with his pipestem the scale of miles and a crotchety line that zigzagged over the green surface.

"Call it twenty-four or five," he thought. "Weather's too fine for sitting in trains."

His pocket money had run low. The nearest bank for his letter of credit was in a large seaport, distant more than two pipestem lengths on the reduced-survey map.

"To-morrow will be Sunday. Twenty-odd miles. I'll walk it—start after church and be there by dinnertime."

Having made so much effort, he lay back and persevered in idleness. Not until evening, half undressed in his room, did he bother with preparations for to-morrow's journey. They were simple.

"Tobacco's out. Must go buy some before the shop closes."

Dressing again, Leonard caught up the jacket that lay on his bed. He slipped into this garment, opened the door and suddenly halted.

"What's this? Growing heavier, am I? Surely not since morning."

There could be no doubt about it. The jacket bound him slightly in the armscyes. He returned to the window. By such light as came through vines and elm branches he found himself wearing ruddy-brown tweed, old but handsome, of an unwonted softness to the touch.

"Wrong one!" said Leonard. "It's the other chap's. What a nuisance! Drat the old woman's mead! How are we to exchange back again now?"

He could not remember anything in his own coat that would enlighten the golfer. Perhaps these pockets might contain a card or a letter. He felt through them.

"Nothing outside."

Inside, however, his fingers discovered some kind of documents, which he drew out. These were two—the first an old Manila-paper envelope, empty and bare of writing; the second an ordinary letter, open and addressed. Leonard, scowling in the twilight, read with great surprise his own name—"L. Corsant, Esq're."

He stood wondering; then, to make certain, he lighted a candle and read that superscription again. The writing was a good commercial hand, the name plainly his own.

"May be an introduction—a chit the man was bringing to look me up."

It was not. The thing contained only a receipted bill showing that in London two days ago L. Corsant, Esq're, had slept and breakfasted at a little out-of-the-way hotel.

"It's a lie and a pretty cool one," he reflected. "Never heard of the place before. Why, Mister Hot Temper this morning must have been using my name!"

So he said, but so he did not believe, remembering the stranger's face and manner. Leonard blew out his candle, restored the papers to their pocket, leaned in the window and thought.

Mrs. Merle's deliberate footsteps moved in her garden below. The sound brought him inspiration.

"Why, of course! Plain as a pikestaff," thought Leonard. "I'll ask her—should have done it long ago. Self-evident!"

He lost no more time, but ran downstairs and greeted Mrs. Merle on the threshold. She was bringing her bullfinch indoors for the night. They stood and chatted for a while.

"Oh, by the way," said he, "is there anybody else of my name living in this part of the world nowadays?"

Florid, round, cheerful and slow, the landlady balanced her birdcage. It resembled her in shape, like the wire model of another Mrs. Merle, doll dressmaker's size, cut off at the waist. She weighed his question.

"Why, no, sir! No, indeed!"

Her answer left him disappointed—in the dark again. She could not have understood.

"Are you quite sure of that?" Leonard persisted. "No one else at all? There must be!"

His hostess regarded him with mild bewilderment.

"Well, sir, living here all my life," she said in a wounded tone, "it's not likely I wouldn't have heard. Anyone else of your name—that there is not!"

Leonard thanked her, left her mollified by some general observations and went out. The evening sky remained bright, a pale-green splendor above the trees. When he had bought his tobacco he lingered in the street to admire that slowly fading hour of stillness; but he could not enjoy it, being puzzled and vexed. Here he went in another man's coat, with a receipt for money which he had never paid, and which involved things he had never done.

"Unless in my sleep," he grumbled. It was enough to create feelings of somnambulism, double existence, crookedness.

"Hold hard! I've got it by one end now," he decided. "The bee woman was afraid of me. That might be dotage. But then our tall friend on the beach with the pony thought he knew me well. Go find him. At the Ship on Ways, he said. Where the dickens is that?"

Halting, at gaze, Leonard marked how the river, far down beyond fields, curved like a sickle and shone like glass. The hills under which it lay were melting in smoky-brown shadows that promised heat for the morrow. Very broad and solemn the vista appeared through this peephole of a lane.

"Where's the Ship on Ways?"

One door in the lane stood open. The blacksmith, working late, crouched over something he had carried out to finish while daylight lasted.

"Good! Peacock can tell where that is. And Peacock will know our friend's name."

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No. P61

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First in Comfort

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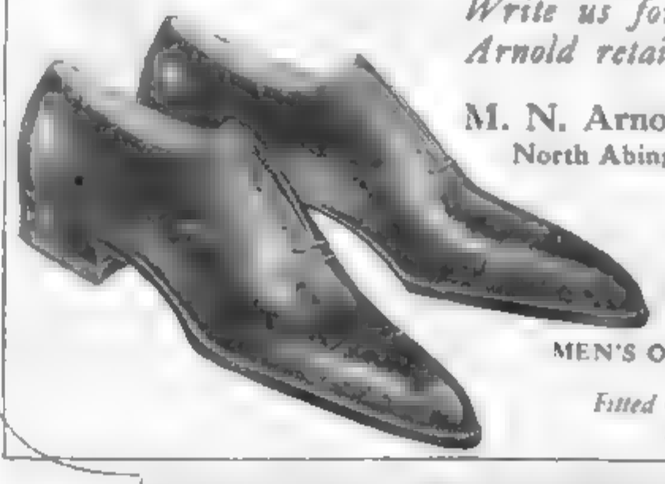

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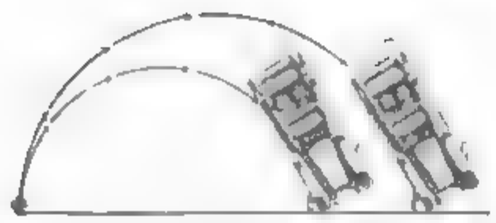
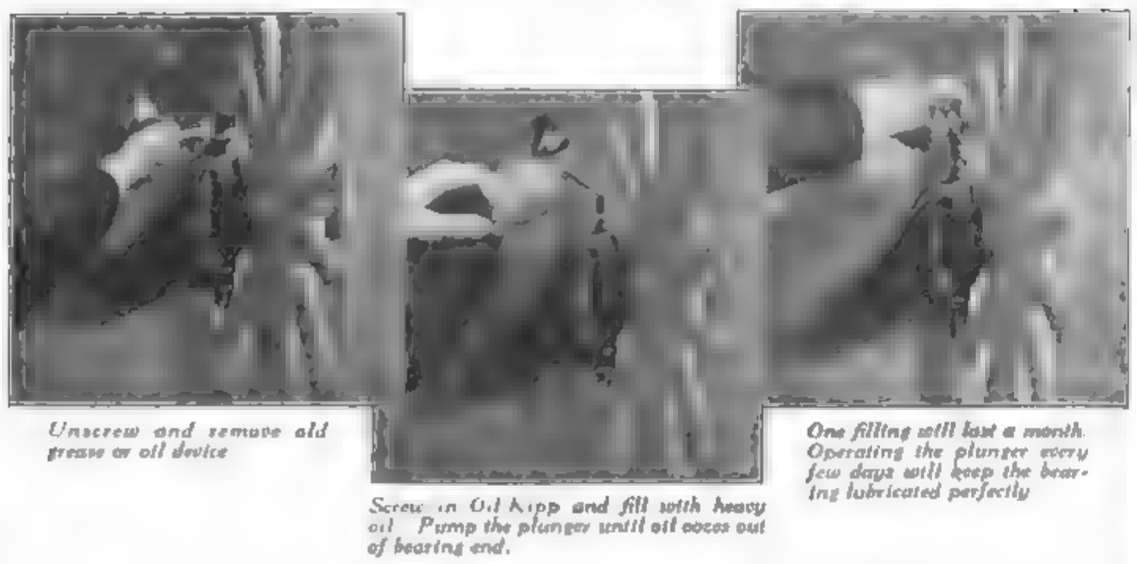
Fitted with O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels



When your car was hard to steer, it took an unusually wide street in which to make a complete turn (see outer half circle). Now, with Oil-Kipps on your steering gear, you can turn around more sharply, as illustrated by the inner semi-circle.



Unscrew and remove old grease or oil device

Screw in Oil Kipp and fill with heavy oil. Pump the plunger until oil oozes out of bearing end.

One filling will last a month. Operating the plunger every few days will keep the bearing lubricated perfectly

Do away with hard steering by this simple method

When you park your car in the morning, the street is almost clear. In a little while the cars are packed in on both sides of you. It's a real job to swing over the steering wheel, an inch at a time.

Or you're driving on a mud-soaked country road. Every turn of the wheel calls for all your strength.

Again you're riding along the boulevard, secure in the law that gives this traffic the right of-way. Suddenly a car rushes out from an obscure side street. It takes quick work, and an easily handled steering wheel, to save you from serious accident this time.

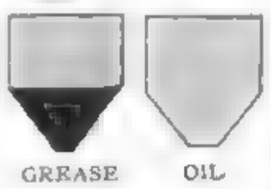
Easy steering is essential to comfort, to pleasure, to safety, in driving a car. And easy steering can be had in any car—if you follow the simple method shown above.

How to lubricate with heavy oil

What is this method? It is simply a practical utilization of a principle that engineers have always recognized—that oil is a more effective lubricant than grease. The diagram in the center shows why.

The problem, then, was to find a way to use oil for chassis lubrication as you use it now for engine and cylinders. With the invention of Oil-Kipps, the way has been found.

A recent analysis of a well known automobile grease revealed the presence of 68.5 per cent of lubricant and 31.5 per cent of soapy, spongy, "filler" or non-lubricant. In use, this "filler" clogs up drill holes and further impedes lubrication, resulting in worn and damaged bearings (see illustration) Grease frequently contains acids and caustic which gradually eat away the metal.



GREASE OIL

Oil-Kipps are small repeating oil pumps, accumulating a pressure of more than 1,200 pounds per square inch, which force heavy oil over the bearing surfaces where grease cannot penetrate. They are easy to operate—just pump the plunger. They are easy to fill—one filling provides twenty or more shots.

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With Oil-Kipps on your steering gear, steering is made easy. Squeaks and rattles and excessive wear are eliminated.

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With that Corsant drew near and gave the smith good evening.

VI

MR. PEACOCK squatted on the ground with a vermilion paintbrush in his hand. Against the doorpost leaned one great leaf of an iron gate, beautifully wrought. He was busy dabbing red lead on the hook of the lower hinge.

"Good evening, sir," he replied heartily.

"You keep open late," said Leonard. "What a splendid pattern that is!"

The blacksmith paused and laid brush across pot. Both men admired for a time, without speaking, the firm yet flowerlike scrolls of the gate, clean bars, curves and interlacing tendrils combined by some hand that could lay hold of beauty and strip away entangling prettiness.

"Yes, a noble piece of work, sir."

"Yours?"

"Well, hardly!" Mr. Peacock looked up with slow surprise. Then a grin stole over his broad, good-humored face. "You must know that, sir, if anybody does. Having your bit of fun with me. The hinge was broke, so George he asked me to weld on a fresh pin, you see, which I did." The speaker took his brush and dabbed on more red lead. "There now—she's done. 'Twill dry to-morrow, ready to hang by Monday morning, and George can put the black on afterward. I obliged him this far, George having no red handy. I hope it suits. I hope the job is satisfactory?"

Leonard found himself appealed to as judge. He failed to see why, but answered: "Entirely so, I should think. It matches the upper one. Very neat indeed."

This verdict seemed to delight Mr. Peacock. His grimy countenance beamed.

"Thank you, sir. I did try to match 'em as near as go." He stepped back and considered his work gravely. "All mine, says you, joking just now. Only wish it was. 'Twould be a job to take pride in. George says some old forefather of his fashioned that gate, sir. But then George is more'n half a gypsy, and a terrible liar." The blacksmith paused, then suddenly added: "A terrible liar, in his humorous way, o' course, I mean. He's a good friend, as we both know, and speaking serious they don't make 'em truthfuler."

Corsant had never heard of their friend. "What George is that?"

Peacock, turning from his contemplation, began to stare.

"George Grayland, sir."

"Yes? Who is he? I don't seem to——"

"Lord love you!" cried the smith. Wonder overcame him. Then slowly his eyes grew troubled. On the point of replying, he checked himself, bent down to recover the red-lead pot and set it carefully inside the door. When at last he spoke again, over one shoulder, his voice was persuasive and subdued, his air of apology almost coaxing. "Why, you'll remember George, I'm sure. Him that was here with me the other morning to get the old pony shod—as you was passing by."

The manner of this speech, thought Leonard, contained a puzzle. He let it go, to welcome the matter.

"Ah, yes. He's just the boy I want to see. Where's this haunt of his, again, the Ship on Ways?"

"Down below, by the river." Peacock rose and with a chuckle as of relief stood pointing. "It's the ferry house there, where Ashkettle's daughter keeps her boats. The name's failing out o' memory nowadays. My grandfather used to say they did build three four little dinky ships there, Henry the Eight's time. Bless me, I knew all along you wouldn't have forgot George. You'll find him there—Saturday night."

Corsant helped to carry the iron gate into the shop and left Mr. Peacock thoughtfully watching him, as before, down the lane. Dusk had fallen, but not thick enough to blur the tips of bracken near by or quench the yellow embers of gorse on outcropping rocks. The river still gleamed under shadows now settling hard and black. Lamplight strayed through the open door of the Ship on Ways, too early to shine far, soon lost on the grass-grown slabs bordering the water.

Inside, the first man Leonard saw was his unknown friend George, the terrible liar. He stood near the lamp, a tall, handsome figure, laughing. A cloud of tobacco smoke curled along the beams—dark tree-nailed oak, Armada wreckage—close above his head. Beyond, in the heart of this cloud, sat half a dozen men with their beer. Someone had just cracked a joke.

"Yes, that is so. But you don't count." The tall man beguiled his audience with a wink. "You came from Zennor, where the cow ate the bell rope."

Whatever his retort signified, it took effect like Old Grouse in the Gun Room. Laughter, loud and unanimous, broke out from the conclave. Leonard could not even distinguish the victim. He himself remained in the dusk—unseen, he thought; but before their merriment had fairly begun the tall man turned as if making a lazy, triumphal exit, slipped outdoors, took him lightly by the arm for a moment and began at once to walk with him side by side away from the house up the hill.

"Yes, sir. Good evening. What can I do for you?"

The man's alertness was a marvel.

"You must have eyes in the back of your head," said Corsant.

"Heard you coming." His companion chuckled. "I suppose you want to have a talk with me?"

They passed through leafy darkness in a gap, entered a field and paused there on open grass. It was owl-and-bat light now, but each could see the other's face dimly.

"Yes. You can answer a question or two for me, if you will" said Leonard.

"At your service."

"I believe your name is George Grayland?"

"A very safe beginning," replied the tall one, and laughed. Yet as he did so his manner changed. His eyes, that seemed to sparkle even in that gloom, seemed also to take on a cutting edge and grow hostile. Corsant felt them watching him, seeing him all anew, from head to foot. It was an odd impression quickly past, for the man continued as before, with easy good nature: "Yes, I'm George right enough. But look here, we'll probably have a good deal to overhaul. Why not say it in comfort and private? My time's yours, of course, but I did promise to do a fool's errand this evening—up at the church. Suppose we go there? Not far, you know, and questions will keep."

Leonard consented. They climbed the fields together, and went up the lane past Peacock's by early starlight. All the way Grayland talked at random, in his deep and pleasant voice.

"Yes, sir, as you say, that iron gate's a fair wonder. Makes their Jean Lamour grilles and such look silly enough, to my mind." He discoursed on weather and fishing and somebody's mare that had foaled; then, as they left the village below and entered a darkness where gravestones leaned, under elm branches and the stars, he explained his errand. "I told my—you see, I promised an old woman to get her some church-bell grease for an ointment. She cures the hives or shingles with it, so they say. We'll have to rob Gabriel."

At the church tower he halted, jingled some keys, unlocked a door and helped Corsant over a blind step.

"You have the run of the place then," said Leonard.

"No, I'm a bad churchgoer," sighed Grayland in the dark. "But the ringers keep me as a hanger-on of sorts, because when a boy I lived once with a *carillonneur* in the low countries."

Corsant heard him groping near by. He swore under his breath.

"Some fool's gone and left the candle upstairs. Never mind, sir. It's plain round and round, if you keep to the broad treads on the outside."

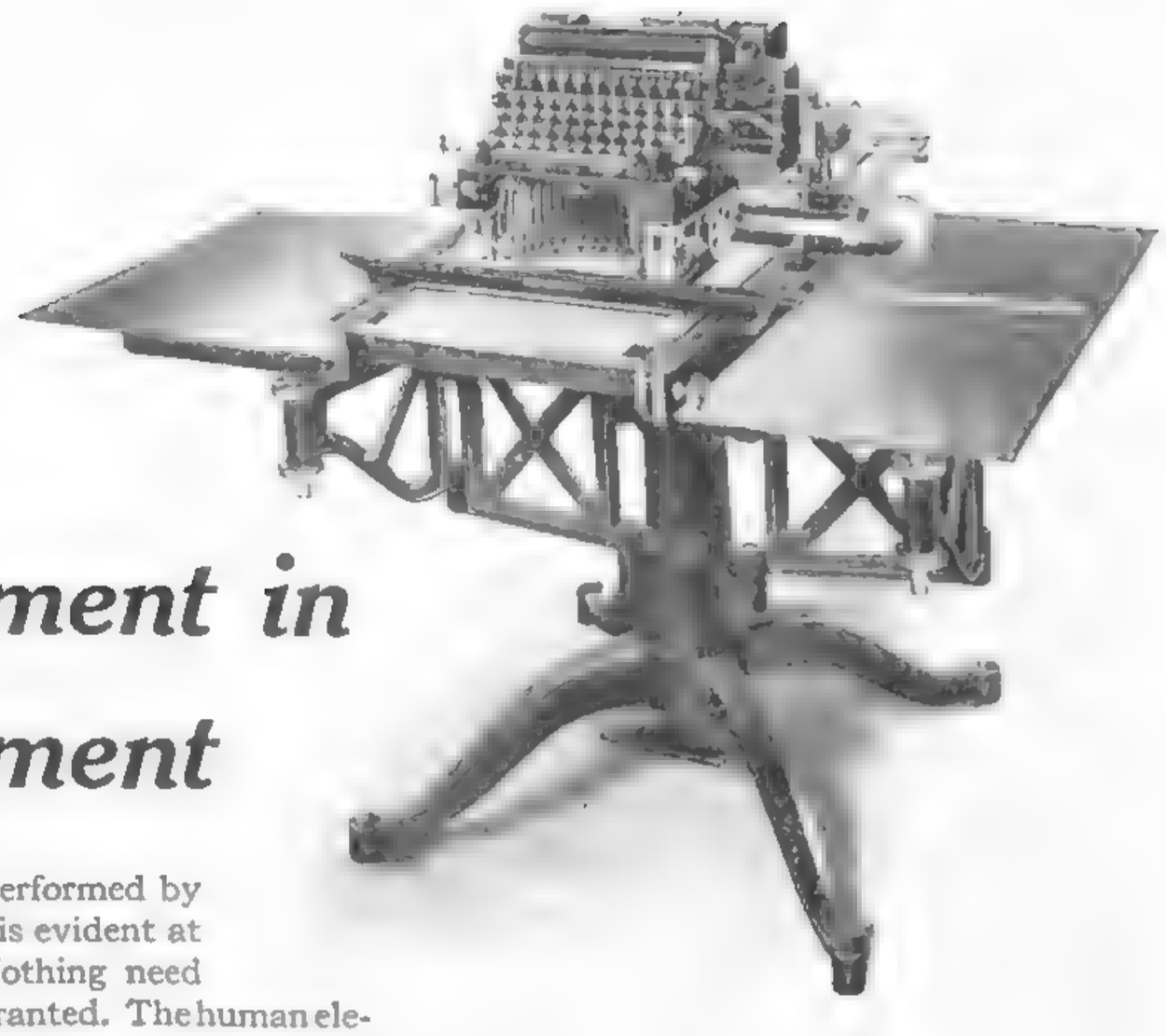
They mounted a winding stair, at the head of which Grayland again jingled his keys and unlocked a door. Boards groaned hollow underfoot on some level place like a platform. Then a match flared. Grayland lighted a candle and set it on the floor. They stood in a loft, bare except for two or three stools, a few letters or bulletins framed and glazed on the walls, and bell ropes running up through the ceiling.

"Seven of 'em. A real good peal, first-chop." By candle shine the tall man might have been in fact a robber, as he moved softly about, touching the ropes. "Pega, Bega, Tatwin, Turketyl, Betelin—those five are named like the old Crowland bells, burned in the fire—and Gabriel here, and Mary Rosamund."

He drew a pair of stools near the candle, invited Corsant to sit, watched him do so, glided behind him, locked the door and pocketed the keys.

"Gabriel's our tenor." He sat down, smiling darkly. "Those are the names of the bells. Now what's yours?"

(Continued on Page 97)



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The Round Oak Folks Make Good Goods Only

(Continued from Page 94)

The question sounded of a piece with his talk. He had not raised his voice; but the black eyes over the candle were sharp as a knife, cool and dangerous. At their first flash Leonard perceived that he sat locked in a tower, alone with a born outlaw who rather welcomed enemies.

"My name's Corsant."

"Drop it! I mean your real name."

"That's all I ever had. You can't change it by blustering."

The man continued to smile.

"Look here," said he. "Let's be frank and talk sense. You can't carry it any further—not with me. You did look the part well enough beforehand, in a way. On the beach, naked, yes—you fooled me good. But now, no; there's not much real likeness, and the game's up. Talk sense!"

Leonard began to grow ruffled.

"Better give me a lead then," he replied. "Talk some yourself, and throw in a dash of civility."

The black eyes glanced what might have been admiration.

"Well done! You have studied for it," said Grayland. "I give you credit, friend. You caught just his old sleepy look. But tell me, what is the good of play acting here? None in the world. So come, out with it! Plump—right out in daddy's hand! Who are you?"

Leonard, shoving the stool back, prepared to get on foot.

"Already told you," he declared quietly. "We don't seem to understand each other very well. If there's going to be trouble—why, let's begin."

The other made no answer for a moment, but stayed at ease, leaning forward, arms across thighs. When he spoke it was with the same careless mockery.

"Fighting? Well," said he, "as a rule nobody has to ask me twice either. But that can wait. All I have to do, mark you, is to step on the candle. Once dark, and you're the cat in a strange garret, me the dog who knows every corner of it. Not fair, o' course. But your kind don't value fair nor foul a dead herring."

"Goon!" Leonard rose. "Blow her out!"

Stooping, Grayland lifted the candle, but only to balance it on one knee.

"Ready!" His dark face brightened. "I like you better for showing spunk. It underlay your looks, anyhow; that's what puzzled me, and does yet." He paused, frowned, and changing from his even tone became deadly grim. "But you're going to unwrap me the whole rig, friend, whether we take to our hands and I beat it out of you, or whether we just sit here all night, Sunday and all next week. Corsant is my best friend. He's the only man in this world could wipe his boots on me if he chose. I've killed for him before now, in the open, free-for-all. Last night he came home. Here you sit wearing his clothes. What have you done with him? I mean to know. He came home on the quiet, a-purpose, and only two people was to have foreknowledge. Well! Instead you come sneaking down here, call yourself Corsant at the inn, knock his plans, whatever they were, galley-west buzzing all over the village, and—why? You'll tell me why if we have to hang you on a bell rope and scorch the flat of your feet black. I'm the boy to do dirtier work than that for Laurence Corsant."

His hearer laughed and sat down.

"All's well, old man! The fight's off! I never mentioned it!"

Grayland's eyes narrowed like a cat's. He seemed poised for action, wary of this quick surrender.

"You never mentioned what?" he drawled.

"The name Laurence. Because why, mine happens to be Leonard."

Across the dark man's countenance there swept conflicting emotions, half hidden like rioters in smoke—anger, disbelief, surprise and a kind of welcoming wonder.

"By the left hind leg o' the ——"

He completed some tremendous oath in a whisper, and put his candle on the floor again. "Back from over the water! Leonard! American?"

"Yes."

"Return, ye children o' men! I might have known. What brought you here at this time?"

"Accident—whim," said Leonard. "On the look-see. I'm sorry if it spoiled anyone's plans."

Grayland wagged his head thoughtfully.

"You didn't swim left-handed through the Nostrils by accident," he rejoined. "Look here, we began wrong to-night. Could feel it in the air. Now let's take a clean start and go with the grain."

By common impulse they shook hands. As they did so Leonard caught a passing glimpse of his own head and shoulders darkly mirrored in one of the glazed bulletins on the wall. He peered at it and laughed. Seen thus, crouching forward, the reflection told him why the young man under the bridge had seemed only part stranger.

"Your friend Laurence and I have met," said he. "Perhaps you can help us change our coats back." Describing their encounter that morning, he suddenly remembered how much longer ago and farther away his story began. "Why, of course! This accounts for the girl in Alexandria who signed my name. She seemed a gay and forward hussy at the time."

Grayland, hearkening wisely, nodded.

"Girls always run after Corsant. He has no time for 'em. Yes, he's just home from the East. I was out there with him a while."

The man's eyes declared that he could say much more if he chose. Instead he waited for Leonard to go on, and then sat listening like a well-disposed but vigilant critic.

"In Florence one night a chap came strutting up to me, Prussian-officer way—tall, stiff beggar, pale eyes ——"

The critic suddenly took another posture, with elbows on knees, forehead in one spread hand and one fist. He appeared to be staring at the floor, but his face remained hidden. Thus, a brooding visored shape, he heard Leonard's tale of the restaurant in Sword Street and Sun Street, Gino's café. As the candlelight wavered, his shadow, like that of a desponding giant, swayed on the wall among the black rods of the bell-rope shadows. He made no comment.

"Does all this bore you?"

He shook his head impatiently.

"Go on."

Not until the narrative ended with that very day and morning did Grayland rouse.

"An old woman circumventing you with mead?" He looked up, his bold eyes twinkling. "No wonder your cousin got the hump! Of all chances on earth, his very first walk at home, that old story to fly up in his face. No wonder!"

"I don't know any old story about it," said Leonard.

"Of course you don't," Grayland replied. "There's the miracle." He pondered. "Well, there! And your great-great-something-dad's sword and shooting irons laying rusting on the breakfast table. Humph! All these years!"

He rose and stood there in a brown study.

"Well, I'll exchange your coats to-morrow morning all right," he said at last. "You know, Mr. Corsant, I may ask you to do me a little turn some day."

"Any day you like, Mr. Grayland."

"George, please. The whole thing sounds unnatural enough without that—from you, sir."

They eyed each other with great favor. Their quarrel in this dusky loft seemed to have created a bond.

"Oh, by thunder! Forgot my errand." George swung away, grinning. "You keep the candle. I can see 'em all in the dark."

He took from his pocket something white and round—an old anchovy-paste jar.

"For my—for the old woman's holy ointment."

So saying, he unlocked the door by the stairhead, left it open, and with a bound upward seemed to vanish, until Corsant spied his long legs rapidly mounting a ladder. From overhead came his footsteps in the belfry. A moment afterward he dropped lightly into view once more.

"A good gob of grease from Gabriel," he chuckled, tapping the anchovy pot. "Must keep her happy, poor soul, if we have to rob the church."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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MICHING MALLECHO

(Continued from Page 19)

And he and the Saladines began to gather up the bundles that represented their purchases for the night. The Saladines had bought a two-pound parcel of sugar, some coffee and a bag of meal; and Bert shouldered the bag of meal and went out to stow it in their buggy. Chet went out with them. Only Jim and Will Bissell and Andy were left behind, and as Jim started to follow the others Will stopped him.

"Jim!" he said in a curiously furtive tone. He was standing behind that part of the counter that served for the business of the post office. Saladine stopped inquiringly. "I've got a letter for Margaret Dale," Will told him quietly. The woman's life with Bert had been so brief a matter that the village still called her by her maiden name. "She don't ever come in, hardly. Somebody'll have to take it down to her."

Jim Saladine nodded slowly.

"I'll see she gets it," he promised; and he took the envelope and stuffed it into some deep pocket hidden under the folds of his greatcoat.

"I didn't want to bother Bert," Will explained meaningly, and Jim nodded again.

"Sure," he agreed, gathering up the sugar and the coffee again. "'Night, Will. 'Night, Andy."

As Jim went out through the front door Will snuffed the big lamp in the front of the store, and when Jim had climbed into the buggy beside Bert and turned the horse up the hill toward their home the store was already dark.

These brothers Saladine were men well worth knowing; men of the best type that such villages as Fraternity produce. Jim, the older, was in most matters the guiding and dominant spirit. He was a larger man than Bert, tall, smoothly put together, with adequate shoulders and slim thighs, and with a cleanly modeled head upon his strong neck. He was naturally a sober, somewhat serious man, not much given to laughter, always perfectly controlled; and he was justly credited by the men of the village with an intelligence acute and keen. They spoke of him as nobody's fool, and deferred to this superiority of mind, as well as to his skill in the arts and crafts of the countryside. He was known to be a good farmer; his cut of hay was always a stout one; his milch cows were well bred and much sought after; his apples brought fancy prices in the Boston market. In addition to these matters, he was credited with being the best fisherman and the best hunter in the village. As a gunner, beating the alder swales for woodcock, Bert somewhat excelled him; but in all other matters the elder brother held the superiority. Jim was a force of some importance in the affairs of the village. He minded his own business so thoroughly that other people in trouble sought to make their business his, knowing they might count on him for advice or for actual assistance. This man is a part of every tale of Fraternity and its affairs, so far as these tales are concerned with the years of his manhood; it is impossible to know the countryside without knowing him. In his world—the world of the village—he perfectly filled his place; there was no flaw in him. And it may be that this is the reason why he is never the leading figure in any of the tales they tell about Will's stove. The man would be more interesting if he were more human; he would be more easily liked if he had a fault or two. Everyone respects Jim; but everyone likes Bert, and this is a measure of the difference between them.

Bert, a smaller man than his brother, and so slight as to be almost thin, had nevertheless a wiry strength and an indomitable spirit back of his strength which made him any man's match in the hayfield or wherever there was a day's work to be done. But Bert lacked Jim's virtues; he lacked his brother's self-control. He was known to fly at times into hot bursts of anger; he had on more than one occasion come to actual blows with some one or another of his neighbors. He had a rough and unbridled tongue, and there was an edge to it. Nevertheless there was a friendliness and a simplicity about the man which converted his enemies of a moment into his friends of every day. It could be said of him with no great inaccuracy that he never kept an enemy and never lost a friend; a man, take him by and large, singularly lovable—as Margaret Dale had found.

On their homeward drive this night Jim had the reins, as was always the case when these two were together. They took the road up past Chet McAusland's house, and upward still toward the backbone of the Ridge, and passed Will Belter's, and passed the dark and shabby little farm where Proutt the dog breaker had lived out his ugly life. So on toward their own home, where they lived as bachelors together, at the crossroads two or three miles south of the village. They exchanged a word now and then, speaking in half-finished sentences as people do who have been so much together that each can almost read the other's thoughts.

Jim said as they topped the stiff climb and reached the fairly level road along the Ridge, "Judd went off b'iling, didn't he?"

Bert nodded.

"I was—sort of sorry for him. Made me mad. Gave him away before I thought."

"He's a mean snake, sure!" Jim chuckled to the horse. "Guess he don't get a right good time out o' life, though."

The horse jogged on, and presently Bert said: "Hate to have him think I was making fun o' his being lame. I never thought what the boy would do."

Jim spat over the wheel, not commenting; and after a little the younger man asked, "Wonder if it'd do any good to try to make it up with him."

"Can't sweeten bile," said Jim. "He's full of bile."

"Well, who wouldn't be? You've seen how he lives—alone there."

"Yeah. Way a man lives is part of what he is, though."

They had gone a quarter of a mile before Bert spoke again, half to himself—"I'd—like to do something for him all the same."

Jim smiled a little.

"Thought for a minute you was going to when he sassed you, when we got to the store to-night."

Bert looked up at the other quickly, shook his head with some vehemence.

"Me hit him? Sho, Jim!"

"You was mad enough."

"Not at him," Bert exclaimed, a sudden heat in his tones. "When I get mad at that, it's at her—that damned woman!"

Jim dropped his hand lightly on his brother's knee.

"Never mind, Bert. If Margaret's got to stand her ——"

"It's that drives me crazy," Bert cried: "Margaret living with her—taking it all. And that crazy woman sitting in the window so meek and still! Meek and still when folks can see!"

"No use cussing," Jim told him.

"Oh, no use in anything," Bert agreed hopelessly; "'less I go down there some night and wring her damned neck—a good thing to do."

Jim smiled. He knew Bert well enough to discount his brother's extravagance of speech.

"Near home," he said casually. "I'm ready for bed. We'll git that wood up to-morrow morning." And as the horse swung into their dooryard—"Ain't but two-three load."

He drove into the barn, as Judd had done at his lonely farm down in the woods below the Ridge. Bert lighted the lantern and they worked together, without words, at the brief task of loosing the horse and putting away the harness and making the creature comfortable for the night. While Bert pulled down some hay Jim backed the buggy out and into the carriage shed and closed the door upon it. By the time this was done Bert had come out of the barn, and they went together to the kitchen door and went in. There was a lamp with matches on the table by the door. Jim lighted it.

This kitchen was sufficiently different from that to which Judd had gone home. The difference was the difference between efficiency and helplessness. Jim and Bert knew how to keep house; Judd did not. In this kitchen there was no litter anywhere; every dish and utensil was in its place, was spotlessly clean. The oilcloth on the table was smooth and white and unmarred; the iron sink had been washed and wiped dry and then oiled to prevent its rusting, after the supper dishes were put away. The chimney of the lamp was like crystal, and the stove was neatly blacked. When a man blacks a stove you may reasonably give

(Continued on Page 101)

"Quality Folks"

The quaint southern phrase for describing refined and cultured people describes those who find the chocolates they esteem most at the stores that sell the Sampler, the Pleasure Island package, A Fussy Package, Pink of Perfection and others, sometimes called

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IT IS true that the more experienced car owners who have had ample opportunity for tire comparisons during ten or even twenty years of driving will usually be found using one of that small group of tires known to men in the industry as the quality group. The Mohawk Rubber Company is one of the oldest and best known makers in this group.

These tires are made by hand by the most skilled workmen in the industry, out of the choicest of rubber and fabric, and are produced by companies who, for years, have held to the highest ideals of quality manufacture. Such tires run so far beyond the usual guaranteed mileage as to cut actual mileage costs fifty and even seventy-five per cent.

It is also true that a vast number of less experienced car owners are paying a much higher rate for tire mileage because of the difficulty of judging tire quality from outward appearance. This similarity of appearance among tires has made it easy for a host of manufacturers to flood the market with tires low in price, poor in quality, with the sole object of attracting inexperienced bargain hunters.

It will surprise any car owner who has never used one of these few really high-grade brands of tires to try a Mohawk on his car this spring and see for himself what a great reduction in mileage cost and increase in personal satisfaction and convenience will result.

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MOHAWK TIRES

HAND MADE "Quality" CORD AND FABRIC

(Continued from Page 98

him a housekeeper's diploma; it is the last task to which a masculine hand lends itself.

The two brothers made ready for the night with the skill of long habit, requiring no direction from each other. Bert pumped water and filled the boiler at one end of the stove, and at the same time Jim got an aluminum double boiler from the cupboard and measured oatmeal and water into the upper part and put water below. They had closed the drafts tightly when they started for the village, and the fire box still held red embers of the oak and maple chunks they had stuffed into it. On these Jim laid fresh wood, which quickly blossomed into flame. When the wood was burning he shut the drafts again. There would be heat in that stove for half the night. He set the oatmeal atop it. The cereal would be well cooked, needing only to be warmed for their breakfast in the morning.

This farmhouse was more commodious than Judd's. When they had finished their tasks in the kitchen they went into a room adjoining that served for dining room and sitting room, and put the lamp on the table and sat down on either side to read the papers they had brought from the store. Besides this sitting room, there was a parlor and there were three bedrooms in the house. There was no upper floor; nothing but an unfinished attic.

Bert, first through with his paper, rose and went into the parlor and sat down in the darkness at the old organ there and began to play. The organ had belonged to their mother. She had taught Bert to play, and the man had a natural aptitude for the instrument. Jim lowered his paper now and then to listen to the strains, and there was a slow pleasure in his eyes. The music was somber to-night. Jim's face was faintly troubled. He had a deep affection for his brother, a deep sympathy for the other's present unhappiness, a deep desire to remedy that unhappiness if he could.

After a few moments Bert came back, stood uncertainly by the table for a moment, said at last, "Well—bed!"

Jim nodded.

"Me too," he agreed, "in a minute. Good night."

"Good night," Bert answered.

Their bedrooms adjoined the dining room at one side. Bert went into his, and Jim heard him undressing swiftly. Then he came and closed the door and left Jim still reading by the table.

Jim listened for the sounds of the springs that would tell that Bert was abed. He did not hear this sound at once, and smiled a little wistfully, guessing what Bert was about. The windows of their bedrooms looked off along the Ridge toward the Castle. From them a lighted window in that structure might often of an evening be seen. No doubt Bert's eyes were turned that way. But after a little the springs creaked. Jim knew Bert had left the window, had climbed into bed.

When he himself came to undress a little later he found in his pocket the letter which Will Bissell had asked him to deliver to Margaret Dale. He considered it thoughtfully for a moment—nodded as he made up his mind. Bert was a hearty sleeper—would not wake till sunrise in the morning. Jim himself always woke with the first hint of dawn. He would take the letter down to the Castle as soon as he arose, slip it under the door, be back here before Bert was awake at all.

Content with this decision, he replaced the letter in his pocket, finished undressing and went into his bedroom.

From the window he looked toward the Castle, saw no light in the great structure anywhere, and was glad; for the brothers knew that when a lamp burned late in those windows it presaged a night of horror for Margaret Dale. When there was no light it meant some measure of rest and peace for her.

Glad for her sake, Jim turned to his bed.

VII

WHEN Bert Saladine awoke in the morning he heard Jim moving about in the kitchen and smelled the pleasant aroma of freshly made coffee at the boil. Jim usually got the breakfast for both of them, and it was Bert's task to clean up afterwards. But Bert had slept later than usual this morning. He swung out of bed in some haste and dragged a blanket across his shoulders as a bath robe and hurried into the kitchen.

"Sorry, Jim," he apologized. "With you in three minutes."

Jim nodded. "No hurry. Want some hot? Cold this morning."

Bert shook his head, grinning. The brothers were not apostles of the Saturday night tub which was an established household custom in most Fraternity homes. Instead Bert went into the shed now and came back with a pail which he filled with cold water at the pump beside the sink. Then back into the shed, where Jim heard him panting and gasping at his Spartan ablutions; heard the final rush of water as Bert tipped the bucket over himself from head to heels; and then Bert came dancing into the kitchen, his body as pink as a baby's with the reaction, rasping himself with a rough, hard towel and breathing hard. Five minutes later they sat down together at the table in the dining room with the breakfast between them—oatmeal perfectly done, coffee, potatoes boiled till they were mealy as so much white flour, fresh biscuits and their own salt pork, cut into slices and minced across and tried out—not fried—in the deep spider, served now in its own sweet fat. The brothers were hearty eaters. They said nothing during the meal.

It was habit with most Fraternity folk to rise before day and stumble through their chores by lantern light and before breakfast. Not so the Saladines. Jim began on the milking, while Bert—with plenty of hot water from the boiler at the end of the stove—made short work of the dishes. He was done in time to help with the last cows; and within an hour after breakfast the milk was separated, the cows were turned out to make the most of what slim pasturage remained, the pigs and the horse had been fed and they were ready for their morning's work. This day the task was to haul to the shed firewood which had been prepared in their woodlot down the hill. They had felled the trees with the leaves still on, leaving them as they fell so that the leaves might draw all sap out of the trunk; then cut the trunk and the larger branches into four-foot lengths as most convenient for hauling up the hill to the shed. These lengths would be manufactured into stove wood during the winter, but would season under cover for another twelve months before they were used. The brothers were forehanded with this work, because they wished to be free for the gunning and hunting that would soon begin. The harvesting of their apples was the only task that could not be done beforehand; it was the only task they permitted to interfere with the sport they loved.

The brothers made three trips that morning. They returned to the shed on the third just as Will Belter's team drove into the dooryard. Through the shed door they saw that Judd was on the seat beside Will Belter, and they went out to see what the newcomers wanted. Both Bert and Jim were somewhat on guard, half expecting an open hostility on the part of Judd; but the little lame man was unusually genial. He and Will Belter shouted their greeting together, grinned good-naturedly as the two brothers approached. It is some measure of the difference between the two brothers that by this affability on the part of Judd Bert was reassured while Jim was made more apprehensive than before.

This Will Belter who was Judd's companion was, since Proutt's death, and if the inhabitants of the Castle be forgotten, nearest neighbor to the Saladines. Yet neither Jim nor Bert liked him, for the man was a chronic talebearer; a loose-featured fellow, with an ingratiating manner and an irritating friendliness. He said to Jim now, "Dropped in to let you know—I see whur your wire is down, on the pasture wall, down the road a piece."

Jim asked, "Where? I was all over there last week."

Will specified: "Beyond that clump o' alders. That old dead pine fell on it, 'crost the wall. Broke the tip of the tree off. I had to shift it to git by."

Jim nodded his thanks.

"'Bliged," he told Will. "I'll go along down. Didn't see the cows, did ye?"

"No, they wa'n't around."

Bert asked, "Where you bound, Will?"

"Down t' Hope Corner," Will explained. "See what I can git for apples this year."

"You got some apples to sell, too, Judd?" Bert asked good-naturedly.

And Judd said in a tone that held no hint of rancor, "A few. I'll git maybe five or six barrel off them trees down by the wall on th' way to the pond."

Jim filled his pipe slowly.

"I sh'd think it'd pay you two better to pick out the best ones and ship 'em," he

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suggested. "You don't get as much, just for canning."

Will shook his head.

"No. But this a-way we don't have to pick 'em, nor furnish barrels. The cannery furnishes the barrels, and we just have to shake 'em off the trees and load 'em in any old how, and I reckon we'll git three dollars. That's better than five in Boston."

Jim nodded indifferent assent. The conversation languished. The Saladines moved a little away from the team as Will tightened the reins. Then Belter looked around at Jim, grinning a little, and fired the shot to which Judd had prompted him.

"What 'uz you doing down t' the Castle so early this morning, Jim?" he asked maliciously.

Now Jim had not told his brother of that letter for Margaret Dale; he had not wished to wound Bert by speaking her name. But his silence, natural enough at that time, had in the face of this question an ugly look of which he could not fail to be conscious. In spite of his habitual composure there was a lameness in his reply.

"Down to take a letter," he said—"letter came last night."

Will nodded, his face sober enough, but his eyes mocking.

"Didn't see you go down," he said. "Saw you coming away along before sunup. I 'uz up in my pasture."

It was natural enough that Will should have seen him. From the man's farm it was possible to look for a long way along the Ridge. It did not occur to Jim to doubt the other's statement—did not occur to him to see Judd's hand in this. He looked at Bert and saw that his brother was scowling; wondered if Bert would lend himself to the folly of baseless jealousy, said again with more insistence: "Will Bissell gave me the letter last night. I went down this morning and stuck it under the door."

Judd and Belter nodded indifferently, and Belter clucked to his horse.

"So long," he said; and called back over his shoulder, "Better stay away f'om there. That woman'll git you if you don't."

The brothers watched them drive away, down the Ridge Road past the Castle, until they were hidden from sight. As they turned back to unload the last of the firewood Jim said awkwardly, "I didn't want to stir you up, Bert. That's why I didn't tell you."

Bert replied half sullenly, "Oh, what do I care?"

"You looked like you cared," Jim told him. "You looked ready to kill somebody."

The younger brother laughed mirthlessly. "I'd like to kill that woman down there." His face twisted with anger.

Jim said placidly, "Don't be a fool, Bert. Let's get this wood off and have some dinner."

Toward midafternoon of that day Belter and Judd came back from Hope Corner, their errand done. As they passed the Castle the strange woman was sitting in her accustomed window, and both men looked at her sidewise, unable to resist the fascination which hung about her, yet fearfully avoiding a direct glance. She wore, Judd saw, one of those soft silken garments which seemed to be habitual to her. She was sitting in a high chair; and the window was so low, came so near the floor, that they could almost see her feet upon the hassock. She was framed in this window like a picture—dark hair piled smooth and high, dark eyes wide and full of mysterious things. One hand lay along the arm of her chair, the other played with a silken cord that was tied like a sash around her waist.

"By gad," said Belter when the Castle was behind them, "I'd like to know who she is! There's something funny about that woman."

Judd nodded.

"Something," he agreed. "I'll bet she used to be an actress or something."

"She looks like a furriner."

"I guess she is too."

They drove on in silence, pondering this mystery that would always be a mystery to Fraternity. Bert Saladine knew the truth, and Jim, perhaps; but neither of these men was ever to tell. As Judd and Belter now approached the Saladine farm they saw Jim drive off alone toward the village. Judd's eyes sharpened at the sight; and when, a few minutes later, they reached Will's home he took a swift leave.

"I'll be moving," he told Belter. "Much obliged." And while Will stared in some astonishment at his abrupt departure he limped away.

So long as he was within the other's sight he kept to a course that would have led him down the Ridge to that old wood road which offered a short cut to his farm; but as soon as Will was out of sight Judd swung to the southward under cover of the Ridge till he reached that alder run, bordered by small cedars and spruce, at the head of which he had hidden that morning. Within a matter of minutes he had settled himself again in the same position, wondering whether Bert were at home alone, wondering what he would do, watching for the opportunity he was sure would come. The first transports of his fury had passed with the night. He was coldly and craftily determined now, and infinitely more dangerous in his craft than he had been in his rage.

As matters chanced, luck seemed to be with him. He had been in position only a few minutes when he saw Bert Saladine round the corner of the house and go down toward the Ridge Road. Bert's errand might be sufficiently innocent; Judd did not stop to wonder. He left his hiding place, and kept the house itself between them as he hurried to follow the other. When he came to the house he moved more cautiously, peeping around the corner until he made sure Bert was not in sight; then he slipped down to the road and began a further scrutiny of the open slopes below him.

He saw Bert almost at once, half a mile downhill, on the edge of the woods; and while Judd watched, the other turned in among the trees and disappeared. Judd, peering from the shelter of a clump of tall brambles beside the road, wondered what Bert was about. He weighed several possibilities; decided at last that if the other's errand was legitimate Bert was searching for traces of deer, laying his plans for the hunting that would come a month later on. The Saladines were known to be forehanded in such matters; they did not blindly bulge into the woods, with rifles ready for a snapshot at any creature they might drive to flight. Perhaps Bert was studying the ground this day.

Judd meant to find out. Bert's course had been toward the Pendleton woods, which lay in the valley below the Castle and along the shores of the river above Freedom Pond. Judd worked down the hillside in that direction, chose at last an inconspicuous position under an old apple tree about which tall grass was thickly grown, and sat down to watch for Bert's appearance. The Castle was not a quarter of a mile away, uphill and to the right. Between him and the great structure lay a gully in which an orchard had been planted; but the trees were so low he could see across them—could see the bulk of the building and the great barn behind it. Below, down to the edge of the woods, ran open meadowland. If Bert came that way he would be in plain view. Judd had no particular hope that his enemy would come; he watched because he had nothing else to do.

The afternoon passed, it seemed to him, very quickly. The sun was still an hour high when he took his station; yet abruptly it had dropped to the horizon; its lower edge was cut by the upper branches of the birches in the thicket atop the Ridge behind him; it shone for a little through these branches, and then was gone. Yet it had not yet set for the country which was outspread below where Judd sat, for he was on the steep easterly side of the Ridge. The valley below him, the sweep of hills on the other side were still bright with the sun; and he was able to watch the shade creep downward from his feet till it reached the line of the woods below, then sweep across the wooded land with increasing speed and climb the heights beyond. There was something tremendously impressive in this onward march of shadow. Even Judd, the mean souled, thrilled to it.

As the last sunlit patch of distant hillside was being blotted out Judd saw Bert emerge from the woods a quarter of a mile below him. At the sight of his enemy Judd received one of those psychic impulses which for lack of a better name we call hunches. He was suddenly sure that something of importance was about to happen, and in this inexplicable certainty he riveted his eyes on the figure of the man down by the woods.

Bert's first movement was disappointing. He began to climb, steadily enough, in a slantwise direction across the open land toward his own home. But Judd's attention did not for an instant relax. He caught his breath with a thin whisper of satisfaction

(Continued on Page 105)

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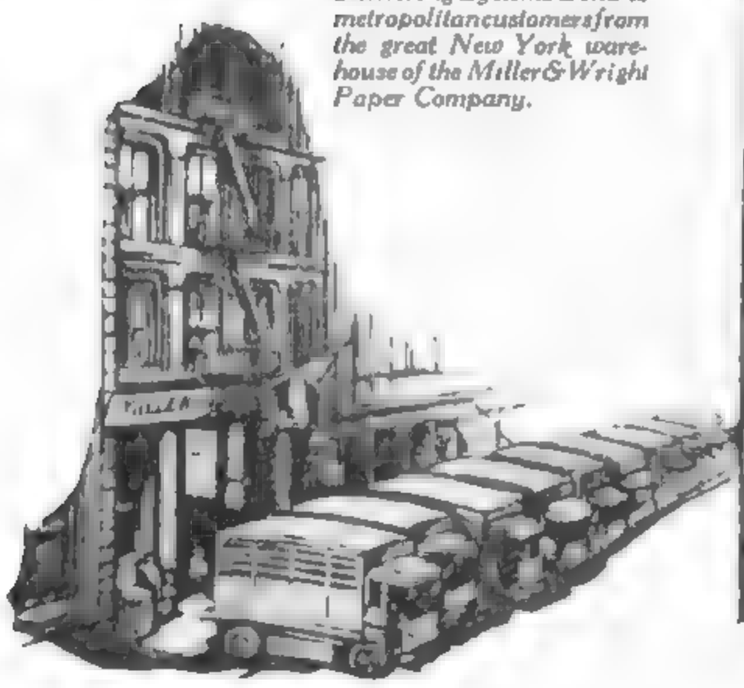

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(Continued from Page 102)

when, at the end of perhaps a hundred yards of steep climbing, Bert stopped to catch his breath. As he did so his eyes swung upward toward the Castle and fastened on that huge bulk against the sky; and he remained for a space of minutes immovable, staring at the structure that housed the woman he hated and the woman he loved. Judd, spying on him, was like a man turned to stone; and when Bert, with a movement of determination, swung up toward the Castle and away from his homeward path Judd felt the pulses pound in throat and wrist and had to force himself to be still.

Bert's new course took him past Judd's hiding place, and not fifty yards downhill. Judd, while the other passed, lay prone and still, not daring to lift his head. Hidden by the tall grass, he could yet mark the other's progress in the still dusk by the sound of his pounding feet. When these sounds became faint, passed out of hearing, he lifted his head again; lifted his head and saw Bert going steadily forward toward the group of buildings on the hill above.

Dusk was by this time beginning to fall, but the brightness of the departing sun illumined the sky above the Ridge and beyond the Castle. Judd, from his hiding place, could see this light shining right through the building in one place where a stairway must have allowed it to pass from an upper window to a lower one at an angle that made it visible to him so far below. His eyes were distracted for a moment by this phenomenon. There was a curious, golden glow against the gray shingled sides of the Castle itself. It stole some measure of beauty from the glory of the western sky.

When Judd's eyes returned to his enemy again he was in time to see Bert slowly approaching the barn behind the Castle. Bert was advancing, Judd saw, stealthily, keeping the barn between him and the house itself. He approached the huge doors of the barn, and Judd saw him open them a crack to peer inside.

Apparently satisfied, and after only a moment's scrutiny, Bert pushed the sliding doors a little apart. Next instant he had disappeared between them.

When he saw the other disappear into the barn Judd came to his feet as though he had been on springs, stiff with curiosity. This man he hated had gone into the barn—might easily pass through the connecting shed into the Castle where his wife and the strange woman dwelt together. Yet Bert and his wife had quarreled, and bitterly, as all the village knew.

Why, then, was Saladine here? Why, and why?

Judd meant to know. He began to move up the hill through the thickening twilight.

VIII

IT WAS that hour of early evening when, if the day has been clear and fine, the air assumes a singular, prismatic transparency that accentuates every color in the landscape. All about Judd, in the valley below him and on the slopes beyond, this glorification was taking place. The blue that was Freedom Pond had become a sheet of silver, dotted with islands of purple and green; and these islands and the shores of the pond were fringed with blue and golden shadows, scarce perceptible, haunting and lovely. The thick and shadowed woodland in the valley, darker green where evergreens predominated, so light as to be almost yellow where the birches were many, was overlaid with purple through which the primary colors of the tree tops showed. The hills across the valley, beyond the purple slopes, were sharp lines of color against a blue yet opalescent sky. Above Judd and to his right as he moved toward the Castle lay the stunted orchard, overgrown with briers and grasses, a tangle of dry and withering green. Yet even here the shadows were blue. The gray-shingled bulk of the house and the barn formed a changing screen of color under the light from the distant sky.

Through this glory moved Judd, a small, mean, ugly, limping figure. Overpowered by his native curiosity, he forgot for the moment the hatred of Bert Saladine which filled his soul. He moved crouchingly, bent low, taking what cover offered, drawing always a little nearer the barn into which his enemy had disappeared. The first part of his way lay across an open hillside. He was fearful lest Bert should abruptly reappear. Hence he moved circuitously, swinging up the hill, till he brought the orchard between him and the door of the barn. Thus secure against too easy discovery, he hurried his steps till he reached the ruined stone wall that bounded the orchard, and crept across it into the thick cover of the tall grass beneath the starved trees.

He made his way across the orchard almost on hands and knees, so cautious were his movements; and when he reached the edge nearest the barn and the big house he stopped, flat on the ground, watching and listening, striving to pick up some sound or catch some sign that would tell him what went forward here. But since Bert disappeared into the barn there had been no hint of movement anywhere about the place; there was no light in any window, though dark was coming swiftly; there was no sound sufficiently loud to reach the ears of Judd. The Castle might have been deserted; its wide, high windows gave it an empty look. Judd lay still for a considerable time, wondering whether to stay where he was or to go on.

In the end, since nothing happened, his curiosity drove him on. It was sufficiently dark now so that his moving figure was not apt to be remarked so long as he kept in the shadow of the steep hillside. He took advantage of this fact to advance by inch and inch toward the rear of the barn; toward that door through which Bert had gone. And when he reached the corner of the building he stopped, his ear pressed against it, to hear what he might hear. He caught the stirring of heavy feet as the cow moved in its tie-up; he heard the squeak of a disturbed rat; he heard the restless movement of chickens settling for the night, but that was all—no human voice, no human sound.

Yet Bert had gone in there; he had not come out. At least he had not come out within Judd's line of vision. It was not likely that he was still in the barn. He must have gone through the barn into the shed, perhaps into the Castle itself. Judd, wondering, moved forward almost without his own volition till he stood by the door through which Bert had disappeared.

This door was composed of two sliding leaves. The leaves were separated by a space of perhaps an inch. Bert had pulled them shut behind him, but they had not quite met. Judd knew that to anyone within the barn he would, if he looked through this crack in the door, be visible as a black shadow against the sky in the east behind him. Therefore he went to hands and knees, lay prone, bent his ear to the door below the level of the floor of the barn and listened with every nerve strained.

He heard at first nothing at all; but in the next instant he heard something quite definite. The sliding doors in the west side of the barn, opposite where he lay, were opened. He heard the rollers squeak along their runways as the doors slid back, and at the same time he became conscious of an illumination in the barn itself. His curiosity conquered his caution. He lifted his head ever so little, till through the open crack he could look into the barn.

Margaret Dale had just come in through the other door. She carried a lantern in one hand and a milk pail in the other. She had come to milk the cow in its tie-up. Judd could hear the creature stirring, a little to his left, in the south end of the barn.

After that first glimpse of the woman Judd ducked his head very quickly; and he grinned to himself, believing that he now understood all there was to understand. Bert Saladine must have known his wife's custom, must have known she would be in the barn for milking at this hour. Therefore had he come thus secretly and furtively; come, perhaps—and Judd hugged himself at the thought—to tax her with that early morning visit of Jim's; to ask what his brother had been doing here; to ask whether the story of the letter, which Jim had told, were true. Judd, who read Bert with some accuracy, counted hopefully on the jealousy of the younger brother. He lay very close to earth now, waiting for Bert to speak from the shadows where he must be hidden.

But Bert, if he were here, made no sign. Judd's ears told him that Margaret Dale had entered the tie-up. He heard her speak softly to the cow, guessed by the sounds when she set the lantern on the floor, when she thrust her stool against the cow's side, when the first streams of milk began to flow. Perhaps Bert would speak to her now—would make himself known. Judd waited in a heart-thumping agony of anticipation for this climax he was sure would come. The very air was electric, the little man could hardly breathe.

But Bert did not speak. When a matter of five silent minutes had passed Judd's

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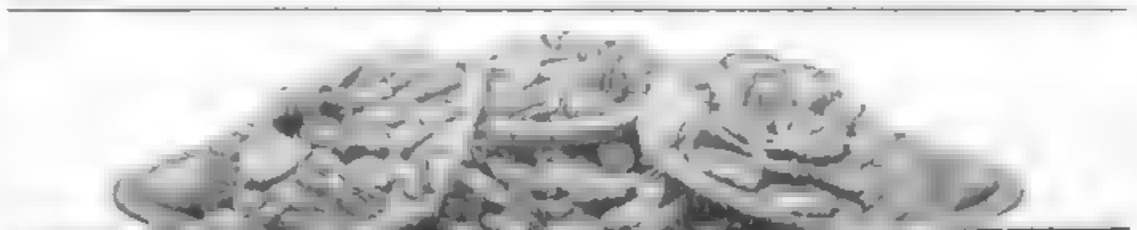

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first tense waiting gave way to anger. What was the fool doing anyway? What had he come for, if not to speak to this wife of his?

Where was Bert hidden? Why did he not come out of hiding? She would be through with the milking in another minute or so—through—going back to the house—out of his reach.

He decided abruptly that Bert would show himself as Margaret Dale came out of the tie-up, her task done. Judd dared not lift his head to try to discover Bert's hiding place. He listened with all his ears, but caught no stealthy footstep; so waited blindly for the challenge he was sure would come; and when presently he heard the woman rise and put away the milking stool, and heard the faint, tinny squeak of the bail as the lantern was lifted from the floor, his muscles tensed in expectation. She came out of the tie-up to the floor of the barn and set down lantern and pail, and put hay before the cow, and a handful of cattle beets. Judd could hardly breathe. He heard her turn toward the farther door, the door by which she had come into the barn. She picked up the lantern and the pail of milk on the way—reached the door, went out, pulled the sliding leaves together behind her. Judd could scarcely believe his eyes and ears. Nothing had happened at all!

But where, then, was Bert Saladine? He had gone into this barn, surely for some purpose; he had not emerged from it. His own curiosity was gnawing Judd. He clambered to his feet and limped swiftly around the barn to his former vantage in the fringe of the orchard, thirty yards from the house. From this point he could command the hillside below the barn, he could see the door of the shed which connected barn and house; and against the faint light that still lingered in the western sky he would be able to see the head and shoulders of anyone who went along the road toward the Saladine home. Bert Saladine was somewhere in this hulking lump of buildings above him. Judd settled himself grimly to wait till the man should emerge, to see what he might see.

Almost as soon as he had taken up this post in the orchard a light showed in one of the windows above him. He was able to see only the lighted window and the ceiling of the room, for his angle of vision cut off everything else; but after a moment the woman, Margaret Dale, came and stood near this window, making a rhythmic motion by which he saw that she was pumping water and guessed the lighted room was the kitchen. He could hear, faintly, the sounds of the pump in action, but no other sound, no whisper of human voices. If Bert was with her there her manner did not betray the fact. When she had finished pumping she lifted her hands to her hair, fumbled with it, arranging a disordered strand. There was no reason why she should not have done this much in any man's presence; yet there was something intangible in her movements, in her attitude, which made Judd sure she was alone—sure she was unconscious of any observing eye.

Yet Bert Saladine had surely gone into the barn! Why? Where was he hiding? What did he intend?

Judd, considering these matters, his eyes flitting to and fro as he kept his vigil, was suddenly conscious of a change in the aspect of the deepening twilight. It was not much more than half an hour since actual sunset, since the hilltops themselves were left in the shadow. There was still red and gold in the western sky, and in the east the blue had turned to a darker shade that would soon be the star-spangled blue-black of the night. But while Judd crouched in the orchard a sudden darkness crept through the shadows of the twilight, and when he looked up he saw that a cloud was coming up from the southwest, was just showing itself above the towers of the Castle. The cloud had come so silently that there was something uncanny about it; it seemed to throw a pall across the landscape. Judd, ordinarily a man of no very lively imagination, found himself inclined to shudder; the cloud had the ugly aspect of a portent. He was vaguely disturbed, vaguely alarmed. There was something frightful and disturbing in the very air since the dark cloud had come!

It is not at all unlikely that Judd would have given up his vigil and started on the weary tramp to his home, but for the fact that at this moment his watchfulness was rewarded. He had swung his eyes up the hill past the corner of the big house toward the road; and he was just in time to catch a glimpse of a man's head and shoulders there, outlined against the western sky. The glimpse was only momentary, yet it was enough. Judd saw in that instant two things—he saw that the man was Bert Saladine, and he saw that the man was climbing the wall beside the road across from the Castle. He could tell this by the motion of the man's shoulders, by the fact that he was higher than he had any right to be above the ground.

Another than Judd might have been uncertain whether this silhouette so briefly seen against a dimming sky were really Saladine; but Judd did not doubt. His hatred had sharpened his eyes. His heart was pounding triumphantly as he slipped up the hill to see why Bert avoided the easy going along the road and chose to walk home through that tangle of birch and alder and evergreen opposite the Castle.

When he reached the road and looked across he caught another glimpse of the same figure, shadowy and indistinct this time, as the man disappeared among a clump of small cedars. Judd crouched, waited, and after a moment swung across the road and climbed the wall and—moving ever so cautiously—set out to follow the other through the tangled second growth. He could not hear the footsteps of the man he was trailing; he took care his own were silent; and so, keeping within hearing, he moved slowly deeper into the thickets.

Judd progressed for perhaps a furlong in this fashion, stopping now and then to listen for the cracking of twigs and brush under the feet of the man ahead; but there came a time when he could no longer hear the other. He remained as still as still, wondering whether Bert had detected his pursuit. A shiver of fear swept over the little man. He half crouched behind a low hemlock, listening with all his ears—heard no sound ahead.

After an interval of minutes he decided that Bert must have swung off to the right toward his own home and passed out of earshot. He considered this possibility, thought it not only possible but probable, was on the point of turning his own steps that way, when he was frozen into a new passivity, like the freeze of a frightened animal, by a sound that came faintly through the night behind him.

It was the sound of a woman's scream! And it came—there was no other possibility—from the Castle back across the road!

Judd, at the summons of this sound, hesitated only an instant. There was the courage of curiosity and of hate in the little man. He turned and ran, stumbling through the obscurity of the thicket, back toward the big, lonely mansion.

When he came in sight of it he saw a lighted window on the second floor; knew it for the window before which the strange woman was accustomed to sit and watch the passers-by. Where he stood was somewhat higher than the level on which the house was placed; he was able to see most of the lighted room. He saw Margaret Dale, kneeling. A lamp which he could not see but which must be on the floor beside her illumined her features, her posture. She was looking down, fumbling with something which lay there before her. Her lips, he thought, were moving.

He stood for an instant watching, then went quickly across the road and knocked loudly on the glass of the big front door. The man was like a weasel that has scented blood. His eyes were red and burning, his features seemed unnaturally sharp, his gray hair was almost bristling on his head.

He saw her—saw Margaret Dale come running down the stairs, lamp in hand, to open to him.

Her face was a mask of horror. She swung wide the door, held the lamp high, looked at him with staring eyes.

"I heard you yell," he told her. "What's the matter?"

She would have welcomed any human companionship at that moment. She beckoned him inside.

"Oh, come!" she cried. "Please, come! He's killed her! She's dead!"

And she ran upstairs before him, carrying the lamp, expecting him to follow.

Judd was left for a moment in darkness below; had time to understand how utterly his enemy was delivered into his hand; had time for a fierce and intoxicating moment of triumph before he followed the stricken woman up the stairs.

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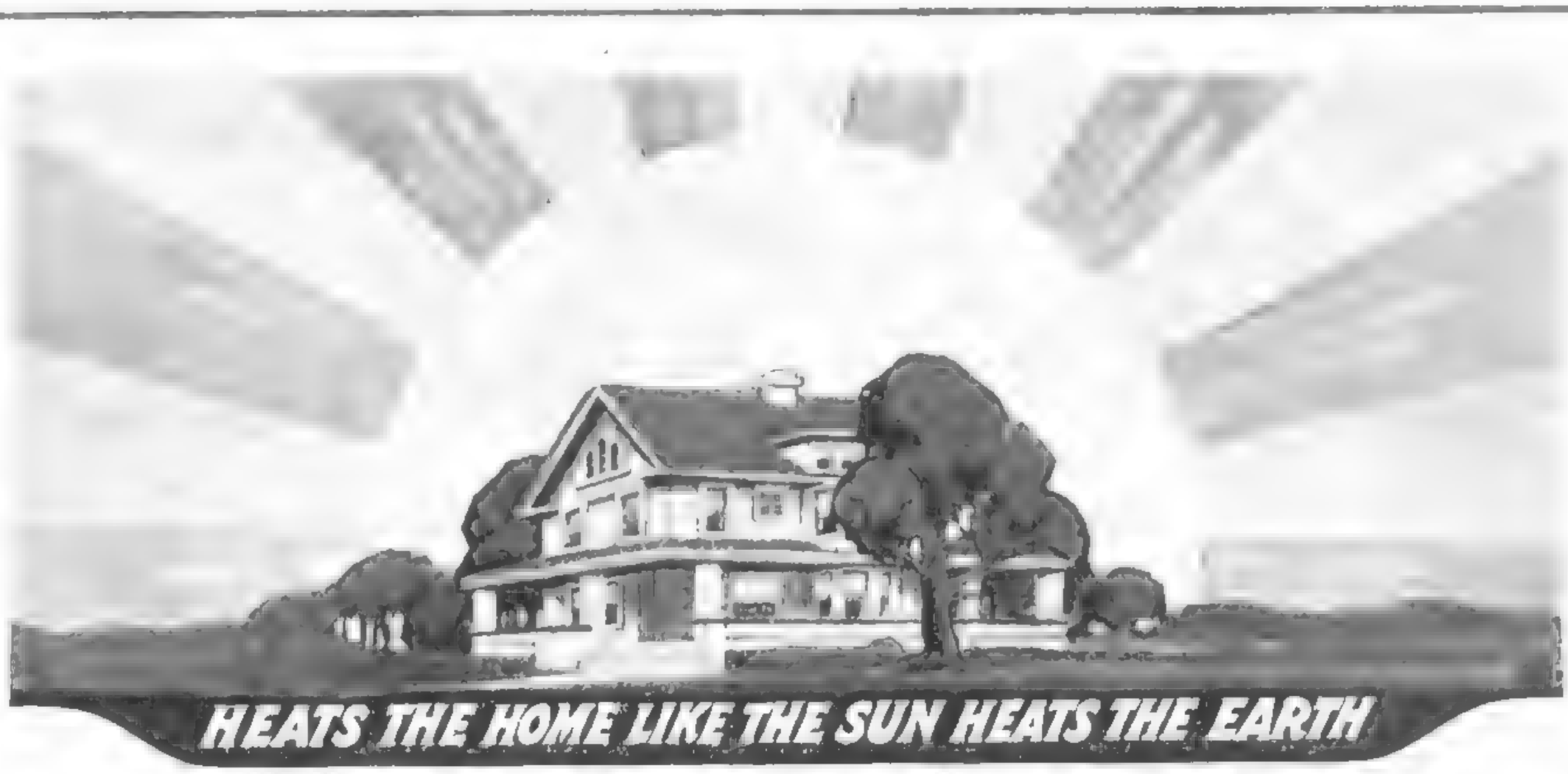

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THE SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION

(Continued from Page 17)

alone, would put the people of the world upon an absolutely new footing with regard to social and international affairs. They would be told a history coming right up to the daily newspapers. They would see themselves and the news of to-day as part of one great development. It would give their lives significance and dignity. It would give the events of the current day significance and dignity. It would lift their imaginations up to a new level. I say lift, but I mean restore, their imaginations to a former level. Because if you look back into the lives of the Pilgrim Fathers, let us say, or into those of the great soldiers and statesmen of Cromwellian England, you will find that these men had a sense of personal significance, a sense of destiny such as no one in politics or literature seems to possess to-day.

They were still in touch with the old Bible. To-day if life seems adventurous and fragmentary and generally aimless it is largely because of this one thing. We have lost touch with history. We have ceased to see human affairs as one great epic unfolding. And only by the universal teaching of universal history can that epic quality be restored.

You see, then, the first part of my project for a Bible of Civilization, a rewriting of Genesis and Exodus and Judges and Chronicles in terms of world history. It would be a quite possible thing to do.

Is it worth doing?

And let me add here that when we do get our new Genesis and our new historical books they will have a great number of illustrations as a living and necessary part of them. For nowadays we can not only have a canonical text but canonical maps and illustrations. The old Hebrew Bible was merely the written word. Indeed, it was not even that, for it was written without vowels. That was not a merit, nor a precedent for us; it was an unavoidable limitation in those days; but under modern conditions there is no reason whatever why we should confine our Bible to words when a drawing or a map can better express the thing we wish to convey. It is one of the great advantages of the modern book over the ancient book that because of printing it can use pictures as well as words. When books had to be reproduced by copyists the use of pictures was impossible. They would have varied with each copying until they became hopelessly distorted.

A Standard Guide to Health

But the cosmological and historical part of the old Bible was merely the opening, the groundwork upon which the rest was built. Let us now consider what else the Bible gave a man and a community, and what would be the modern form of the things it gave.

The next thing in order that the Bible gave a man and the community to which he belonged was the law—rules of life; rules of health; prescriptions, often very detailed and intimate, of permissible and unpermissible conduct.

This also the modern citizen needs and should have; he and she need a book of personal wisdom.

First as to health. One of the first duties of a citizen is to keep himself in mental and bodily health in order to be fit for the rest of his duties. Now the real Bible, our model, is extremely explicit upon what constitutes cleanness or uncleanness, upon ablutions, upon what a man or woman may eat and what may not be eaten, upon a number of such points. It was for its times and circumstances a directory of healthful practice. Well, I do not see why the Bible of a modern civilization should not contain a book of similarly clear injunction and warnings—why we should not tell every one of our people what is to be known about self-care.

And closely connected with the care of one's mental and bodily health is sexual morality, upon which again Deuteronomy and Leviticus are most explicit—leaving very little to the imagination. I am all for imitating the wholesome frankness of the ancient Book. Where there are no dark corners there is very little fermentation, there is very little foulness or infection. But in nearly every detail and in method and manner, the Bible of our civilization needs to be fuller and different from its prototype upon these matters. The real Bible dealt with an Oriental population living under much cruder conditions than our own, engaged mainly in agriculture, and with a far less various dietary than ours.

They had fermented, but not distilled, liquors; they had no preserved or refrigerated foods; they married at adolescence; many grave diseases that prevail to-day were unknown to them, and their sanitary problems were entirely different. Generally our new Leviticus will have to be much fuller. It must deal with exercise which came naturally to those Hebrew shepherds. It must deal with the preservation of energy under conditions of enervation of which the prophets knew nothing. On the other hand our new Leviticus can afford to give much less attention to leprosy—which almost dominates the health instructions of the ancient lawgiver.

Modern Problems

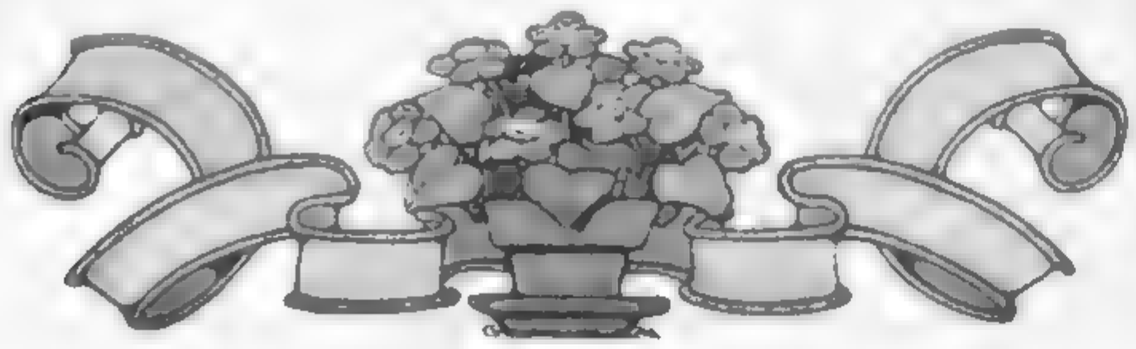
I do not know anything very much about the movements in America that aim at the improvement of the public health and at the removal of public ignorance upon vital things. In Britain we have a number of powerful organizations active in disseminating knowledge to counteract the spread of this or that infectious or contagious disease.

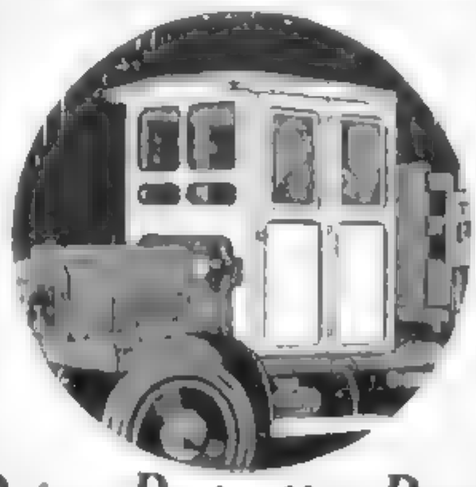
The war has made us in Europe much more outspoken and more fearless in dealing with lurking, hideous evils. We believe much more than we did in the curative value of light and knowledge. And we have a very considerable literature of books on—what shall I call it?—on sex wisdom, which aim to prevent some of that great volume of misery, deprivation and nervous disease due to the prevailing ignorance and secrecy in these matters. For in these matters great multitudes of modern people still live in an ignorance that would have been inconceivable to an ancient Hebrew. Now I believe that it would be possible to compile a modern Leviticus and Deuteronomy to tell our whole modern community decently and plainly—just as plainly as the old Hebrew Bible instructed its Hebrew population—what is to be known and what has to be done and what has not to be done in these intimate matters.

But health and sex do not exhaust the problems of conduct.

There are also the problems of property and trade and labor.

Upon these the Bible did not hesitate to be explicit. For example, it insisted meticulously upon the right of labor to glean, and upon the seller's giving a full measure brimming over, and it prohibited usury. But here again the Bible rules and regulations were framed for a community and for an economic system altogether cruder, more limited and less complicated than our own. Much of the Old Testament, we have to remember, was already in existence before the free use of coined metal. The vast credit system of our days, joint-stock enterprise and the like were beyond the imagination of that time. So, too, was any anticipation





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of modern industrialism. And accordingly we live to-day in a world in which neither property nor employment has ever been properly moralized. The bulk of our present social and economic troubles is due very largely to that.

In no matter is this muddled civilization of ours more hopelessly at sixes and sevens than in this matter of the rights and duties of property. Manifestly property is a trust for the community, varying in its responsibilities with the nature of the property. The property one has in one's toothbrush is different from the property one has in ten thousand acres of land; the property one has in a photograph of a friend is different from the property one has in some irreplaceable masterpiece of portraiture. The former one may destroy with a good conscience, but not the latter. At least, so it seems to me.

But opinions vary enormously on these matters because we have never really worked them out. On the one hand, in this matter of property, we have the extreme individualist who declares that a man has an unlimited right to do what he likes with his own—so that a man who owns a coal mine may just burn it out to please himself or spite the world, or raise the price of coal generally—and, on the other hand, we have the extreme communist, who denies all property, and in practice—so far as I can understand his practice—goes on the principle that everything belongs to somebody else or that one is entitled to exercise proprietary rights over everything that does not belong to oneself. I confess that communistic practice is a little difficult to formulate. Between these extremists you can find every variety of idea about what one may do and about what one may not do, with money and credit and property generally.

Is it an offense to gamble? Is it an offense to speculate? Is it an offense to hold fertile fields and not cultivate them? Is it an offense to hold fertile fields and undercultivate them? Is it an offense to use your invested money merely to live pleasantly without working? Is it an offense to spend your money on yourself and refuse your wife more than bare necessities? Is it an offense to spend exorbitant sums that might otherwise go in reproductive investments, to gratify the whims and vanities of your wife? You will find different people answering any of these questions with yes or no. But it cannot be both yes and no. There must be a definable right or wrong upon all these issues.

Almost all the labor trouble in the world springs directly from our lack of an effective detailed moral code about property. The freedom that is claimed for all sorts of property and exercised by all sorts of property to waste or withhold is the clew to that savage resentment which flares out nowadays in every great labor conflict. Labor is a rebel because property is a libertine.

Now this untilled field of conduct, this moral wilderness of the rights and duties and limitations of property, the books of the law in a modern Bible could clear up in the most lucid and satisfying way. I want to get those parts of Deuteronomy and Leviticus written again, more urgently than any other part of the modern Bible. I want to see it at work in the schools and in the law courts.

I admit that it would be a most difficult book to write, and that we should raise controversial storms over every verse. But what an excellent thing to have it out, once for all, with some of these rankling problems! What an excellent thing if we could get together a choice group of representative men—strictly rationed as to paper—and get them to set down clearly and exactly just what classes of property they recognized and what limitations the community was entitled to impose upon each sort.

Every country in the world does impose limitations. In Italy you may not export an ancient work of art, although it is your own. In England you may not maltreat your own dog or cat. In the United States, I am told, you may not use your dollars to buy alcohol. Why should we not make all this classification of property, and the restraints upon each class of property, systematic and world-wide? If we could so moralize the use of property, if we could arrive at a clear idea of just what use an owner could make of his machinery or a financier could make of his credit, would there be much left of the incessant labor conflicts of the present time? For if you will look into it you will find there is hardly ever a labor conflict into which some unsettled question of principle, some unsettled question of the permissible use of property, does not enter as the final and essential dispute.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of six articles by Mr Wells. The next will appear in an early issue.

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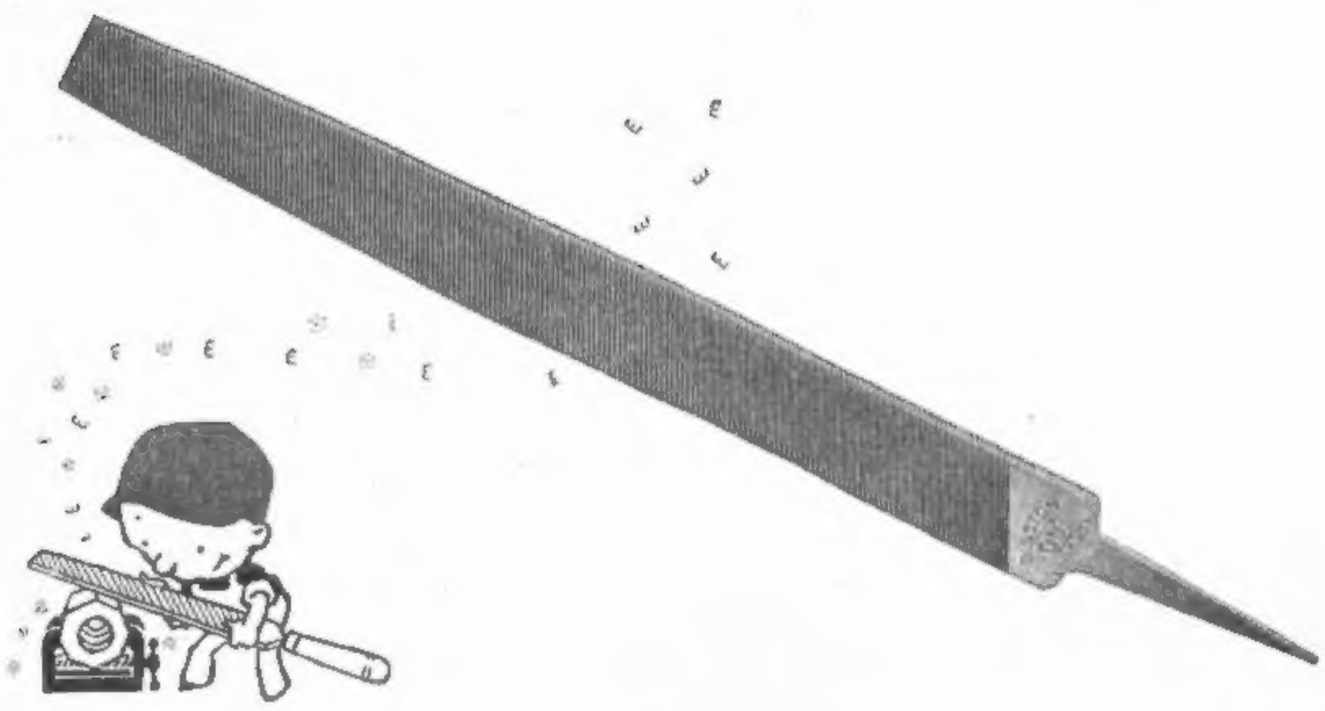

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